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AND

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VOL. VIII.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE OLIO.

NO. IV.

BEWARE of the delusions of the heart, said the discreet, but still beautiful step-mother of the lovely and enthusiastic Leonora B——. In all things there is a medium to be observed; but more especially in the passion generally termed love, the reality of which is ever amiable.— But there exists a false species, mostly of luxuriant growth, which should always be guarded against as the sex's greatest enemy. It is acknowledged by all, that coquetry and affectation render us ridiculous, but love, without reason for its basis, is capable of causing an infinity of anguish to the susceptible heart; it then becomes a fatal destroyer of the mind, a degrader of the nobler faculties; it weakens the love of virtue, and by degrees lays all things but itself into a lethargic slumber.

The moth, when hovering round the alluring flame, is too striking a resemblance of those incautious females, who, in the simplicity of their hearts, trifle on the precipice of destruction which too often awaits them. Or, if so fortunate as not to be precipitated into guilt, they have the extreme infelicity of seeing every

former prospect of happiness fade from before their eyes, as the sun removes his golden rays from the sombre shade of night. When once a deep impression is made on the heart, it too generally remains a slave to its object for ever, even though no suitable return should be made; some, it is true, require a correspondent affection to keep their own alive; but others, those whose attachments are of a more generous or persevering nature, continue enslaved, though no enlivening ray of hope should dawn on them; apparently resembling the gilly-flower of winter, which hesitates not to bloom through that inclement season, unmindful as it were of the cruel buffetings of the north. But how disconsolate, my dear Leonora, must be the situation of such a heart, and how evidently does it show the indispensable necessity of keeping a wary eye on so unruly a part, which, if once allowed to get predominancy, generally dismisses its most faithful advisers from office.

Nothing tends so much, except real religion, to the guidance of the heart, and consequently to the true

elevation of the sex, as an enlightened education. You have had no pains spared in yours; every mean has been pursued, not merely to make you a fashionable, which at best means but little, but rather an accomplished and useful, female character. While yet a child, your little hands were taught to do menial offices for the children of penury and wretchedness; you were taught to prepare clothing and food for the tattered and weary; lessons on humanity and humility, those delightful sister virtues, were constantly given you, and daily practised in your view.

You had an early ear for music: that, and the more elegant kind of needle-work, will not only prove preventives against idleness, that destroyer of the mind, but will keep you from looking for amusement in a crowd, where it is seldom found by the good and rational; while drawing and painting enlarge the mind and improve the heart, for in tracing and admiring the beauties of nature, you will learn to love, as the poet expresses it, nature's God. These are pleasures, my beloved Leonora, that demand no usury; may the pursuits of your heart be ever as innocent.

Women who have the happiness of possessing cultivated minds, are seldom of the number of those who go astray; the light disseminated round them unfolds the separating walls of the different virtues, and blends them sweetly all in one; no longer a delicate organization, resembling sensibility or lively passions are to be considered as evils, united now as promoters of the general good. Love, with this class, assumes the most elegant form, not farther from libertinism, than from that chimerical idea of the brain, formed, as it were, only for the heart's torment, often ignorant of its own wishes, and possessing nothing but folly for its basis. Enthusiasm is seldom attached to well-regulated minds; its poor deluded visionaries generally find love composed, not of every thing delightful, as you a

few minutes ago supposed, but of wormwood deeply tinctured with gall. Such often admire Virtue, pronounce her all beautiful as the morning, yet want steadiness to follow her footsteps; hold Vice, whatever the garb she may chuse to assume, as detestable, yet suffer their unwary hearts to be caught in her snare.

Shall I, Leonora, give you the lost, and once beautiful Laura as an example. Once was she the daughter of sensibility, but now her heart is dead to feeling, the cold earth has become her pillow, her form rests in the grave. In childhood, Laura was the delight of her idolizing parents, who promised themselves great felicity from the many amiable traits they saw dawning in her infant mind. Even then had the big tear of sensibility coursed down her cheek, and the sigh of sympathy swelled her susceptible heart. At an age when the character is supposed to be formed, she supported a part in a sable drama that required Herculean powers to sustain, and support it she did in such a manner as to receive the loudest and united plaudits of the surrounding audience. Never as yet had she caused a sigh in the bosom of a friend, from disobedience, or follies natural to youth; but, alas, in an ill timed hour her evil genius had the ascendancy, she became an object for the finger of scorn to point to; indecency was affixed to her character, nor could she lean on innocence as a support against the world's contumely. Where Self-approbation had been wont to display its standard with all the boldness of conscious innocence, Self-accusation appeared as with the bold front of an enemy which would not be repulsed, and in its train introduced Despair, whose sooty habiliments despoiled the tenement, unmantled Hope, and turned her out a fugitive to return no more: all of which was the effect of a mind, from nature and education highly enthusiastic. Her heart, her affectionate heart, had drawn to its centre the

warmth intended by nature for the circulation of the animal fluid; it was warm as the Egyptian sun, but her mind was chaste as the snow of Nova Zembla: wrapt in enthusiasm she became the hapless victim of credulity.

Could rivers of tears have atoned for her fall from virtue, long ere she departed from life would they have been obliterated from the page of memory; but the world, my beloved Leonora, loves to record the frailties of their neighbours, especially where the object is not a favourite one, with a pen of adamant: a melancholy truth, which evinces the necessity there exists for the youthful female to chuse Wisdom for her monitor, and banish the fervor of Imagination. The enthusiastic Laura, by one unguarded moment, lulled to sleep by confidence, awoke to despair, and secured to herself a bitterness that continued to flourish, even until the latest moment of her existence. Sensible of having erred, the big pang of agony laboured at her heart; her friends spoke of pardon and peace, but delicacy, wounded delicacy, admitted not the latter.

It is not, said she, a little time before her decease, it is not the contempt of my own sex, wounding as it may be, that I find the most mortifying, among whom are many classes: some striving to raise up the fallen; others to destroy, by slander, those whom they believe more praise-worthy than themselves: no, the barb that gores deepest, next to the consciousness of having offended Him who made me, is the look and manner with which, since my fall, I have been generally regarded by the other. A shower of tears falling over her pale face stopped her utterance, and the grave in a few days hid her from the look of Licentiousness. In the enthusiastic mind, Leonora, Reason, triumphed over by the imagination, retires to the back ground, and becomes an idle spectator. But if not ordered back to her standard, as she bears a high and important of-

fice in the economy of the human mind, Confusion, with Insanity in her train, will unavoidably pursue.

While the heart turns on an earthly axis, it must be variously affected, as all terrestrial objects on which it relies for happiness are liable to decay. Hence, my beloved Leonora, the superiority of that religion your excellent deceased mother took such pains to instil into your infant mind. That immovable anchor of the soul is the best safeguard against the impulses of the passions, against the delusions and miseries of life. But even in Religion beware of enthusiasm on one hand, and a dull conformity on the other; for that religion which springs not from a regenerated heart, can never be acceptable to an all-wise and perfect Creator.

For the Literary Magazine.

OMAR AND FATIMA; OR, THE
APOTHECARY OF ISPAHAN.

A Persian Tale.

THERE are few persons in the least acquainted with Ispahan, but what will recollect, that as you enter the city by the gate Haly, when you have passed the two dwarf columns which are inscribed with Arabic characters, you find yourself in a street that leads directly to the Bazar, which you naturally hurry through as fast as possible, because the whole of it is inhabited by Armenians, who are either tanners, curriers, or the manufacturers of a great variety of leathern articles. You then turn the corner on the right hand, which introduces you into another street, equally spacious and gay, being inhabited by bow-fletchers, armourers, feather-dressers, and, ascending a flight of steps, arrive at a gallery, in which, stuck by the side of each other, like the boxes upon their shelves, live all the druggists and apothecaries.

Whether this mode of building was anciently practised, or of modern

invention, is too curious a disquisition, and too useful a speculation, to be entered upon without more consideration, more time, more paper, and more patience, than can, in the present instance, be devoted to it. In fact it contains the germ from which one day may spring a folio; and I, alas! am at present confined to a few pages in a magazine.

This exordium was begun, continued, and ended, at the door of the shop of Nadir, the apothecary, which, it is well known, was situated in that part of the gallery which overlooks the Bazar, and, in an oblique direction, glances at the famous fountain of shā Abbas, which stands at the north corner.

Nadir was a man of literature, of science, and, which was still better, of honour and integrity; but he was a singular being, and would, in a metropolis less polite than Ispahan, have been denominated "a queer fellow;" for he shrunk from society, was devoted to contemplation and study, and, which was much worse, he was poor.

The beauty of one of the finest days of a Persian autumn had induced Nadir to cease from his labours (or, rather, as he had no particular occasion for them, his *amusement*), in pounding a few coarse drugs in an old mortar with a broken pestle, and leaving his shop door wide open without any fear of being robbed, even had not the police of the city been so good as it actually was, to cross the gallery, and lean upon the balustrade, from which he had the pleasure of observing a most plentiful market in the most disinterested point of view, as he had not money sufficient to enable him to become the purchaser of the smallest article.

In this state of mind and pocket, the unfortunate apothecary was destined to behold baskets of the choicest fruit, of the most exquisite viands of every description, piles of the finest bread, cakes, and confectionary, pails of milk, and jars of honey, carried away, as the saying is, "under his very nose;" and as nothing is so likely to produce an appetite as

having such a prospect without the means to gratify our desires, he found his inward man so affected with a gastric sensation, that he called to a venerable matron, ancient as the arch upon which his shop rested, and ordered her to bring him some refreshment, exclaiming at the same time, "Wretch that I am! with taste and sensibility to enjoy the good things of this world, yet, in the present instance, they vanish from before me, like the visionary banquets of the promised paradise from the grasp of sceptical Heb, and I am condemned, by the unfortunate salubrity of the place wherein I have settled, to live upon rice and water like a bramin!"

"And you have so little of the former left," said the old woman, as she presented him with a plate of the aliment and a glass of the menstruum, "that without we have speedily a fresh supply, I foresee that you will be reduced to live upon your own medicines."

"You do not talk like an apothecary," said Nadir, "if you expect that I could exist upon them in the way you suggest."

"It is a lamentable thing," she replied, "that you can neither take them yourself, nor get any one else to do it."

At this instant a person in the dress of a Mahometan faquir (which, being a sect that aspires sometimes to the dignity of Mollah, are more regular in their apparel than the other, who profess to be the disciples of Brumma) stood before them; and, hearing this colloquy betwixt the old woman and her master, said, "You are mistaken, for I hope the whole world will take his medicines, if this is the learned apothecary Nadir, whose fame, wafted on the wings of the four winds, has reached me in my retreat in the Diamond Mountains, which you know lie to the east of Golconda."

"I know very little about the matter," said Nadir; "Diamond Mountains and Golconda are names connected with riches; therefore I

hope that my fame, which it appears from your statement is a far greater traveller than my person, has met with more success in the world."

"Son!" said the faquir, "never repine at the dispensations of Providence!"

At the appellation son, the apothecary looked earnestly in the face of the faquir, and replied: "Father, though you are at least half a century younger than myself, as you appear in a religious habit, which I judge to be considerably older than the wearer, your phrase is correct. So, having adjusted this weighty matter, I should enquire if, medically or morally, I can afford you any assistance?"

"Medically," cried the faquir, "I think you may. I find myself tired and faint."

"Set out the arm-chair, Tamira!" said Nadir. "Lean upon me, most venerable father. So! now let me look at your tongue."

"My tongue!"

"Yes!" returned the apothecary. "Good! I am perfectly satisfied. This examination will be complete when I have felt your pulse; one, two, three; so! so! so!"

"Well!" said the faquir, "what do you think of my case?"

"A very common one among my patients. I fear I have scarcely enough of one sort of medicine left to furnish for it a *single dose*. However, though I am labouring under the same disorder, hospitality obliges me to relieve you. Here! swallow this plate of rice!"

"Rice!" said the faquir; "I am not much used to feed upon rice!"

"No!" he continued: "why I thought your vows obliged you to eat nothing else, except you were sensually inclined to ornament your dish with a garnish of herbs. The conduit, over the way, of our once sublime and immortal sultan, who died at the age of thirty, will supply us with plenty of water. You need not use any discretion with respect to drinking."

"Then it seems to be your opinion that I want nothing but food?"

"Solid and liquid: you want nothing else, depend upon it."

"It is a pity to starve in the midst of a market."

"That was exactly my idea," said Nadir, "when you entered the gallery."

"Why then did you not avail yourself of this opportunity to purchase?"

"Alas! venerable father," returned Nadir, "I had not come from Golconda."

"I understand you: you had not the means," said the faquir. "I have," he continued, and unbuckling his girdle, produced a long leathern purse. "In this there are fifteen tomans. I am under no restrictive vows; therefore let this ancient matron descend into the market before it be too late, and purchase whatsoever you wish. I am weary; I shall tarry in this city some time; therefore, son, I mean to follow your prescription, and, in order to fill up the vacuum in my exhausted system, to eat, drink, and enjoy myself."

"What is your name?" said Nadir.

"Ismael," returned the faquir.

"Then, good Ismael," he continued, "though you might probably enjoy yourself with your fifteen tomans, a sum I hardly believed to have been in the exchequer, what must become of me? It is impossible that I can partake."

"Why?"

"For this reason: I am a man, most reverend father Ismael! that, as you may perceive, has lived long in the world, devoted to study, fond of contemplating the works of art and the wonders of nature. I have consequently, in my researches, not suffered the human system to be unexplored. In fact, I have examined it both physically and ethically. With this propension of mind, you will not wonder that I am poor; but you will wonder when I inform you, that I still am the possessor of two gems more valuable than any

that your mines of Golconda can boast; these, I fear, would be sullied if I were to accept your favours."

"What gems?"

"I mean," continued Nadir, "my piety and my honour. You, Ismael, are, however you may have attempted to disguise that circumstance, a very young man; therefore, when you produce such immense riches, and wish to apply them in favour of so slight an acquaintance, I, who am apt to look below the surface of things, may very well doubt the correctness of their acquisition."

"You think," said Ismael, "that this paltry purse contains immense riches! I could very easily produce fifty times the sum! Nay, start not, Nadir! I honour you for your delicacy as much as I do for your sagacity. To piety and honour I am as much devoted as yourself: I therefore know, that these virtues produce in the human mind a generosity of thinking and acting, which frequently rises superior even to the general dictates of frigid caution, contracted philosophy, or commercial calculation. I seek you as an adviser; I address you as a friend: receive these tomans; as a loan if you please: let me place others in your hands for security; banish suspicion, and have the generosity to believe me for the moment to be what I appear. Let this evening be devoted to rest on my part, to relaxation from the fatigues of study on yours; a short time will probably explain the motives that led me to seek this interview."

"At which of the four caravansaries in the Bazar do you lodge?" said Nadir.

"I have no lodging in Ispahan," replied Ismael; "and as I will fairly state to you, that from the professional inquisitiveness of their keepers, and the officers of the police stationed at those places, with respect to strangers, it would be extremely inconvenient to go to either of them, I hope you will suffer me to lodge with you."

"But your habit," said Nadir.

"My habit," continued Ismael,

"may cover me in your house, but it would probably *discover* me there; therefore I hope you will comply with my request."

"That," said Nadir, "is presuming a good deal upon my credulity; I am inclined to trust you; but, alas! although I have rooms, they are unfurnished, consequently I have no accommodations; however, Abud my neighbour has, where I will be answerable for your safety."

Whether the appearance and frankness of the saquir; whether the means of indulging his appetite, which the tomans, still lying on the counter, presented; or that curiosity which is natural to the Persians, and was also professionally incident to Nadir; whether one or all these causes operated is uncertain. The sage of Zulpha, who first recorded this story, was not, like many European sages, *gifted* with that omniscient power which enables them in a moment to pervade the recesses, and develop the foldings of the human heart. He, therefore, has not stated *more* than he knew; which was, that the apothecary placed the tomans in his till, which till that time had never inclosed the twentieth part of so much wealth, and subtracting one from the heap, he gave it to Tamira, telling her to hasten to the market, and purchase materials for an entertainment worthy of a guest who seemed possessed of the riches of Golconda, and the generosity of Aurengzebe.

Here let us pause a little, in order, in the first instance, to mention that useful, but too much neglected, part of the human species, who are never *courted* except upon the stimulations of pain, or at the suggestions of interest, and whom we christians, at least out of their hearing, have agreed to term old women; and in the second, to observe, that this appellation has been known to take a wider range, and mount to situations in which no female, old or young, except Pope Joan or Joan of Arc, ever sat or acted.

It has, to continue this specula-

tion, been known to have been applied to the judicial bench of *Persia*, to the justice seat, nay to places still more solemn and sacred, such as the heads of colleges of dervises, &c. ; and here, also, we have heard of old women at the heads of houses, of courts, of armies, of administrations, of municipalities, &c. : but the Persian historian had heard nothing of this, he has therefore only mentioned the respect which is paid to the ancient part of the fair sex in their proper stations ; and further, that Tamira, for integrity, for fidelity, and affection to her master, for experience in domestic concerns, and general sagacity, was an excellent representative of all the old women in Ispahan.

She had, after an education in the house of Abud, descended like an heir-loom to honest Nadir from his father, a physician of great genius, little practice, and much humility, as appears by his only making his son an apothecary. We should never have been able to ascertain her age, had she not in the heat of a medical dispute, the only disputes which she ever had with her master, said, she well remembered the erection of the obelisk which they had every day before their eyes, to commemorate the recovery of sha Sefi from *intemperance*. Nadir, therefore, whom she had, by the shrewdness of her observations and the sagacity of her interrogatories in his profession, both piqued and puzzled, maliciously calculated the period in which she had been acquiring this experience ; he found that forty-six years had passed since the event which the obelisk recorded ; which, added to the age she was when she came into the possession of his father, fixed her's at near seventy.

Tamira, however she might have acquired her medical skill, must, from the frugality of the board of Nadir, have certainly become a cook by inspiration or intuition. But, no matter to what or whom she was obliged for her culinary science, it is certain that she was one of the best cooks in Ispahan. Of this she

now gave a specimen ; for while we have been digressing, and Nadir, with the sage Ismael, were engaged in the discussion of general topics in the shop, she had, under the influence of the toman we have mentioned, furnished such an entertainment as never had before been seen in the house of Nadir, nor indeed of his ancestors.

The honest apothecary, when he entered the eating-room, was thunder-struck at the sight of the variety of viands spread before him, and the taste that was displayed in their disposition. " Reverend father," said he to the young faquir, " I fear that these temptations to sensual indulgence will leave the stings of remorse, if not the consequences of intemperance, behind them."

" Son !" cried Ismael, " fear nothing, but, as our prophet ordains, eat and live !"

Hospitality is the virtue of the Persians. It came into the head of Nadir, just as he was sitting down to table, that as he had been obliged to his neighbour Abud for many a dinner, he ought to send for him to partake of this.

The faquir, as Abud was to be his landlord, had no objection. A slave of his, who was in the shop at the time, was instantly dispatched for his master, who soon after arrived ; and this trio, attended by Tamira and the youth, continued at table perhaps fifty times as long as the Apothecary physician to the grand lama, who wrote the golden book in praise of abstinence, would have allowed.

In this hour of conviviality, the minds of all the parties expanded : Nadir discerned that his young friend had genius and learning sufficient to qualify him for any situation ; Abud wondered what could induce him to appear as a faquir, and agreed that he should become his inmate ; Tamira, while she was amazed at his temperance with all those good things before him, admired him for his beauty and generosity ; and the young slave, who had busied himself with the fruit and sweetmeats,

that your mines of Golconda can boast; these, I fear, would be sullied if I were to accept your favours."

"What gems?"

"I mean," continued Nadir, "my piety and my honour. You, Ismael, are, however you may have attempted to disguise that circumstance, a very young man; therefore, when you produce such immense riches, and wish to apply them in favour of so slight an acquaintance, I, who am apt to look below the surface of things, may very well doubt the correctness of their acquisition."

"You think," said Ismael, "that this paltry purse contains immense riches! I could very easily produce fifty times the sum! Nay, start not, Nadir! I honour you for your delicacy as much as I do for your sagacity. To piety and honour I am as much devoted as yourself: I therefore know, that these virtues produce in the human mind a generosity of thinking and acting; which frequently rises superior even to the general dictates of frigid caution, contracted philosophy, or commercial calculation. I seek you as an adviser; I address you as a friend: receive these tomans; as a loan if you please: let me place others in your hands for security; banish suspicion, and have the generosity to believe me for the moment to be what I appear. Let this evening be devoted to rest on my part, to relaxation from the fatigues of study on yours; a short time will probably explain the motives that led me to seek this interview."

"At which of the four caravansaries in the Bazar do you lodge?" said Nadir.

"I have no lodging in Ispahan," replied Ismael; "and as I will fairly state to you, that from the professional inquisitiveness of their keepers, and the officers of the police stationed at those places, with respect to strangers, it would be extremely inconvenient to go to either of them, I hope you will suffer me to lodge with you."

"But your habit," said Nadir.

"My habit," continued Ismael,

"may cover me in your house, but it would probably discover me there; therefore I hope you will comply with my request."

"That," said Nadir, "is presuming a good deal upon my credulity; I am inclined to trust you; but, alas! although I have rooms, they are unfurnished, consequently I have no accommodations; however, Abud my neighbour has, where I will be answerable for your safety."

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thought that he had never seen a set so truly agreeable. In this disposition were all the parties, when the deities that presided over darkness let fall their sable curtains before the towers of Ispahan; a hint to our company, in common with the other inhabitants of this populous city, to retire to their repose.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHARACTERS OF THE MOST EMINENT FRENCH DRAMATIC POETS.

By a Frenchman.

P. Corneille.

CORNEILLE had the sole and singular glory of creating his art, and fixing its limits.

He has been imitated by many; he has been surpassed by none.

He found no models, but he will serve as a model to the latest posterity.

In creating him, Nature made an effort, from which she will perhaps rest for many ages.

To his genius alone he owed his productions and their success.

He was obliged to invent his pieces, to form actors, and to create an audience.

He preceded the splendid age of Louis XIV, which but for him would perhaps never have existed.

In Richelieu he first found a patron, and afterwards a rival. But the minister was always obliged to do homage to the writer. His works extorted admiration, and his person esteem.

Corneille lived and died poor, because genius, which produces wonders of excellence, knows not how to solicit pensions. He had, however, a pension, without asking for it, and and which, but for Despreaux, he would have lost by a court intrigue.

It is perhaps to the tragedies of Corneille that revolution is to be ascribed, which regenerated the minds of the French; that public

fermentation, which at the death of Louis XIII had nearly changed the face of the kingdom.

Corneille possessed that great character which does not always accompany eminent talents, but which is the seal stamped by nature on the man of genius.

Posterity has not yet decided between *Cinna*, *Polieucte*, *Le Cid*, *Rodogune*, and *Horaces*. Any one of these pieces would establish the reputation of a great writer; all of them constitute but a part of that of Corneille.

In *Nicomede* he created a species of dramatic writing in which he has had no imitators.

It was reserved for this great man to be the father of both species of dramatic composition, and the same hand which wrote *La Mort de Pompée* wrote also *Le Menteur*.

The *Menteur* is the first piece of character that appeared in France, and the only comedy before Moliere entitled to a continuance of the public esteem.

Corneille was sometimes the friend of the great, but never their slave. He could resist cardinal Richelieu, who made Europe tremble. Power shrinks before genius.

Corneille is the only writer who obtained with universal consent the surname of Great, a title that had before been conferred solely on princes and heroes.

All the audience rose up when Corneille, loaded with years and with glory, entered the theatre, and the great Condé himself did homage to the author of *Cinna*.

He lived to a considerable age without surviving his talents, and in his last works we frequently perceive the same flashes of genius which blaze forth in his first.

He was modest, simple, true. If he had the consciousness of his ability, he betrayed at least nothing of the pride of it.

The town of Rouen which has given birth to so many illustrious characters, glories particularly in having produced Corneille. It is honour enough for it, and with this

circumstance we conclude our eulogium.

Racine.

Racine was one of the first ornaments of the most splendid age of the universe.

The faithful adorer of the ancients, he learned in their school to subjugate the admiration of the moderns.

No person knew better than Racine all the labyrinths of the human heart. Its impenetrable folds were like a book always open to his view. He could touch the finest feelings with a delicacy peculiar to himself, and those who have since attempted to imitate him in this respect, have only displayed his superiority in more striking colours.

Racine does not lay hold of the heart at once; he insinuates himself by degrees; but, once established there, he reigns omnipotent.

Before Racine, we knew nothing of those sweet emotions, those delicious chords of sensibility on which he played; we shed no real tears over imaginary misfortunes.

The heroes whom he paints are in a manner like ourselves. We are interested warmly in their fate; they become our fathers, our brothers, our friends; we participate in all the sentiments they experience.

Racine paints with equal superiority the rage of love and the workings of ambition, paternal tenderness and the torments of jealousy, the simplicity and candour of infancy, and the magnanimity of heroism; all the passions are at his command; nothing is beyond his genius.

It is not in reading Racine that we perceive the weakness and sterility of the French language. Nothing equals the harmony of his verses, unless it be the justness of his thoughts.

It is not by a multiplicity of events, by theatrical trick, or by the number of his personages, that he pleases and interests us. Action is the soul of tragedies in general; the

genius of Racine could do without it. It is not the interest of curiosity that prevails in his pieces: we enjoy the present without thinking of the future; we wish to dwell on every scene, and we lament the rapidity of time.

Of all the tragedies that have appeared on the stage, that of *Bérénice* has perhaps the least action; and who will say that it is not one of the most interesting.

Racine is perhaps the only dramatic author who gains by being read, because the stage, while it hides the defects of style, prevents at the same time many beauties from being discovered.

The mind of Racine was mild, gentle, and sensible, yet he had from his infancy a taste for epigram, and it required some effort to give his genius a different turn.

I pity those who do not relish Racine; they are barbarians unworthy the name of men of letters.

Racine has secured to the French theatre a superiority which all nations acknowledge, and which they dare not contest.

The respect which Racine entertained for the ancients proves how worthy he was of being added to their number.

There is more philosophy in one tragedy of Racine than in all the works of our modern reformers, who have dared to accuse him of want of philosophy.

Louis XIV gave a proof of his judgment in continuing to encourage Racine; and he thus honoured that talent which gave the greatest lustre to his reign.

Some verses of *Britannicus* were a lesson to the monarch, and caused him to sacrifice one of his fondest propensities. We know not which to admire most in this, the docility of the sovereign, or the courage of the poet.

Racine, sought after, honoured, entertained by the first personages of the age, preferred the society of his friends to that of the great. He refused an entertainment at the great Conde's to dine on a carp with his

family; an anecdote that proves the goodness of his heart, and is not unworthy of a place in his history.

Despreaux taught Racine with difficulty to make easy verses; he was his constant admirer and friend, and said that his *Athalie*, though it had no success at court, was his best work.

Corneille quarrelled with Racine for one line of the comedy of the *Plaideurs*, a circumstance not at all to his honour.

Moliere, La Fontaine, and Despreaux were the constant friends of Racine; they polished their talents together, and perfected their works by the mutual severity of their criticisms.

Racine ceased to write for the theatre at the age of thirty-eight years. There were twelve years between his *Phedre* and his *Esther*; and when we reflect, that in this space of time he produced six *chef-d'œuvres*, we cannot but detest the envy of those who sow with bitterness the career of genius.

We are indebted to madame de Maintenon for his *Esther* and *Athalie*, which Racine composed for S. Cyr, and for this benefit I can pardon in her a number of infirmities and errors.

The prefaces of Racine are models of style, of conciseness, and modesty. It is to be regretted that he did not write more in prose, as there is in it a neatness and elegance which few writers have equalled.

Racine died in his fifty-ninth year, of an excess of sensibility, of which his love of humanity was the cause.

He was the glory of his age and nation, and to the shame of both, the monument is yet to be found that contains his ashes.

Moliere.

If I were asked who was the greatest preacher of the last age, I would answer, without hesitation, Moliere.

The comedies of Moliere have operated more reforms than the sermons

of Bourdaloue have made converts.

The thundering voice of the christian orator terrified the vicious without eradicating their vices; the inimitable pencil of the comic poet forced vice and absurdity to conceal themselves, to avoid the resemblance of his paintings.

The first work of Moliere was a comedy of character, and if it be not a *chef-d'œuvre*, it at least surpasses all that had preceded it, with the exception of the *Menteur*.

Moliere was thirty-eight years old when he began to write; he died at fifty-three; it is difficult to conceive how he could in so few years furnish so many admirable pieces.

Louis XIV predicted that Moliere would give lustre to his reign. He was his constant protector and support. He defended him against devotees, physicians, and fops. But for the firmness of Louis XIV the *Tartuffe* would never have appeared on the stage.

The *Tartuffe* is without dispute the sublimest work that ever came from the hands of man. The tears start from my eyes when I think of Moliere's reply to Despreaux, who congratulated him on this play: "Patience, my friend, you shall one day see something much superior." He died six years after, and his occupations as a comedian and manager of the company prevented his fulfilling his intention. It is supposed that he referred to *L'Homme de Cour*, a subject which engaged his attention till his death, but of which no fragment could be found among his papers. What a loss for the dramatic art! and who will dare attempt a character which Moliere himself placed above his *Tartuffe*. I am almost tempted to reproach the memory of Louis XIV for not freeing Moliere from the cares which, necessary to his fortune, hindered the exertions of his genius.

Moliere derived from the ancients some of his works, and it was giving them new life; but he borrowed from no source but his mind, the *Misanthrope*, *Tartuffe*, and *Les Femmes Savantes*.

He had the fate of those who are born with a too susceptible heart, he loved more than he was loved, and the bitterness of jealousy defeated his success, and accelerated his death. He found, however, in friendship the consolations which a more tender sentiment refused him. Despreaux, Chapelle, and La Fontaine were those of his contemporaries of whose society he was most fond, and who, by a just return, contributed their utmost to gain for him beforehand the suffrage of posterity.

Courtiers feared Moliere, but the favour of the monarch saved him from their snares. They were frequently obliged to applaud characteristic portraits of which they had themselves furnished the models.

No writer has better observed dramatic propriety, better developed the characters he has treated, better pursued the rout of the passions through all the intricacies of the human heart.

Moliere is translated into all languages, and played on the theatre of every polished nation. He has universally extended the empire of French literature. He is the poet of all times, of all ages, of all countries, a glory which he divides only with La Fontaine.

Moliere was the scourge of the wicked, and the father of the unfortunate; he was just, sensible, and good, and never did misery ask his succour in vain.

Under an exterior serious and cold, Moliere concealed an ardent soul, a lively imagination, and a compassionate heart. It is known that his humanity was the cause of his death, and this sacrifice, made by virtue to the love of his fellow-creatures, puts the last seal to his glory.

Regnard.

It is certainly not as a moralist that Regnard occupies the next place to Moliere in the list of dramatic writers.

We will not dispute a rank which

public opinion seems to have accorded him, though the judgment of literary men runs counter to it.

Regnard is more gay than humorous, more humorous than comic. He is satisfied when he makes us laugh, and seems to confine to this all his pretensions. The rights of the comic muse are, however, much more extensive, and the drama would never have been the first of arts, if it served only to make us merry.

Regnard is truly moral in one of his pieces only, and the claim to this piece Dufresny disputes with him.

It will readily be perceived that we refer to the *Joueur*, a work that is placed immediately after the admirable productions of Moliere and the *Metromanie*. What leads us to think that the claims of Dufresny are well founded, is, that in all his dramatic career Regnard has not been able to produce any thing at all to compare with it in merit. The other pieces of Regnard form a dangerous school for manners, but they often by their pleasantry make the most rigid philosopher smile.

If Regnard had entitled his *Legataire Universel* the *Punition du Celibat*, it would have been the most moral piece on the stage; at present it is the most dangerous.

Regnard has done great injury to the dramatic art by turning it from its moral end, which is considered by philosophers as the chief *apanage* of comedy. He conceived that he ought to pursue a different road from that of the author of *Tartuffe*, by striving to please by other means. He felt that the vicinity of this great man was too dangerous for him.

The life of Regnard exhibits a romance very extraordinary, and scarcely credible. The dangers he ran in his numerous travels, the singular adventures that happened to him, the strange events which sprung up under his feet, are entertaining to read, and furnish matter for a variety of reflections.

Regnard wrote with singular fact,

lity in the midst of a dissipated life, which was not extended beyond his thirty-fifth year.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XIX.

IN my last number I noticed some of the peculiar beauties of night; let me now proceed to point out some others: my subject naturally led me to contemplate her in the meridian of her reign, and I will now view her in a different stage of her progress.

Night, at its commencement, inspires the most pleasing sensations; we see the flocks retiring to their folds; the lowing herds laving their lusty limbs in the tranquil stream; the birds closing the business of the day with a song, and retiring to their leafy coverts, save the unwearied rambler*, who now swiftly sails (screaming) on the bosom of the air, now describing an airy circle, then darting swiftly from the higher regions towards the earth; we see the sun, glorious in his setting as in his rising, clothing the mountain tops with gold, while they stretch their enormous shadows across the dusky plain, the clouds glowing with his last rays, while his immense orb is sinking in the western ocean; the purple gleam of expiring day succeeded by the pensive gloom of evening stealing over every object; the general harmony, the silence of every thing discordant: all these inspire the mind with sensations which no language can adequately describe. Added to these, the weariness of the frame and spirits wonderfully disposes the mind to enjoy fully all the tranquil pleasures which these delightful hours are capable of affording. Contemplation, wrapt in the mantle of Night, with the

* A bird known by the name of the night-hawk, which is very common here.

finger of Silence on her lips, comes to open new scenes to the mind; her sober influence hushes the passions to rest, and Reason is permitted to reign with undivided sway. She paints all objects as they really are; no false, no flattering colours disguise the portrait; the plans of aspiring ambition, the delusions of glory, the follies of vanity, and the wishes of avarice, all appear in their proper hues. Those things which, during the hours of day, seemed valuable and interesting, lose much of their importance; those actions which then seemed virtuous or justifiable (into the commission of which we have been betrayed by the ardour of passion or the impulse of interest), now, viewed through a clearer medium, are found to be vicious or improper. The hour of self-examination then arrives; we look into ourselves, we consider our actions in a proper light, we weigh them in an even balance. Before, we acted not as we thought we ought to act, but as we thought spectators would act in similar cases: thus we too often find impurity, vice, and selfishness, where we expected to find purity, virtue, and generosity; it teaches us a lesson of humility and caution, and bids us regulate our future conduct by a more certain standard.

Night, however, is not always thus: spring and summer pass away, and autumn warns us that winter, in all his rigour, will close the scene. Yet even a wintry night is not without its beauties; its celestial glories remain the same, though the terrestrial features are changed. The scene of our enjoyments is then principally removed to the cheerful fire-side, where we may defy the fury of the cutting blast, and driving snow, and learn to enjoy the pleasures of an opposite season with a greater relish.

Midnight is the time when all the terrors which superstition can inspire are most dreaded. It is indeed a solemn hour; the awful stillness which reigns around, the darkness, and a variety of circumstances arising from various causes, tend to ren-

der it so, independent of the terrors with which superstition has invested it. Nor has this tendency been unfelt in any age, or overlooked by any observer; all true poets, whether sacred or profane, have raised their boldest structures upon this foundation; it has furnished them with their most sublime conceptions, and terrific descriptions. They well knew they struck a chord whose vibrations are universally extensive. "A day of clouds and thick darkness" conveys in a few words a most sublime description; yet what is there wonderful in it? A day of clouds is by no means uncommon, and "thick darkness," except in sound, is nothing more than a cloudy night; yet, by a certain association of ideas, we find ourselves infinitely more struck with the one than with the other. Something, it is true, must be allowed for the singular felicity of the expression, but *more* certainly from the combined effects of physical, moral, and habitual causes, which frequently operate in a manner not easily understood or explained.

VALVERDI.

Philadelphia, July 10th, 1807.

For the Literary Magazine.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

AMONG the measures submitted to the consideration of the legislature of Pennsylvania at their late session, was an interesting report by Mr. Dorsey on the subject of weights and measures. After stating the total inefficiency of the existing laws of Pennsylvania in this respect, the committee submitted the following plan, embraced by a bill previously before the legislature.

The subject, from its influence on almost all the concerns of life, and from the tendency of a *uniform system* to add another tie to the union of the several states, loudly claims the interposition of the general government; and we are particularly led to a republication of this plan,

under the hope that the public attention may be thereby drawn to the subject, and that the previous investigations of philosophical men may prepare congress for the adoption of sound and enlightened provisions.

"1. A plan for the establishment of standards for weights and measures.

"The whole system to be comprised in three articles or units of regulation, viz.

"The unit of extension, the unit of capacity, and the unit of weight, to wit:

"The unit or measure of extension to be the same, and no other than the English foot-rule or measure, which has heretofore always obtained, as well throughout the whole of the United States, in the measurement of the lands thereof, to be ascertained as regards exactitude by the mayor and aldermen of the city of Philadelphia, after taking into aid the officers of the mint of the United States, and of the Philosophical Society, who will, when required, afford such aid, and who, it is believed, are in possession of the means by which to ascertain and determine such unit or foot measure, to wit: Bird's standard of the British exchequer scale, and a comparative and corroborative test of the same, by means of two well regulated and authentic French toises, and an accurate French metre, with other data; the said unit or foot, when so ascertained, to be divided on one side into twelfths or inches, and parts of inches, in the usual manner, and on the other side into tenths of such unit or foot, and again into tenths of such tenths, or hundredths of such foot.

"2. The unit or measure of capacity, or common pint measure, to contain sixteen such cubical tenths of the aforesaid unit or foot measure, to be fashioned (as regards the regulator or standards only) in a square form, the sides and bottom to be at least the half of such decimal inch in thickness.

"3. The unit of weight or pound avoirdupois, to be equal to the weight

of as much distilled or pure water, as at the temperature of the sixtieth degree of the thermometer of Fahrenheit, will fill the aforesaid unit or pint measure of capacity, the said measure also being at the said temperature of sixty degrees.

"The whole of this system is founded on a known principle, to wit: that a cubic foot of distilled or pure water, at 60 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, is just equal to one thousand ounces avoirdupois, it follows, that as there are exactly one thousand cubic decimals or tenths in such cubic, or square foot, every such tenth or cubic decimal is an ounce avoirdupois, and that sixteen of these are equal to a pound of the said avoirdupois.

"The three standards as aforesaid to be all made of the metal called platina, in a strong manner, and of the best workmanship, to be kept in the most secure way from damage or fire, and to have engraven on each of them these words: "Pennsylvania original standard for the unit of extension of capacity or of weight," as to each of them shall properly belong, to be regulated in the first instance at the said temperature of sixty degrees of Fahrenheit, and at all times, when used for the examination or regulation of other standards, to be deduced therefrom, to be at the same precise temperature, to be at all times in the possession of the mayor of the city of Philadelphia, for the time being, and to be delivered to his successor in office, all of whom to be enjoined not to suffer any alteration, or use, other than for the purpose herein before expressed.

"From these said three standards are to be derived, ascertained, and determined, by the said mayor and aldermen, all other standards, as well in the increasing as the decreasing ratio, which said increasing or decreasing ratio should, in all instances, be by tens or decimals; and the said mayor and aldermen to cause to be made, according to the aforesaid original standards, a set for the use of the regulator or regu-

lators of the said city and county, in such manner, and in such divisions or increase, by the order of tens or decimals, as to them shall appear best, and to cause to be engraven on each and every such standard the words "Pennsylvania Standard" for such or so many units or parts thereof, as the same shall contain, which set, when completed, to be delivered to the said officers of regulation for the said city and county; the expence of which, as well as of the original standards, to be paid by the said city and county.

"The select and common councils of the city of Philadelphia to be authorized to make any law or ordinance, imposing reasonable fines within the said city and county on the officers who shall be appointed regulators as aforesaid, on persons refusing to have their weights and measures examined, for not sending them when required, and also for fixing the prices for regulating defective or new weights or measures. And further, the said select and common councils to be authorized to determine the mode by which measures should be tried, whether by the seed called millet, by flax-seed passing through a funnel, or by water; to cause the standards for large dry measures to be made of wood, in the best manner, and properly secured against wear, to be regulated from the said originals, at the aforesaid temperature of sixty degrees; and also to prevent the further making or using weights made of lead or soft metal, and to determine on the striking of all dry measures.

"A schedule or detail of all the measures necessary by the foregoing system will, if time shall permit, be offered by your committee; at present it is sufficient to observe, that the principal variation consists in the division of the foot into decimals, notwithstanding which the old divisions of twelfths or inches are still retained, and may be used by those attached to that mode. The accuracy and facility of this mode has been sufficiently proved in the instance of the division of the dollar

of the United States, by such decimal or tenths and hundreds. Nor is this system incompatible with any scheme, which may (if ever it can) be adopted for a universal standard, whether the same shall be effected by means of matter or motion, the pendulum or the degree; inasmuch as our foot, on the exactitude of which our whole landed property is held, and which of consequence can never be departed from, will still remain and be established thereby or therefrom, as an integer holding its proportion thereto. In addition to all which, this system contains the principle of correcting itself, for instance, a pound (or the unit of) weight of such pure or distilled water, weighed in the aforesaid temperature of sixty degrees of Fahrenheit, will, when squared, exhibit not only the unit or pint measure of capacity, but also the original unit or foot of mensuration from which the said unit or pound was derived.

"Your committee, therefore, recommend that the senators be instructed, and the members of the house of representatives, in the congress of the United States, requested to use their endeavours to procure a law for the establishment of a uniform system of weights and measures: and also that the considerations and data connected with that subject, as herein before stated, be recommended to the early attention of the next legislature of this commonwealth, to be by them considered at the time when the bill for the same purpose already recommended to their attention shall be before them."

For the Literary Magazine.

HISTORICAL REMARKS ON SUICIDE.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

SINCE the commencement of the French revolution, the attention of the public has been directed in a

more than common degree to the subject of infidelity, and the consequences which usually attend it. While great industry has been displayed on the one part to disseminate writings unfavourable to christianity, men of undoubtedly great talents have stepped forward, on the other, to rouse in the minds of the people those principles which, in days of peace and prosperity, are too apt to become dormant. The contest has now nearly subsided; the cause of christianity has been amply vindicated, and the beneficial tendency of its principles fully established by a contrast with the miseries and crimes of those countries where infidelity has spread its baneful influence.

But there is one crime which still seems to increase, and which must in every view be considered as the most direct proof of practical infidelity: I mean *suicide*, an instance in which a man may be said to die a martyr to unbelief, or to seal with his blood the principles which he has learned from the French and other infidel writers.

There is no way in which we can contemplate this too common practice that is not shocking to our feelings, and no advice to be given on the subject that can be too often repeated. It is, indeed, usual to attribute it in most cases to insanity, but that insanity is usually of a temporary nature, and, however often admitted by the lenity of a coroner's jury, is in fact a fit of disappointed pride or ambition, arising from previous misconduct. Allow me, sir, on this occasion, to put together some remarks on the history of this crime, for, to whatever it may be imputed among us, and I have no hesitation in asserting that the prevalence of infidelity must be the cause in a nation professing christianity, we shall find that almost every nation has exhibited examples of it.

It is, however, one of those crimes which we are led to believe is not very common among savage nations. The first instances of it recorded in the Jewish history are those of Saul

and Ahitophel; for the death of Samson cannot be reckoned a proper example. We have no reason to suppose that it became common among the Jews till their wars with the Romans, when multitudes slaughtered themselves, that they might not fall alive into the hands of their enemies. But, at this period, the Jews were a most desperate and abandoned race of men, had corrupted the religion of their fathers, and rejected that pure system which their promised Messiah came to Jerusalem to announce.

When it became remarkable among the Greeks, we have not been able to discover; but it was forbidden by Pythagoras, as we learn from Athenæus, by Socrates and Aristotle, and by the Theban and Athenian laws. In the earliest ages of the Roman republic it was seldom committed; but when luxury and the epicurean and stoical philosophy had corrupted the simplicity and virtue of the Roman character, then they began to seek shelter in suicide from their misfortunes, or the effects of their own vices.

The religious principles of the bramins of India led them to admire suicide, on particular occasions, as honourable. Accustomed to abstinence, mortification, and the contempt of death, they considered it as a mark of weakness of mind to submit to the infirmities of old age. We are informed that the modern Gentoos, who still in most things conform to the customs of their ancestors, when old and infirm, are frequently brought to the banks of rivers, particularly to those of the Ganges, that they may die in its sacred streams, which they believe can wash away the guilt of their sins. But the maxims of the bramins, which have encouraged this practice, we are assured, are a corruption of the doctrines of the Shastah, which positively forbid suicide, under the severest punishment. The practice which religion or affection has established among the Gentoos, for women, at the death of their husbands, to burn themselves alive

on the funeral pile, ought not to be considered as suicide, for were the meaning of the word to be extended thus far, it would be as proper to apply it to those who chose rather to die in battle, than to make their escape at the expence of their honour. According to the Gentoo laws, & it is proper for a woman, after her husband's death, to burn herself in the fire with his corpse: every woman who thus burns, shall remain in paradise with her husband three crore and fifty lacks of years. If she cannot, she must in that case preserve an inviolable chastity. If she remains chaste, she goes to paradise; and if she does not preserve her chastity, she goes to hell."

A custom similar to this prevailed among many nations on the continent of America. When a chief died, a certain number of his wives, of his favourites, and of his slaves, were put to death, and interred together with him, that he might appear with the same dignity in his future station, and be waited upon by the same attendants. This persuasion is so deeply rooted, that many of their retainers offer themselves as victims; and the same custom prevails in many of the negro nations in Africa.

If we can believe the historians of Japan, voluntary death is common in that empire. The devotees of the idol Amida drown themselves in his presence, attended by their relations and friends, and several of the priests, who all consider the devoted person as a saint, who is gone to everlasting happiness. Such being the supposed honours appropriated to a voluntary death, it is not surprising that the Japanese anxiously cherish a contempt of life. Accordingly, it is a part of the education of their children, "to repeat poems in which the virtues of their ancestors are celebrated, an utter contempt of life is inculcated, and suicide is set up as the most heroic of actions."

A notion seems also to have prevailed among the ancient Scythian

tribes, that it was pusillanimous and ignoble for a man, whose strength was wasted with disease or infirmity, so as to be useless to the community, to continue to live. It was reckoned a heroic action voluntarily to seek that death which he had not the good fortune to meet in the field of battle. Perversion of moral feeling does not spring up, it is to be hoped, spontaneously in any nation, but is produced by some peculiarities of situation. A wandering people like the Scythians, who roamed about from place to place, might often find it impossible to attend the sick, or to supply from their precarious store the wants of the aged and infirm. The aged and infirm themselves, no longer able to support the character of warriors, would find themselves unhappy. In this way the practice of putting to death such persons as were useless to the community might originate, and afterwards be inculcated as honourable; but he who put an end to his infirmities by his own hand, obtained a character still more illustrious.

The tribes of Scandinavia, which worshipped Odin, the "father of slaughter," were taught, that dying in the field of battle, was the most glorious event that could befall them. This was a maxim suited to a warlike nation. In order to establish it more firmly in the mind, all were excluded from Odin's feast of heroes who died a natural death. In Asgardia stood the hall of Odin; where, seated on a throne, he received the souls of his departing heroes. Natural death being thus deemed inglorious, and punished with exclusion from Valhalla (the hall of those who died by violence), the paradise of Odin, he who could not enjoy death in the field of battle, was led to seek it by his own hands, when sickness or old age began to assail him. In such a nation, suicide must have been very common.

As suicide prevailed much in the decline of the Roman empire, when luxury, licentiousness, profligacy, and false philosophy, pervaded the world, so it continued to prevail

even after christianity was established. The Romans, when they became converts to christianity, did not renounce their ancient prejudices and false opinions, but blended them with the new religion which they embraced. The Gothic nations also, who subverted the Roman empire, while they received the christian religion, adhered to many of their former opinions and manners. Among other criminal practices, which were retained by the Romans and their conquerors, that of suicide was one; but the principles from which it proceeded were explained so as to appear more agreeable to the new system which they had espoused. It was committed, either to secure them from the danger of apostacy, to procure the honour of martyrdom, or to preserve the crown of virginity.

In all these instances, selected from the history of ancient nations, it will be seen that suicide differed in this respect from the same crime committed in our days, that among those barbarous nations, it was committed in the prospect of a great reward or honour. It had, if we may so speak, a rational object in view, and it was consistent with authorized practices or established laws.

But when we descend to modern times, we must lament to find so many instances of suicide among the most polished nations, who have the best opportunities of knowing the atrocity of that unnatural crime. The English have long been reproached by foreigners for the frequent commission of it; and the "gloomy month of November," has been stigmatised, but unjustly, as the season when it is most common. Mr. Moore, who some years ago published a voluminous work on this subject, was at great pains to obtain accurate information concerning the perpetration of this crime in different countries. Mercier, who wrote in 1782, says that the annual number of suicides in Paris was then about 150. He does not tell us how he came by the information; but we have the authori-

ty of the abbe Fontana for asserting that more persons put an end to their lives in Paris, than in London. The abbe had this information from the lieutenant of the police. Mr. Moore was informed by one of the principal magistrates of Geneva, that in that city, which contains about 25,000 inhabitants, the average number of suicides is about eight. The average number of suicides, for the last twenty-eight years, has been thirty-two each year for London, Southwark, and Westminster. I have never seen any statement of the number of suicides in any of our cities, but I am inclined to believe their number does not fall short of that of London, in proportion to their population.

HENRICUS.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE CIRCASSIAN WOMEN.

HISTORY, travellers, and romances, have said nothing of the beauty of the Circassian women, which is not below the truth. Beauty has been long considered as an imaginary being, a thing of convention; and to justify this extravagant idea it has been alleged, that what is beautiful to the eyes of one people is not so to those of another; that a Chinese beauty would have no charms in France or England; and, in like manner, that a French or English beauty would have no attractions in the eyes of a Chinese. But the beauty of the Circassian women is a sufficient answer to this reasoning, since they are acknowledged to be beautiful by all nations. They are every where sought after, and are the ornament of all the seraglios of Asia, Africa, and Europe, because they possess that pleasing union of features, that just proportion of all the parts of the body, that splendour, those brilliant tints, that whole which can not be defined, but which exists, and necessarily consti-

tutes beauty, since all men render it homage.

It is only in this point of view that the inhabitants of Circassia (a country between the Caspian and the Black seas) deserve the attention of the observing traveller. It will easily be conceived that a nation which considers woman as a merchandize can never make her a companion, nor consider marriage as a sacred and indissoluble union. We find, accordingly, that the Circassians have many wives, whom they change at pleasure; but the first wife always has a superiority over the others, which nothing can take away, and which she retains till death.

This first wife, who is usually married when extremely young, is purchased like the rest in the public markets, where an innumerable multitude of women are exposed to sale, habited in the manner which is judged most likely to excite the desires of the buyer. No inquiry is made with respect to whence the woman who is purchased was brought; and if the names of her parents are asked, it is only to ascertain whether she derives her birth from a stock of pure and acknowledged beauty. The usual price of a beautiful Circassian female is from eight to ten thousand piastres.

Women being the principal article of commerce in Circassia, every thing in their education and habitual life has for its object to preserve their beauty, and facilitate its development.

All domestic occupations are abandoned to the slaves, and women are solely employed with the arts of the toilette and the means of pleasing. They make it a particular study to modulate their voice in soft and melodious tones, and to display grace and elegance in every motion. Their habitations are intermingled with gardens, and form small villages very near to each other, and consisting of about twenty houses each. In the middle of each of

these villages is a strongly fortified tower, in which, in case of invasion, they shut the women and the riches of the country. These towers, as well as all the houses, are built of wood, decorated with great art, and furnished with taste.

The dress of the Circassian men is a mixture of the Greek and Turkish habits. It consists of a pair of wide pantaloons, buskins, a close boddice fastened with a girdle, a kind of domino with open sleeves, and a cap or turban not very high, broad at top and narrow at bottom. They shave their beards, leaving very long mustachios.

The dress of the Circassian women is more simple and pleasing. It consists of pantaloons, a boddice, and a long robe in the Armenian taste, or a large furred pelisse. From the cap or bonnet, of the shape of a sugar-loaf, hangs a veil. This bonnet is richly ornamented with pearls.

The dress is never sold with the woman, unless agreed for separately. The Circassian women, however, like the European, wear, under all, a linen garment, which they change every day, and this garment the seller is obliged to give with the woman to the purchaser. In this state he delivers his merchandize.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

The following anecdotes of general Washington are given on the authority of the *Monthly Register*, a New York periodical publication, conducted by John Bristed, to whom they were transmitted by a correspondent at Philadelphia. These anecdotes are new to us; and if they gratify our readers as much as they have delighted us, the purpose for which we have inserted them will be fully answered.

WHILE a colonel, Washington was stationed at Alexandria with his regiment. There happened at this time to be an election in Alexandria

for members of assembly, and the contest ran high between colonel G. Fairfax and Mr. Elzey. Washington was the warm friend of Fairfax, and a Mr. Payne headed the friends of Elzey. A dispute happening to take place in the court-house yard, Washington, a thing uncommon with him, got warm, and, which was still more uncommon, said something that offended Payne: whereupon the little gentleman, who, though but a cub in size, was the old lion in heart, raised his sturdy hickory, and, at a single blow, brought our hero to the ground. Several of Washington's officers being present, whipped out their cold irons in an instant, and it was expected that there would have been murder off hand. To make bad worse, his regiment, hearing how he had been treated, bolted out from their barracks with every man his weapon in his hand, threatening dreadful vengeance to those who had dared to knock down their beloved colonel. Happily for Mr. Payne and his party, Washington recovered time enough to go out and meet his enraged soldiery, and after thanking them for this expression of their love assured them, that he was not hurt in the least, and begged them, as they loved him or their duty, to return peaceably to their barracks. As for himself, he went to his room, generously chastizing his imprudence, which had thus struck out a spark, that had like to have thrown the whole room into a flame. Finding, on mature reflection, that he had been the aggressor, he resolved to make Mr. Payne honourable reparation by asking his pardon on the morrow! No sooner had he made this noble resolution, than recovering that delicious gaiety, which ever accompanies good purposes in a virtuous mind, he went to a ball in town that night, and behaved as pleasantly as though nothing had happened. Glorious proof that great souls, like great ships, are not affected by those puffs, which would overset feeble minds with passion, or sink them with spleen!

The next day, he went to a tavern,

and wrote a polite note to Mr. Payne, whom he requested to meet him. Mr. Payne took it for a challenge, and repaired to the tavern, not without expecting to see a pair of pistols produced: but what was his surprize, on entering the chamber, to see a decanter of wine and glasses on the table. Washington arose, and in a friendly manner met him, and gave him his hand. "Mr. Payne," said he, "to err sometimes, is nature: to rectify error, is always glory. I find I was wrong in the affair of yesterday; you have had, I think, some satisfaction, and if you think that sufficient, here's my hand: let us be friends."

A few years after this, Payne had a cause tried in Fairfax court, and Washington happened on that day to be in the house. The lawyer on the other side, finding he was going fast to leeward, thought he would luff up, with a whole broadside at Payne's character; and, after raking him fore and aft with abuse, he artfully bore away under the jury's prejudices, which he endeavoured to inflame against him. "Yes, please your worships," continued he, "as a proof that this Mr. Payne is a most turbulent fellow, and capable of all I tell you, be pleased to remember, gentlemen of the jury, this is the very man, who, sometime ago, treated our beloved Washington so barbarously. Yes, this is the wretch who dared, in this very court house yard, to lift his impious hand against that greatest and best of men, and knocked him down as though he had been but a bullock of the stall!"

This, roared out in a thundering tone, and with a tremendous stamp on the floor, made Payne look very wild; for he saw the countenances of the court begin to blacken on him. But Washington arose immediately, and addressed the bench:

"As to Mr Payne's character, may it please your worships," said he, "we have all the satisfaction to know that it is perfectly unexceptionable; and with respect to the little difference, which formerly happened between that gentleman and myself,

it was instantly made up, and we have lived on the best terms ever since; and besides, I could wish all my acquaintance to know, that I entirely acquit Mr. Payne of blame in that affair, and take it all on myself as the aggressor."

Mr. Payne used often to relate another anecdote of Washington, which reflects equal honour on the goodness of his heart. "Immediately after the war," said he, "when the conquering hero was returned in peace to his home, with the laurels of victory green and flourishing on his head, I felt a strong desire to see him, and so set out for Mount Vernon. As I drew near the house I began to experience a rising fear lest he should call to mind the blow I gave him in former days. However, animating myself, I pushed on. Washington met me with a smiling welcome, and presently led me into an adjoining room where Mrs. Washington sat. "Here, my dear," said he, presenting me to his lady, "here is the little man, you have heard me so often talk of, and who, on a difference between us one day, had the resolution to knock me down, big as I am. I know you will honour him as he deserves, for I assure you he has the heart of a true Virginian." "He said this," continued Mr. Payne, "with the air that convinced me, that his long familiarity with war had not robbed him of a single spark of the goodness and nobleness of his heart; and Mrs. Washington looked at him, I thought, with something in her eyes which shewed that he appeared to her, greater and lovelier than ever."

For the Literary Magazines.

THE ART OF SCRATCHING THE HEAD.

From the French.

THE faculty of thinking is almost inseparably connected with scratching the head. It was for this reason

that Champfort said, "I have no great opinion of people with well-dressed and powdered hair, because they cannot venture to rub their hands round their heads."

The thoughts which flow to the brain produce a frequent titillation in the neighbouring region; and, therefore, the man of reflection must scratch himself often; the blockhead who wishes to pass for a man of wit scratches himself still more; and the woman who has something to do more important than that of thinking scratches very seldom. The manner of satisfying so universal a want ought to have been an object worthy of attention and emulation among men. But I see with regret that I must go back to antiquity, in order to find out the traces of this most simple and convenient practice. In the free cities, which contained as many rivals as citizens, an attentive observation of each other was the great art of life; and the science of physiognomy formed an entire part of the study of public jurisprudence. Barbarians judged of a hero exactly as they found him; but subtle republicans examined him more closely, and wished to know why they admired him. I have read Tacitus, Machiavel, count d'Avaux, and cardinal de Retz, and I have not found in them any thing that can be compared to the policy of Alcibiades, when he caused the tail of his dog to be cut off, in order to confound the prating idlers of Athens. It is to be presumed that he was the person who invented the mode of scratching the head with the point of the finger: this elegant exercise was in unison with the lisping which distinguished that great and accomplished man.

The practice passed from Athens to Rome, where it made such progress, that it became proverbial to describe men of delicate research in the following words. *Qui digito scalprunt uno caput.* I ask pardon of my young fellow-citizens for making use of expressions unknown to them; but Juvenal, from whom I have taken the passage, was such

a pedant, that he never knew how to write a word of French.

Licinius Calvus has left us an epigram, in which he asked a young woman who was scratching with the point of her finger; if she was not looking for a husband. But this was only idle talk on the part of a poet, jealous of those who were good scratchers; because he himself was bald, as his name imports.

If there be any fact authenticated in history, it is this, that Pompey who was oftener called the *handsome* than the *great*, never used more than one finger in scratching his head. For this he has been done justice to by the tribune of Claudius, by Seneca the elder, Ammianus Marcellinus, and the emperor Julian.

Julius Cæsar, another Roman still more illustrious, signalized himself in a similar manner, as we learn from Cicero and Plutarch. It is really worthy of remark, that the empire of the world was then contested for by two men who were the best scratchers of their age; and, for the honour of the gods, I would willingly believe, that, at Pharsalia, they decided in favour of him who had brought the art to the highest degree of perfection.

There can be no doubt but that, for the last ten years, we have inherited this fashion from the Greeks and Romans; and all our young heads, rounded after the manner of the ancients, are so many proofs of the fact. Is it not, therefore, grievous to behold those pretty black heads scratched with such barbarous rusticity? I am ready to faint away, when, in the midst of a saloon or in the most elegant company, an Alcibiades or an Antinous opens his hands like two great combs, places them behind his ears, and in that form drives them from the bottom to the top of his head, leaving ten furrows in his hair to bear testimony to his passage.

What a horrible discordance! Is it fit, my countrymen, that, while the muses are instructing milliners and tailors, you should mix with

their finest performances all the rudeness of the peasants of the Danube? But your error proceeds only from ignorance; and, thanks to Heaven! it will soon be removed. Young persons in an antique fashion like you, should not scratch, except with the end of the finger, without incurring the imputation of barbarism; and, in obeying this precept, to which Cæsar and Pompey submitted, you will, in time, give a proof of atticism and erudition.

I expect that you will perfect yourselves in this exercise. The display of the arm, the whiteness of the hand, the lustre of a ring, are elements worthy of your combinations. Why then should not the fingers sporting on your hands have sufficient genius and expression to show us, by the variety of its movements, whether you are throwing out a declaration of love, or are receiving information concerning the *tiers consolidés*.

For the Literary Magazine.

ESSAY ON DRESS.

THERE have been at all times violent declaimers against an attention to dress, which has also had, from time immemorial, illustrious defenders. In fact, it is averred, that the most polished and enlightened nations have been precisely those that have been most addicted to the cultivation of the arts of dress. It seems as if there were an immutable analogy between a taste for the arts and a taste for dress, in such a manner that the latter may almost be considered as a certain thermometer of the degree of the former.

Among the ancients, the goddess of science had for her attributes, on the one side books and mathematical instruments, and on the other needles, spindles, and instruments for embroidery. Their mythology, which was almost always an allegory equally just and ingenious, proves that the instinct of genius

(for experience, in this respect, they as yet could not have) had caused them to discover this relation.

Let us cast a rapid glance over the nations who loved and cultivated the arts. We shall find that the poets, the philosophers, the *petit-maitres*, and the beauties, vied with each other in their exertions to charm the mind and the eyes; the former by the lustre of their talents, the latter by the allurement of personal ornaments.

In Greece, both were frequently equally solicitous to adorn at once their persons and their minds: thus we find that Plato, the wise Plato, seldom went to the Academy without his purple mantle; and it was Aspasia, the coquette Aspasia, who taught rhetoric to Socrates.

It is to be remarked, likewise, that the *tonish* ladies of Athens were almost all equally polite and well-informed; while those who made a merit of not being in the fashion piqued themselves likewise on not being able to spell*.

The ancient rival of ancient Athens, Marseilles, which produced so many illustrious men of learning; Marseilles, whose urbanity is extolled by Livy, and which Pliny calls the mistress of the arts, was so celebrated for the attention of its inhabitants to dress, that, as Athenæus tells us, they became proverbial for it.

It was when the fine arts flourished among the Romans, in the time of Virgil, Sallust, and Athenodorus, that Rome was most devoted to fashions and dress. Horace complains of this: yet, when the return of Augustus was to be celebrated, his flattering Apollo advised the Roman ladies to adorn themselves with their most modish ribands. "Let some one seek," exclaims he, "the singer Neræa! Let her come habited in her most brilliant robe, to celebrate with me this happy day!"

In the fifteenth century, learning was revived and cultivated in Italy,

* * Travels of Anacharsis.

and with it were cultivated the arts of civility and dress. In the following age Paris became the asylum and centre of the arts, and fashion the idol there universally worshipped.

If, from the nations which have cultivated letters, we pass to the great men who have protected them, we shall find a new proof of this connection. Pericles went every day from the cabinet to the toilette, to the apartment of Aspasia. The elegant Lucullus was as celebrated for his eight or ten thousand dresses as for his victories over Mithridates. "His superb residence at Rome might be considered," says Plutarch, "as a palace of the muses." The master of the world, Augustus, sent for a mirror and adjusted his hair, when dying: and the famous Mæcenas, so great, so active, when the affairs of the state required discernment and vigilance, when they were no longer urgent, was as anxiously attentive as a woman to the embellishments of his person.

Leo X, Francis I, and Louis XIV loved and encouraged equally improvements in dress and the arts. At the same time that Peter the great founded academies and opened public libraries, he invited the Muscovite beauties to his court, and presented them with gowns of a new shape. He civilized the fashions; and it was by his orders that the Russians shaved their beards. Examples of this kind might be greatly multiplied; nor are others wanting to prove, that, where literature and the arts have been neglected, dress has likewise been equally disregarded.

The stoics were great enemies to dress; and they condemned, in like manner, all cultivation of style and language. The Carthaginians had no taste for learning; neither had they any, notwithstanding their great trade and wealth, for dress. The people of Croton equally despised it; and we are told, also, that, in their eyes, the most laudable act of Jupiter was his having driven

from heaven the god of the arts, the elegant Apollo.

A beautiful thought appears still more beautiful when arrayed in suitable and ornamental language; and the same motive which incites us to embellish reason with grace, must naturally induce us to heighten personal beauty with ornament. The mind is the beauty of men, and the care which they take to cultivate it is an indirect example which they give the women to adorn their beauty: that beauty which is to them the first gift of nature; or, at least, that to which they attach the greatest value, and which the greater part of men will ever consider as their most essential endowment. A well-suited dress, put on with taste, will make conquests, aided by some portion of beauty and wit, and sometimes even alone. Men may be made very secure prisoners by being enchained with ribands: the strongest bond is not always that which holds them fastest.

Since all men avoid those who have not the good fortune to please them, why should they condemn those who are unwilling to omit any thing which they think may conduce to render themselves agreeable?

M. de Buffon has somewhere said, that our dress is a part of ourselves; and, however little we may have studied mankind, we must be convinced of the justness of this reflection. It would be difficult to determine whether, when we commend their figure and their beauty, they find themselves more gratified than when we praise their taste in dress, and the grace with which they wear its ornaments; it is at least almost certain that they would prefer the latter praise to that which is bestowed on many (perhaps more valuable) endowments.

With respect to the importance attached by women to dress, is it their fault if exterior objects always make the greatest impression upon them? Is it their fault, also, if almost the first ideas presented to their minds have dress for their ob-

ject? Is it not, in some measure, the first art which they are made to study, by giving the doll into their hands? The toys of infancy are frequently only the means of conveying disguised instruction united to that age.

Dress, in general, seems to be naturally so important to, I will not say women only, but even men, that among the Lacedæmonians, who certainly gave little encouragement to coquetry, young persons were permitted, by way of encouragement or reward, to ornament their habits and arms. They perfumed themselves, and carefully adjusted their hair, on the evening preceding a battle; and when they were drawn up to engage their enemies, the king, after having caused the song of Castor to be played, ordered them to crown their heads with chaplets of flowers.

At Rome, even at the time when her manners were most austere, the senate, on a very extraordinary emergency, in some manner authorized and consecrated a taste for dress. The vengeance of Coriolanus, as is well known, was subdued by the entreaties of his mother and his wife, and Rome was indebted solely to their tears for her safety and her liberty. What did the senate in this case? Did it decree crowns, statues, and public homage? Nothing of these. To discharge the debt of the country to the amiable sex, it passed a solemn decree, permitting the Roman ladies to add a new ornament to their dress. The love of dress, it may indeed be admitted, is generally a proof of frivolity of mind: but we should judge wrong, were we to suppose it an invariable sign of effeminacy or want of courage: nay, it is an error to imagine it incompatible even with genius and exalted sentiments. Alcibiades, the disciple of Socrates, was the best-dressed and most fashionable man of his time. But though he was elegant and polite at Athens, delicate and voluptuous in Ionia, and sumptuous with the satrap Tissaphernes, he could live at La-

cedæmon with all the austerity of the most rigid Spartan, and was a great general at the head of armies. The famous Hortensius, the rival of Cicero, was one of the most celebrated *petit-maitres* of antiquity. He was generally esteemed as a model of Roman eloquence and fashionable extravagance. He is said to have commenced an action against a careless fellow, who in passing him had disordered the folds of his robe. The ridicule which this great orator did not fear to encounter in this instance is a remarkable proof of the importance which he annexed to his dress.

There was at Rome, in the time of Quintus Flaminius, a Messenian, named Dinocrates, a man addicted to all the fopperies, and immersed in all the most fashionable luxuries of the age. One day, after having, at a sumptuous entertainment, feasted on the most delicate dishes, and drunk deeply of the most costly wines, he put on a very effeminate dress, and went to a ball at which Pleasure and the graces presided. When this was over, the elegant fop mounted a curricule of that time, and, humming the most fashionable air of the day, drove to the house of Flaminius, to request his assistance in executing a plan he had formed for detaching Messina from the Achaean league.

"I will consider of it," said Flaminius: "it is certainly well conceived; but I could not have imagined that a person who would dance in the dress in which you now appear could have been capable of forming a plan of such magnitude."

The history of the French revolution will furnish more than one example of similar versatility and seeming contrariety of character. The promenades and spectacles of Paris, the walks of *Bagatelle* or *Tivoli*, have exhibited more than one Dinocrates. More than one Alcibiades, accustomed to all the enjoyments of luxury, all the delicacies of voluptuousness, has been seen, when oppressed by poverty, or proscribed by tyranny, to renounce, with heroic

indifference, his perfumes and his pleasures; and when brought to the scaffold, to die like Socrates or Mallesherbes.

Experience therefore proves, that a taste for dress does not preclude acute ideas, or extinguish noble and generous sentiments; and if the most illustrious men did not endeavour to dissemble this taste, and the most austere nations did not fear to encourage it, why should it be condemned in those who live in an age like the present?

For the Literary Magazine.

THE PRAISE OF TIME.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

FOR ages past, Time has been the subject of reproaches and invectives; he has been treated as the universal destroyer, accused of overturning every thing, ruining the most solid monuments, leading in his train old age and death, and, in fine, covering the world with ravages and ruins. Let us endeavour to vindicate this venerable power from the injustice of his calumniators, by showing that, if he is the author of some inevitable evils, he amply compensates for it by the numerous benefits which he bestows on mankind.

Let us follow man from his birth to the tomb. *Time* enables him to walk and speak. By *Time* his limbs are strengthened and his organs developed. By the aid of *Time* he adorns his mind with the various knowledge that may contribute to his happiness. His heart speaks, his passions awaken, accumulate, and swell; the storm arises; and the disturbed mind, the sport of a thousand contrary winds, is dashed from rock to rock at the mercy of the waves. In vain Reason presents her torch, the thick clouds obscure its light; this compass itself, agitated by the tempest, serves only to lead astray, by its frequent oscil-

lations. Who then appeases the multitudinous billows? who re-establishes the calm, and conducts the shipwrecked mariner to a safe harbour?—*Time*. *Time* alone extinguishes the flame of desire, represses the tumult of the passions, and at length restores tranquility and happiness to the heart of man.

Should the fortune of any one not be sufficient to his wants, whatever exertions he may make, the competence and ease to which he aspires can only be acquired by the aid of *Time*. *Time* alone can by degrees make known his merit, and open to him the road to honours and lucrative employments.

Celia complains that *Time* has withered her charms. But has she not been sufficiently indemnified for this loss? An equivocal conduct had cast on her reputation a disagreeable stain. *Time* has caused her faults to be forgotten, and restored her to respect and esteem. Her heart was consumed by a frantic passion for an ungrateful object, and her life became a torment to her. *Time* has destroyed the enchantment, and given again tranquility to her soul. A cruel malady slowly undermined her wasting frame; every remedy failed; *Time* alone has been able to make a perfect cure.

Maria has lost a beloved husband. Her friends in vain attempted to console her: they but irritated her grief. *Time*, with beneficent hand, has shed his soothing balm into her ulcerated heart; and Maria, forgetting the dead, has resumed, in favour of the living, her former gaiety and charms.

Henry sought to please the young and amiable Clara. In vain he displayed all the accomplishments which nature and education had bestowed on him; all his efforts were fruitless. Henry had recourse to *Time*; and *Time* softened the heart of his mistress, put a period to her rigours, and crowned the wishes of the fortunate Henry.

Freeport was overwhelmed with debts. He called a meeting of his

creditors, who granted him the *time* he requested. *Time* brought on the death of a relation to whom he was heir, enabled him to marry a rich and handsome widow, and, in consequence, to pay his creditors.

By the aid of *Time* every thing is done; but, without *Time*, nothing. "I would undertake your business," says a friend to you, "but I have not *time*." Why does this literary work contain so many errors? Because the author did not employ the *time* necessary to render it correct. Why is my eulogium on *Time* so short, when the subject furnishes such ample materials for enlargement? Because I have not *time* to say more.

HILARIO.

For the Literary Magazine.

LIFE OF GODFRED AUGUSTUS
BURGER.

THE poet, says Burger, in one of his prefaces, lays no claim in the scale of being to the rank of a sun; he is content with the humbler, harmless, welcome offices of the zephyr. What, though he neither move the mills of manufacture, nor the ships of commerce, he may unfold the petals of the sweetest flowers, and kindle the flush of ripeness on the most delicious fruits; he may fan the brow of weary toil, or lap in Elysian airs the strolling enthusiast of nature. Well may he expect then at his tomb the sigh of regret, the cypress-wreath of elegy, and the biographic memorial of posthumous admiration.

Godfred Augustus was the second child and only son of the lutheran minister John Godfred Burger, by his wife Gertrude Elizabeth, whose maiden name was Baner. He was born in 1748, on new year's day, at Wolmerswende, in the German principality of Halberstadt, and inherited with the indolence of his father the talents of his mother. His early progress was inconsiderable.

At ten years of age he could barely read and write. But he had a good memory: he learned by heart, and repeated with ease, many of Luther's hymns, and other pious fragments. He read the bible with delight: the historical books, the prophets, and psalms, and especially the apocalypse, were turned over by him daily with renewed pleasure.

To these hymns of Luther he ascribed, in after life, the hint of that impressive popularity which characterized his ballads. He had always an ear for rhythm, and, while a boy, would indicate and blame the lines which had half a foot too much, or which were so constructed as to throw on distinct syllables the *ictus* of the scanner and emphasis of the reader. By a kind of instinct he knew already what interfered with effect. He loved to stroll alone about a wild uninclosed heath near his father's home. He was ordered to carry a Latin grammar in his pocket, and to learn his declensions. The first rudiments his mother attempted to teach him.

He was next entrusted to the care of a neighbouring preacher; but so averse was he to this kind of application, that after two years he did not know his grammar, and was forced to withdraw as a dunce incapable of literary culture.

In 1760, his grandfather put him to a boarding-school at Aschersleben, under the rector Auerbach. Here young Burger learned something, and exerted his talent for versification in a poem on the fire that happened in the spring of 1764 at Aschersleben, which advantageously displays both his metrical and pious turn of mind. An epigram on the usher's bag-wig, which the poet's school-fellows repeated with troublesome and seditious complacency, soon after occasioned his expulsion as a ringleader in this petty insurrection against authority.

He was next sent to the university of Hallé, to study theology. This was not the profession of his choice, but his choice of this profession was the condition of his grandfather's boun-

ty. He accordingly went through the routine of instruction, and once preached in a village near Hallé.

But his acquaintance while at this college with Klotze, a man of literary attainments and free manners, brought on Burger a reputation for libertinism, which, in the then state of protestant Germany, was supposed incompatible with the pastoral office. Even his grandfather thought it necessary he should relinquish the holy profession for the study of the law, and accordingly consented to his removal to Göttingen for that purpose, in the Easter term of 1768. To jurisprudence he applied with assiduity, and became well versed in the Pandects; but experience had taught him no discretion in respect to his personal conduct. The lodgings which Klotze recommended he took at Göttingen, and again made a noise by his dissoluteness, which provoked his grandfather to withdraw his patronage. Poor and a rake, it was difficult not to incur a style of living repulsive to mere acquaintance, and disgusting even to the tolerance of friendship. Biester, Sprengel, and Boie, were among those friends who valued in Burger the good qualities which still remained to him, and who conferred on his adversity what it admitted of consolation. For Biester he was conceived to feel; to Boie he was thought to owe predilection.

A humorous poetical epistle to Sprengel, requiring back a great coat left at his rooms, and the drinking song, *Herr Bacchus ist ein braver Mann*, were then considered as indicating the natural line of pursuit for his literary talents. Pecuniary distress had made him sensible of the necessity of exertion; for the fear of want is a stronger stimulus than the hope of remote advancement.

It was now that he first read with ardour the ancient classics, and that he applied to the modern languages with assiduity. English, French, Italian, Spanish, all yielded to his efforts. With Burger and his com-

panions Shakspeare became so favourite an author, that they agreed, one April night, to have a frolic in honour of his birth-day, at which all the conversation should be conducted in quotations from the English dramatist. Baron Rielmansege was their host, and so glibly would his guests repeat with sir Toby, "Art any thing but a steward? Dost thou think there shall be no more cakes and ale?" that by the hour of separation their turbulence drew the attention of the police, and they had to "rub their chain with crumbs." [Dass sie ihren Rausch auf dem Carcer ausschlagen mussten.] Burger delighted also in Spanish literature, and composed in that language an original story, which Boie still possesses.

Götter, a young man, formed by the study of French models to a love of correct and polished versification, came to Göttingen in 1769, and associated with Burger and his friends. He had brought with him a Parisian Almanack of the Muses, and took pleasure in exhibiting those pencil-geraniums, with which the Gressets, the Dorats, and the Pezais, had stocked this annual anthology. To Götter, Burger attached himself greatly, and in his society certainly acquired considerable taste: in short, his natural tendency to the exorbitant, the extravagant, the eccentric, was somewhat pruned away. They formed in concert a German Almanack of the Muses. Rastner, the epigrammatist, promised them his assistance; Boie was alert in his solicitations for contribution, and obtained, in a trip to Berlin, the avowed patronage of the German Horace, Ramler, a friend the more important, as he had access to the directories of periodical criticism. Under such auspices the Almanack of the Muses was not only likely to merit but to obtain speedy popularity. It accordingly succeeded to admiration, and continued from 1770 to 1775, under the same management, with annually increasing reputation.

Burger envied, as he says in some

of his letters, the correctness and ease of his friend Gotter's versification: to him all he produced was carried for criticism, and was at first sturdily defended against objections, but much was always altered eventually in deference to the judgment of the censor. Flushed with the glow of animation, Burger would often present his verses with the comic entreaty, for this once not to find any fault; yet he was best pleased with a captious commentary, which put every epithet to the torture. Thus he gradually accomplished himself in the fine art *de faire difficilement des vers*.

Throughout life he maintained that his reputation as a poet was far less a result of any unusual talent in him, than of the perpetual use of the file, meaning by that, the extraordinary pains he bestowed on all his compositions: his best poems, he said, were precisely those which had cost him most labour. He would alter not merely words and lines, but left scarcely one vestige of his first composition. A translation of the *Hameau of Bernard*, and another most masterly one of the *Pervigilium Veneris*, were among the exercises which Burger chronicled in the German Muses' Almanack. The comic ballad *Europa* is also his, although the loose turn of the story occasioned him to suppress his usual signature.

In Germany it is not uncommon for polished families to bespeak a birth day ode, an epithalamium, or an elegy on those occasions which form a sort of epocha in the history of their existence. To the poet a pecuniary recompence is sent, and a splendid edition of his work is distributed among the friends of the house: The notice which Burger began to obtain occasioned many applications of this kind: and to him it was convenient, by means like these, to repair his shattered finances. Several heirs of fortune, several happy mothers, have now the pleasure of boasting, "my birth day was sung," or "my wedding was celebrated, by Burger."

In 1771 Holty, the elegiac, and Voss, the bucolick poet, Miller, author of *Siegwart* and *Mariamme*, a writer of great sensibility, and the two counts Stolberg, of whom Frederick Leopold is the most known by poems, travels, and a romance called "*The Island*," came to Gottingen, as yet "youths unknown to fame." They were soon attracted by the natural magnetism of genius within the circle which had assembled round Burger; and after his removal from Gottingen, in the following year, they continued to visit his rustic retreat. It was the influence of Boie which obtained for Burger, in 1772, a sort of stewardship of the manor of Alten Gleichen, under the noble family of Uslar. The acceptance of the place occasioned a reconciliation between the poet and his grandfather, who was willing to encourage this symptom of economic care and returning prudence, by paying off the debts incurred at Gottingen by his grandson.

Boie was absent. A less faithful friend undertook the liquidation; nearly seven hundred dollars of this advance passed into the hands, not of Burger's creditors, but of a spendthrift associate. The student could not refund: the grandfather was inexorable; and Burger migrated to his new residence, still encumbered with college debts, which for years disturbed his repose, but which his sloth could never summon the means of discharging.

Here it was that Burger first met with Herder's dissertation on the songs of rude nations, which drew his attention to the ballads of England, and with Percy's *Reliques*, which immediately became his manual. These books decided for ever the character of his excellence. From a free translation of "*The Friar of Orders Gray*" (*Bruder Graurock*), and "*The Child of Elle*" (*Die Entführung*), and from an imitation of Dryden's *Guiscardo* and *Sigmunda* (*Lenardo and Blandine*), he rapidly passed on to the production of "*The Wild Huntsman*," "*The Parson's Daughter*," and

"Lenore." The two latter are probably the finest ballads extant. No other minstrel communicates to the reader an equal degree of interest and agitation; it is difficult to peruse them in the closet without breaking loose into pantomime. Nor is he less master of the more difficultly arousable, rapid, and impetuous movements of the soul, than of the tenderer feelings of the heart. His extraordinary powers of language are founded on a rejection of the conventional phraseology of regular poetry, in favour of popular forms of expression, caught by the listening artist from the voice of agitated nature. Imitative harmony he pursues almost to excess: the *onomatopœia* is his prevailing figure; the interjection his favourite part of speech: arrangement, rhyme, sound, time, are always with him an echo to the sense. The hurrying vigour of his diction is unrivalled; yet is so natural, even in its sublimity, that his poetry is singularly fitted to become a national and popular song. The Lenore was first communicated to Boie, who eagerly induced several of the Gottingen party to ride with him to Alten Gleichen, and hear it. The effect was peculiarly great on the younger count Stolberg, at the stanza,

Anon, an iron-grated door
Fast biggins on their view:
He crack'd his whip, and smash! in
twain
Bolt, bar, and portal flew.

Frederick Leopold, on hearing these lines, started from his seat in an agony of rapturous terror.

Near two years were passed lonesomely by Burger in his rural station, but they were the two years of his life the most valuable to the public. He married, in September 1774, a farmer's daughter of the neighbourhood, by name Niedock, whose devoted, whose heroic attachment to him, was never more conspicuous than in moments of the most untoward adversity. In the village of Wollmershausen, he hired the snug cottage to which

he conducted his bride. An old schoolfellow, Gockingk, went to visit him there on his marriage, and renewed an intimacy, which suffered no subsequent interruption.

Financial difficulties were probably the cause which, in 1776, aroused Burger to publish in the German Museum, then a magazine of some celebrity, proposals for an Iambic version of the Iliad. The annexed specimens were distinguished for a more than Homeric rapidity of diction, and for an absence of stateliness, less unfaithful than the euphemism of Pope, and more attaching than the solemnity of Cowper. But as the younger count Stolberg had also made some progress in the same enterprise: as his specimens, more dexterously chosen, divided at least the suffrage of critics, and possessed the advantage of copying the hexametrical lines of the original; as his industry speedily outstripped the short fits of Burger's application, and soon completed the publication of the Iliad; this enterprise was abandoned without advantage to his fortune or his fame, after having extended beyond six books. The Epistle of Defiance, addressed on the occasion to Stolberg, is one of the most spirited of Burger's smaller poems.

His next literary undertaking was a translation of Macbeth, brought out at Hamburg for the benefit of Schroder, an artist-actor who excelled in personating the heroes of Shakspeare. This translation although too much abridged, and in the witch scenes too low, is in some respects superior to the original. The character of Banquo has acquired more consequence, by the introduction of a good soliloquy at the beginning of the second act. Of the third act the third scene is omitted: the murder of Banquo being made known from the narration of the murderer in the next. In like manner the second scene of the fourth act is curtailed; the disgusting butchery of Macduff's child being far more pathetically stated by Rosse afterwards. The fourth scene of

the fifth act is also with propriety omitted ; as the removal of Birnam wood is sufficiently explained by the narrative of the scout.

The father-in-law of Burger died in 1777. In consequence of this event, an intricate and inconvenient executorship devolved on the poet. A law-suit, which it obliged him to conduct, displayed, indeed, his professional qualifications, but absorbed his leisure in vexatious frivolities. The inheritance to which he acceded, did not much improve his circumstances ; which an increasing family rendered daily more insufficient.

In 1778 he undertook the exclusive compilation of the *Gottingen Almanack of the Muses* (while Goeckingk and Voss established a new one at Hamburg), and assisted also in other periodical publications. The wages of authorship no where form an adequate resource, if a liberal maintenance be the object. There is, however, a pleasure in composition, there is a pleasure in praise, there is a pleasure, even when unknown, in contributing to tincture the general flow of opinion ; these constitute the chief rewards, for, as a necessary division of human labour, it is certainly underpaid. Burger found it so ; and, in 1780, forsook the muses for Pan, and applied to the rural gods for a maintenance refused him by the nine. The farm he hired was situate in Appenrode. An additional motive to this determination was, perhaps, that the accounts of his stewardship were negligently managed ; and that something, very like a formal charge of peculation, had been made against him to the lords of Uslar. This accusation, indeed, Burger repelled ; but his carelessness made his resignation a duty, and it was accepted with readiness.

In 1784 his wife died. His farm appeared unproductive, probably because it was abandoned to the management of servants ; and he once more removed, with his children, to Gottingen, where he subsisted partly by writing, and partly by private

tuition. He read lectures there on the German style and the theory of taste ; and after five years residence obtained a professorship.

As soon, or, perhaps, rather sooner than his circumstances properly permitted, he became united to his former wife's younger sister, the so often celebrated "Molly" of his love-songs. During her short stay with him she was the darling of his affections ; but she died in child-bed of her first daughter, the very year in which she married. His children, after this catastrophe, were dispersed among different relatives.

Burger undertook, in 1787, to lecture on the critical philosophy of Kant, and his course was much attended. In this year the jubilee of the foundation of the Gottingen university was celebrated : two poems, were dedicated by him to the occasion, and the grateful college conferred, in return, a doctor's degree. In November 1789 he became professor of philosophy.

About this time an anonymous poem arrived from Stutgard, in which the author, who was a female, professed to have attached herself to Burger, from the perusal of his heart-felt poems ; and with a liberal zeal, by way of recompence, offered him her hand in marriage. The verses were well turned, and highly complimentary ; and there was an interesting singularity in their heroic cast of sentiment. Burger drew up a very gallant reply, and printed both the poems in the *Almanack of the Muses*. Intimations now came in whispers, that the lines were intended for the individual, not for the public. Burger set off for Stutgard. The syren pleased not only when she sang ; and Burger married her immediately.

It is melancholy to relate, that this truly poetical union afforded no source of happiness to the husband ; and that, in 1792, after little more than three years cohabitation, a separation was accomplished by application to a court of justice. During this unfortunate connexion Bur-

ger was assailed with a deep hoarseness, which he never overcame, and which unfitted him for lecturing. This reduced him once more to dependence on the booksellers for subsistence. A pulmonary disease was, in the mean time, making a rapid progress; it affected his spirits less than his health; but it snatched him, in June, 1794, from a country which he had illustrated, at the age of forty-six years and five months.

His physician Dr. Jager, and his friend the benevolent Reinhard, the attendants of his last moments, accepted the care of his four surviving children. His property was found insufficient for the payment of his debts. A monument has been erected to his memory, by voluntary subscription, in a garden at Gottingen, where he commonly walked.

His works consist of

Anthia and Abrokomas, translated from Xenophon of Ephesus.

Poems. Vol. I, 1778. Vol. II, 1789.

Macbeth, altered from Shakespeare.

Munchausen's Travels.

Miscellaneous works, two volumes, containing the six first books of the Iliad, some prose versions from Ossian, and the papers inserted in various magazines, of which the philological (Hubnerus Redivivus) and the political (Die Republic England) are calculated to excite some curiosity.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MELANGE.

NO. VII.

THE following passage presents an excellent description of a family, where comfort is sacrificed for the sake of appearances:

As, after all her exertions, her situation in life does not allow of her being genteel in every thing, parsimonious economy and heedless expence take their turn. To be as smart,

not as her equals, but as her superiors, it becomes necessary that she should excel in contrivance; I do not mean in that prudent forethought, which enables a good wife to proportion the family expenditure by the regular order of necessities, comforts, conveniences, and superfluities: this gradation must be reversed, and superfluities take the lead. Expensive wines may be introduced on great occasions, by a daily retrenchment of small beer; and wax lights may be had for routs, by limiting the number of kitchen candles. If her husband and children dine on hashed mutton, she can provide ices in the evening; and, by leaving their bedchambers comfortless and inconvenient, she can afford more drapery for the drawing-room. Even white morning dresses will not be so very expensive, provided you are expert in haggling with the washerwoman, and do not dislike being dirty when you are invisible; and if you know cheap shops, and the art of driving bargains, you may even save money by making useless purchases. New-modelling your household and personal ornaments is, I grant, an indispensable duty; for no one can appear three times in the same gown, nor have six parties without one additional vandyke or festoon to the window-curtains. These employments will therefore occupy your mornings till the hour of visiting arrives; then you must take care to dismiss the bed-gown and work-bag, and, having crammed every thing ungenteel out of sight, assume the airs of that happy creature who has nothing in the world to do, and nothing to think of but killing time.

City Shower.

There is something consummately sullen in a rainy day, in the city. The streets sound hollow, as now and then a heavy coach drives along; or as the drenched horse clatters rapidly over the pavements with his drizzling rider. The lady

visitant trips homeward (for it rains too hard to get a coach), her muslins clinging and fadging to her limbs, so that they creek with their tight sitting; and the citizens trudge home to their wives, to pass the afternoon and have tea and waffles. The poetical part of the confusion of gutters, mingling into quagmires, and the objects of their sweeping fury and destruction, is very aptly set forth by Swift:

Now in contiguous drops the flood
comes down,
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted
town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar spruce, while every
spout's abroach,
Stays till it's fair, yet seems to call a
coach.
The tuck'd up seamstress walks with
hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath
a shed.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as
they go;
Filths of all hues, and odours seem to
tell
What street they came from, by their
sight and smell;
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all
drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come
tumbling down the flood.

How different is a shower in the country! How pleasant is it, then, to sit at the window of my country house, and listen to the gentle kisses of rain-drops and leaves; to hear the drooping bird chirp faintly from the orchard; and the dripping cattle, gathering close, low at the gate. How soft the air, filled with the freshness of the vallies, and the luxuriance of the plains. But how much sweeter is its clearing up, at evening; the rainbow glimmering;

the broad sun shedding a faint light over the deepened landscape; the birds shaking their little wings, and opening their merry throats; and man and beast peaceful and contented.

Why is it said that there are three graces, that they are sisters, and that they hold each other by the hand? Why are they represented as young smiling virgins, habited in floating robes, and their arms covered with a transparent veil? Some say the first bestows the benefaction, the second receives, and the third returns it. Why do the graces dance holding each other by the hand? —Because such is the progress of a benefit which passes into the hands of him who receives it, but must nevertheless, at last return to those of the benefactor; because the beauty of this progress is lost as soon as it is interrupted, while, on the contrary, it subsists while benefits are bestowed and returned reciprocally. They have a smiling air, because the countenances of those who give, and of those who receive, are usually arrayed in smiles. They are young because the remembrance of benefits received ought never to grow old. They are virgins because they ought to be without change and without blemish. They wear no zone, because benefits are not to be ligatures and chains. The veil which covers their arms is transparent, because benefactions ought to be visible.

It is, as far as it relates to our present being, the great end of education to raise ourselves above the vulgar; but what is intended by the vulgar, is not, methinks, enough understood. In me, indeed, that word raises a quite different idea from what it usually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the relish of such satisfactions as are the ordinary entertainment of men. However, such as my opinion is in

this case, I will speak it ; because it is possible that turn of thought may be received by others, who may reap as much satisfaction from it as I do myself.

It is to me a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts and sentiments, in that condition. For if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer, is not such an artificer who within his power is good to his friends, moderate in his demands for his labour, and cheerful in his occupation, very much superior to him who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and actions to those who act their parts with much more grace than himself? Epictetus has made use of the similitude of a stage-play to human life with much spirit. It is not, says he, to be considered among the actors, who is prince, or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar best. The circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our behaviour in that circumstance is what should be our solid distinction. Thus, a wise man should think no man above him or below him any further than it regards the outward order or discipline of the world : for if we take too great an idea of the eminence of our superiors, or subordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to both. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

This sense of mankind is so far from a levelling principle, that it only sets us upon a true basis of distinction, and doubles the merit of such as become their condition. A man in power, who can, without the

ordinary prepossessions which stop the way to the true knowledge and service of mankind, overlook the little distinctions of fortune, raise obscure merit, and discountenance successful indolence, has, in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man, and is above the rest of men in the highest character he can be, even that of their benefactor.

The Pin.

The English, if we may judge from their marriage contracts, are, or at least were, the greatest consumers of pins in the world. Nothing is more usual than for a lady of fashion to be allowed a thousand pounds sterling a year for the single article of pins. Historians relate, that in those days when pin-money was first introduced, the English ladies consumed a vast number of pins to fasten their clothes. In process of time, however, the consumption of pins has decreased, and in the exact proportion with the diminution of drapery. Now-a-days, God knows, a husband will not be ruined by the expence of pins ! Indeed, I believe an *élégante* makes almost as little use of a pin as of a needle !

But yet allow me to tell your dames of fashion, for whom pins have become useless, that a pin in place may sometimes be of importance to the reputation of your charms ! Little do you think how much even a beauty may be indebted to a pin ! Little do you consider how many vows, how many addresses, depend upon a single pin ! Take out that solitary pin which, strange to tell, has found its way into your robe ; take out that pin, and the loves and desires, which hover round what it mysteriously conceals, disappear. The imagination droops its wing ; the illusion vanishes ; pleasure is disappointed, and flies in search of new deceptions. Ah, madam ! learn to conceal with grace ; and remember that your charms soon lose their power when you display their utmost force.

Above all, know that there are some pins which you should rarely unfasten!

We are incessantly told that we must be born poets. Yes, in the same manner that we must be born musicians, orators, or mechanics: that is, with the dispositions necessary to become such, which dispositions must afterwards be unfolded and brought to perfection by study and exercise.

Bishop Huet.

The good and ingenuous French bishop, Huet, recollected in his old age the loves and gallantries of his youth, with a mingled penitence and self-complacency, the expression of which is not unamusing:

"I went too much," says he, "into the gay company of men, and much more into that of women; thinking that, to obtain a character for politeness, it was necessary to please the fair sex. I omitted none of those attentions by which it is supposed that their favour is to be won. I kept my person fresh and neat, wore fashionable clothes, was indefatigable in my assiduities towards those whom I admired, often addressed them in amatory verses, and whispered many a tender thing in their ears. One copy of love-verses which I then wrote is now universally read, and is not over delicate."

How admirably the character of the old Frenchman here breaks out! From an old officer this would have been nothing surprising: being from an aged bishop, it bespeaks in him a lightness of spirit not naturally allied to episcopal gravity.

The following is also an ungenious display of French vanity by the same worthy Huet:

"I was," says he, "an indifferent dancer indeed; but then I exceeded all my young companions in fencing and riding: I could leap over any height to which I was able to reach

my hands; I outstripped every one in running; and I could grasp a staff so firmly, that not any two of the strongest men could wrest it from my hands. I was a very skillful swimmer; and I knew how to dive for shell-fish to the bottom of the deepest creek or river."

A curious Epistle from Augustus to Horace.

Dyonysius brought me your little volume. I took it in good part, and did not complain of its brevity. However, you seem to be afraid lest your scroll should be of a larger size than your person: but your stature is so low, your bulk makes amends for it; you might sit and write in a bushel. Your packet was exactly like your own belly, thick and short.

Envy.

Envy is a personage frequently introduced by the poets, and we have several descriptions of her, all indeed formed on the same model, and copied from each other. The first of these is in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book ii, where she is employed like a Fury by Minerva, to infect the mind of Aglauros. The description is partly natural, partly emblematical. She is represented as dwelling in a cave seated in a cold dark valley. She is found chewing the flesh of vipers, which may be interpreted feeding on malignant thoughts. Her gait is sluggish, her countenance pale, her body lean; she looks askance; her breast is suffused with gall, and her tongue flows with poison. She never smiles, but at mischief; she is sleepless through anxiety; she pines at the view of prosperity, and suffers as much as she inflicts. This is little more than the natural description of an envious person, the bodily effects of which corroding passion are almost literally to envenom the juices, and causes a superabundance of acrid gall. It is a stroke of nature,

too, when she is represented as sighing deeply at the view of Minerva's beauty and splendor, and scarcely forbearing to weep as she passes over the flourishing and opulent city of Athens. Her thorny staff-allegorically expresses the pains of mind produced by envious affections. The blight and desolation which fall on the subjacent earth, over which she takes her flight, denote the baleful effects of this passion.

"She takes her staff, with thorny wreaths begirt,
And, veil'd in murky clouds, where'er she goes
Beats down the ripening corn, the verdant fields
Withers, and every flowery summit crops;
And, 'mid subjacent people, houses, towns,
Breathes foul contagion."

Her mode of infecting the unhappy Aglauros is by stroking her breast with her envenomed hands, and enfiling her hooked thorns.

There are two descriptions of Envy in "The Fairy Queen;" both of them loathsome and disgusting, and, though manifestly imitated from that of Ovid, less distinct and consistent as allegories. The only additional circumstance worth remarking is, that the garment of Envy is painted full of eyes, an emblem, no doubt, of the sharp-sightedness of envious persons in discerning the faults of their neighbours.

Cowley, in his "Davideis," gives a portrait of Envy, drawn with much strength, and with some novelty:

"Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direfull'st; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin
Was almost dropt from the sharp bones within;
And at her breast hung vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting heart, both night and day;

Sucking black blood from thence, which, to repair,
Both day and night they left fresh poisons there.
Her garments were deep-stain'd in human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim."

Garth has bestowed a good deal of labour upon a similar description in his "Dispensary," but with little or no improvement on the established imagery.

A Puff.

The following advertisement is copied, *verbatim et literatim*, from one of the Philadelphia daily prints:

Nimrod Maxwell, proprietor of the celebrated Sulphur Spring, in Adams county, Pennsylvania, *takes leave*, on the approach of the season for bathing and drinking this highly medicinal water, to inform his former friends, and the inhabitants of this and the neighbouring states, who may be in quest of health or pleasure, that he is prepared to gratify them in both. His house is in all respects in an improved state, his rooms freshly embellished and furnished with the best beds, and his cellars replenished with a variety of the choicest liquors. He promises a plentiful and luxuriant table, *embellished by the best of cooks*; and has been at the expense of sinking in the solid rock, and replenishing with abundance of ice, a cave, for the refreshment of his Spring guests. He will have *obliging waiters, and plenty of them*, together with music for the entertainment of such as delight in that *exquisite treat*. The house on the south side of the bridge is occupied by Mr. Robert Long, who kept it formerly, and who has fitted it in the best manner for the accommodation of boarders. N. Maxwell, in this *age of puffing*, has chosen to content

himself with this *plain* and *modest* notice, begging his readers to believe that he means to perform even *more* than he has promised.

June 17, 1807.

This modest Nimrod, who, at the same time that he *takes leave* of his friends, promises them, should they pay him a visit, such an exquisite sensual and intellectual treat, and who has thus contrived to combine pleasure with health, is certainly highly deserving of public patronage. I would recommend his advertisement to the notice of all loungers and valetudinarians, and earnestly exhort them to fly for a while the sickly vapours of the crowded city, and breathe the pure and bracing air of the mountains, in the delightful retreat offered them by the worthy Mr. Maxwell.

CENTO.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CHARACTER OF WALLER,
AS A MAN AND A POET.

From Stockdale's Life of Waller.

THE endowments of his mind were recommended by the graces of his form. Mankind are so subject to the fascination of externals, that the effects of the most elevated genius and virtue are greatly obstructed by personal disadvantages.—Worth, covered by deformity, gains upon us but by slow approaches, and must not expect to be generally well received, till the world is convinced of its reality by repeated experience. But to him in whom nature hath united amiable qualities and great talents with personal elegance, we are immediately prepared to pay homage. While the eye surveys, the mind wishes to esteem and to admire.

Waller's person was handsome and graceful. That delicacy of soul which produces instinctive propriety, gave him an easy manner, which

was improved and finished by a polite education, and by a familiar intercourse with the great. The symmetry of his features was dignified with a manly aspect; and his eye was animated with sentiment and poetry.

His elocution, like his verse, was musical and flowing. In the senate, indeed, it often assumed a vigorous and majestic tone, which, it must be owned, is not a leading characteristic of his numbers.

He was so happily formed for society, that his company was sought for by those who detested his principles and his conduct. He must have had very engaging qualities, who kept up an intimacy with people of two prejudiced and exasperated parties; and who had the countenance of kings of very different tempers and characters. He was a favourite with the persons of either sex of the times in which he lived, who were most distinguished for their rank and for their genius. The mention of a Morley, a St. Evremond, a Dorset, a Clarendon, and a Falkland, with whom he spent many of his social hours, excludes a formal eulogium on his companionable talents. Let it suffice, therefore, to observe, that his conversation was chastised by politeness, enriched by learning, and brightened by wit.

The warmth of his fancy, and the gaiety of his disposition, were strictly regulated by temperance and decorum. Like most men of a fine imagination, he was a devotee to the fair sex; but his gallantry was not vitiated with debauchery; nor were his hours of relaxation and mirth prostituted to profaneness and infidelity. Irreligion and intemperance had not infected all ranks in Waller's time as they are now; but he had as much merit in avoiding the contagion of a profligate court, with which he had such familiar intercourse, as we can ascribe to an individual of the present age, who mixes much with the world, and yet continues proof against its licentiousness. He rebuked the impi-

ous wit of the libertine, even before a king who was destitute of religion and principle; and who enjoyed a jest upon that sacred truth, which it was his duty to defend and to maintain.

But his virtue was more theoretic than practical. It was of a delicate and tender make; formed for the quiet of the poetical shade, and the ease of society; not hardy and confirmed enough for a conflict with popular commotions. His behaviour on his trial was hypocritical, unmanly, and abject; yet the alarming occasion of it, on which but few would have acquitted themselves with a determined fortitude, extenuates it in some measure to candour and humanity; though he who had effectually reduced the discipline of philosophy to practice, would rather have suffered death, than purchased life with the ignominy which it cost Waller. But let us recollect, that Providence is very rarely lavish of its extraordinary gifts to one man. Let us not condemn him with untempered severity, because he was not a prodigy which the world hath seldom seen: because his character comprised not the poet, the orator, and the hero.

That he greatly improved our language and versification, and that his works gave a new era to English poetry, was allowed by his contemporaries: nor has it ever been disputed by good critics. Dryden tells us he had heard Waller say, "that he owed the harmony of his numbers to Fairfax's translation of the *Godfrey of Bulloigne*." Whoever reads that translation, and compares it with our author's poetry, will see in how rude a state English verse was when Waller began to write, and what advantage it received from him. Perhaps more elegant language, and more harmonious numbers than his, would be expected even from a middling poet in this age of refinement: but such a writer would be as much inferior to Waller in absolute merit, as it is more difficult to attain new, than to copy past excellence, as it is ea-

sier to imitate than to invent. A voyage to the West-Indies, first achieved by Columbus, and the calculations of Newton, are now often made by the modern mariner and mathematician: but who refuses admiration to the inventor of fluctuations, and to the discoverer of America?

Ease, gallantry, and wit, are the principal constituents of his poetry; though he is frequently plaintive with tenderness, and serious with dignity: but impartiality must acknowledge, that his muse seldom reaches the sublime. She is characterised by the softer graces, not by grandeur and majesty. It is her province to draw sportive or elegiac notes from the lyre; not to sound the trumpet and inflame the soul.

Hitherto we have remarked our author's beauties; we must now mention his faults. Undistinguished praise is as weak as it is unjust; it neither does credit to the encomiast, nor to the person commended.

Grammatical inaccuracies are not unfrequent in Waller. The literary amusement of the gentleman was not sufficiently tempered with the care and circumspection of the author. He sometimes prefers a point more brilliant than acute to a manly and forcible sentiment; and sometimes violates the simplicity of nature for the conceit of antithesis. In his fondness of simile he is apt to lose the merit of a good, by the addition of a bad one; in which he sacrifices truth and propriety to sound and splendour. These faults, however, we must, in a great measure, impute to the rudeness of the age, with which greater poets than Waller complied; partly from negligence or the immediate influence of example, and partly from necessity.

Waller's works will always hold a considerable rank in English poetry. His great abilities as a statesman and an orator are indisputable; and his moral character will be viewed with lenity by those whose minds are actuated by humanity, and who are properly acquainted

against the Austrians. Orma was soon dislodged from Czernetz by the imperialists, and saved himself with only seventeen of the garrison, by retiring to the right bank of the Danube; fixing his residence in the castle of Kulla, six leagues from Widdin.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

MR BURNET has a new work in considerable forwardness, in London, entitled, "Specimens of English Prose Writers, from the earliest times to the close of the seventeenth century, with sketches biographical and literary, including an account of books, as well as of their authors, with occasional criticisms, &c." This work, it is apprehended, will possess some singular and important recommendations. The primary object of the series of specimens is to illustrate the progress of the English language, from its rise to its complete establishment. The principles by which the author has been generally influenced in his choice of extracts, have been, to select passages curious or remarkable, as relating directly to the subject of language; as possessing intrinsic value as examples of style; as characteristic of the author; or as distinctive of the manners and sentiments of the age. In writers of continuous reasoning, which abound from the reign of Elizabeth, his aim has commonly been to present as clear a view of the general principles of the author, as his limits would admit, and as could be done *in the words of the author himself*; which has been attempted not simply by the selection of those parts where they are distinctly stated, but by frequently conjoining passages distant in place, though connected in sense. Moreover, the work will

comprise an account of, and extracts from, most of the ancient chroniclers and historians, who have written in English. Hence it will contribute, together with the interspersed remarks and the occasional sketches of literary history, to elucidate also the progress of manners, of opinion, and of general refinement. There are many obvious advantages in thus exhibiting a view of writers and of their works, in chronological order. It assists the memory, by favouring the most natural and appropriate associations; the celebrated contemporaries are represented, as they ought, in groups; and if the questions arise, Who were the literary worthies that adorned any given reign? and what were their respective claims to distinction? we have only to turn to that reign, in the work which is here announced, to be speedily satisfied. Even the incidental mention, in the biographies, of facts in civil history, will tend to awaken the curiosity to become better acquainted with the chain of transactions, of which they are links; and thus the reader will be insensibly led to the civil, as well as the literary history of the period. Upon the whole, it is hoped, that the work will prove *entertaining* to many and very different classes of readers, from the variety of its materials; that it will constitute a *useful* manual to the student of our early literature; and that it will be found *convenient*, even by persons already informed in this department, as a book of occasional reference.

On Thursday, the 23d of July, the trustees, the faculty, the graduates, and the students, of the University of Pennsylvania, met at the university at nine o'clock, A. M., and walked in procession to the Rev. Dr. Hey's church, the Independent Tabernacle, in Fourth-street, where a commencement was held before a numerous, splendid, and respectable audience. After prayer, by the provost, the following exercises were performed:

MUSIC.

1. The salutatory oration, by Mr. Joseph Hall.

2. A forensic dispute, on this question, "Whether it is more difficult to arrive at excellence in eloquence at the bar or the pulpit?" For the *bar*, Mr. David F. Schaeffer for the *pulpit*, Mr. John Sommer.

3. The provost's decision.

MUSIC.

4. An oration on the good effects of education, by Mr. Samuel H. Turner.

5. An oration on the alternation of action and repose, by Mr. Thomas I. Wharton.

6. An oration on classical literature, by Mr. D. Schaeffer.

MUSIC.

7. An oration on liberty, by Mr. Joseph Hall.

8. An oration on general Hamilton, by Mr. Benjamin J. Bostock.

9. History of a graduate, an ironical oration, by Mr. J. Sommer.

10. An oration on patriotism, by Mr. Jacob Gratz.

11. The degree of *bachelor of arts* was then conferred on Messrs. Benjamin J. Bostock, Jacob Gratz, Jacob Green, Joseph Hall, David F. Schaeffer, John Sommer, Samuel H. Turner, and Thomas I. Wharton. The degree of *master of arts* was conferred on Messrs. George Andrews, Edward Lowber, John C. Lowber, John Lowber, Matthew Matthews, Robert M. Patterson, and Edward Tilghman, 3d alumni of the university. Mr. James G. Thompson, master of arts at Dickenson College, Carlisle, and professor of humanity in the University of Pennsylvania, was admitted *ad eundem*. The degree of *doctor of divinity* was conferred on the Rev. Henry Waddel, of Trenton, New Jersey, the Rev. James P. Wilson, and the Rev. Joseph Pilmore, of Philadelphia. The degree of *doctor of civil law* was conferred on the honourable William Tilghman, Esq., chief justice of the state of Pennsylvania; and on Mr. John M'Dowell, provost of the university.

12. The valedictory oration, by Mr. Jacob Green.

MUSIC.

13. The charge, by the provost.

MUSIC.

An appropriate prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, professor in the university, concluded the exercises of the day.

A very agreeable concert of sacred music was given in the evening, in the tabernacle, in honour of the commencement.

A few years ago, a hydrographical survey was made, at the expence of government, of Long Island Sound. Since that time, captains Fosdick and Cahoon, two of the persons employed, have published their chart. Encouraged by the success of this first attempt, a survey was ordered to be made, during the session of congress, in 1805—6, of that part of the coast of North Carolina which lies between Cape Hatteras and Cape Fear. Captains Jonathan Price and Thomas Coles performed that service during the last summer. They have made a valuable report of their observations, and accompanied it with a new chart of the coast. The information furnished by this second undertaking has been followed by an ample provision for a maritime survey of the whole coast of the United States. In the beginning of February, 1807, an act of congress was passed, appropriating fifty thousand dollars to enable the president of the United States to cause a survey to be taken of the coasts, and of all the islands, shoals, roads, and places of anchorage, within twenty leagues of any part of the shores of the United States; as also the courses and distances between the principal capes and head-lands, and all such other matters as ought to be contained in an accurate chart. This survey is intended to embrace St. George's Bank, and all other banks, shoals, soundings, currents, and memorable things, quite to the gulf stream.

At a numerous meeting of the inhabitants and proprietors of Charleston Neck, on Saturday, June 27th, Wm. Loughton Smith, esq., in the chair, it was unanimously resolved, that a committee of nine members be appointed to consider on the practicability and probable expence of cutting a navigable canal from Cooper to Ashley river, and to obtain an accurate survey of the most proper place for that purpose, likewise of those parts of the aforesaid rivers where such canal may enter them, and to obtain the requisite cession of land from the proprietors, through whose ground the canal may be carried, sufficient for the width of the canal and a margin on each side, and to report to an adjourned meeting on the first Saturday in August. As nothing contributes so much to the prosperity of a country as inland navigation, we heartily wish the fullest success to the spirited and patriotic undertakers of the new canal, which will diffuse wealth and comfort to a great portion of our fellow-citizens, and enhance considerably the value of lands in the environs of Charleston.

No less than *twelve* bridges across Connecticut River, between New Hampshire and Vermont, and two in Massachusetts, have been erected within a few years. Another is building between Hatfield and Hadley.

Messrs. Cohen and Hawkins, of this city, have lately established a manufactory of mineral waters, which has received the sanction of many of the most eminent physicians, as being equal, if not superior, to the waters of the original springs. The proprietors, that the business may be conducted on a scale which would give it a due importance as a public good, propose forming a company, on the following plan:

The whole is to be divided into 400 shares, at 50 dollars each, pay-

able five dollars monthly, one half to be invested in a capital for conducting the business in the most advantageous manner for the benefit of the concern, and which capital is to be the exclusive property of the subscribers. The consequent risque is then but 25 dollars on each share, for which they will be entitled to the privilege of drinking the waters, free of expence, at the place where they may be prepared, a deduction of 10 per cent. on orders put up for their use, and an equal share in all the profits arising from the concern which will be conducted under the direction of officers chosen by themselves. An establishment of this nature would give the company an opportunity of extending itself to every capital city in the United States, and reap all the advantages resulting therefrom, as well as claiming the merit of being the first to bring forward and promote so useful an institution.

Mr. Robert Fulton, a celebrated mechanical genius, a native of Pennsylvania, has lately returned to his native country from Europe, where he had invented a machine by which hostile ships of war might be destroyed, which he has communicated to government. The president some time ago desired Mr. Fulton to commence his experiments by the machinery called torpedoes, and other submarine attacks, and to exhibit them at New York. The first experiment was made at that place on Monday, July 20, and with complete success, for, by the application of a machine to the outside of a brig of 200 tons burthen, she was completely blown up and destroyed, in the presence of a great concourse of spectators. This is but one of several methods that his machinery furnishes for attacking and *destroying an enemy at anchor, or under easy sail, near the coast.* This is for the immediate defence of our own harbours and shores; but we understand also that his machinery are capable of following an enemy to sea and into

their own ports, where ships of war may be destroyed with very little danger to the operator.

An experiment was lately made in England, of constructing a hollow-framed main-top-mast, for a 74 gun ship, on Mr. George Smart's new principles, which at length is about to be tried in his majesty's navy. About 12 o'clock, sir Roger Curtis, sir — Sirrell, admiral Domet, and John Fordyce, esq., four of his majesty's commissioners for revising naval affairs, and their secretary, Mr. John Briggs; earl Stanhope, T. Jolly, esq., and several others, attended at the Ordnance wharf, Lambeth, to witness the final putting together of this hollow mast, the first which has been constructed of so large a size, and particularly a top-mast where a great part of the length is required to be without the hoops, which confer so large a portion of strength on main-masts, yards, &c., which require so much restriction, and are not obliged to depend solely on the strength of one solid piece of timber, now become so difficult to procure, or on the stiffness of internal framing, as in the present case.

Captain Krusenstern, who commanded the Russian expedition of discovery in 1805, has sent an account home of his having proved, in the most satisfactory manner, the great efficacy which the operation of charring the insides of casks has to preserve water perfectly sweet at sea. He had sixty casks charred more deeply than usual before he sailed, and, during his stay at the Brazils, had the greatest part of his casks burned on the inside; the water in them was constantly found to be good during the whole of his passage to the Isle of Washington; at Japan, he again burned the inside of his casks, which preserved the water quite pure, during a seven weeks' passage from thence to Kamschatka. The cap-

tain declares, that by this means, the water was "constantly pure, and as good as that from the best springs." He also took care that the casks should never be filled with sea-water, as is usual, to save the trouble of shifting the ballast, because this tends to hasten the corruption of the fresh water afterwards put into them.

The charring operates both by the antiseptic properties of the charcoal, and in preventing the solution of the extractive part of the wood.

Charring is much recommended for wine casks also, and all casks which are to contain liquors.

The process of charring casks was recommended by Berthollet, in a communication to the National Institute of France, in 1803; but Lowitz had discovered the antiseptic properties of charcoal many years before, as appears in some memoirs in Crell's Journal, the translation of which was published in England by Baldwin, in 1793; an account of the use of charcoal for "Preserving Water Sweet, for Seamen in Sea Voyages," was also published in Dublin, in 1791, in the *Hibernian Magazine*, extracted from Mr. Lowitz's memoirs on this subject.

A farmer in Windham county, Vermont, thus cautions his brother farmers against the prevailing practice of selling to the butchers the earliest, the largest, and most beautiful of their flock. By so doing, says he, their breed has been essentially hurt, and their own interests manifestly injured. As the sheep now kept for breeding by a majority of the farmers are poor, coarse-woolled, stunted things, they produce, in conformity to the established law of nature, that "like produces like," a breed which, though the expence of keeping them is as great as that of keeping the best kind, yields but very little profit to the owner.

Whenever a butcher visits my flock, he invariably selects the best lambs, and insists upon my selling

them. He offers perhaps a shilling a head more for them than for the poorest; but as I reflect that in the very first year the former will yield me, by their wool, two and perhaps three shillings more a head than the latter, without any additional expence; and besides, that they will be much better for breeding, and look much handsomer, I invariably refuse his offers; and if I dispose of any, they are such only as are unfit for keeping. By this means I have improved my stock, so that it is now the best in the neighbourhood. The fleeces of my sheep, on an average, are a pound heavier than those of others. In spring, my lambs are all strong and healthy, and require but very little attendance; while my neighbours are continually complaining that theirs are weak, sickly, and, notwithstanding the great care and trouble they are at, frequently die.

When a friend or a stranger visits me, I can take him to my barn or my pasture, and with patriotic exultation show him my flock, which is the source of my independence. And I can present him my children clothed in a neat homespun garb, unsoiled by the least mixture of foreign frippery. And I do not hesitate to say, that when doing so I feel as proud and as vain as the miss when she displays to her mates a new muslin gown, or a bonnet of the latest fashion.

At a late sheep shearing at Mount Airy, in Carolina, the weights of fleece and length of wool were as follow:

Weight of fleece.	Length of wool.
No. 1. 6 6-4 lb.	6 inches.
2. 7 3-4	9
3. 5 1-4	8
4. 8 3-4	10
5. 7 1-2	8
6. 7	8
7. 8 3-4	9
8. 8 3-4	10
60. 1-2	

Gross wt. of lamb No. 8, after shearing, 93lb

Fleece of 16 old sheep weighed, 63

Ditto of 8 lambs, 60½

123½

Average 5lb. and upwards.

A writer in an eastern publication gives the following account of a successful experiment for preventing the ravages of the squash bug and the yellow fly: From a floor lately covered with hops, I collected some of the flour of the hop, poured upon it boiling water, and put in it a little wheat flour, to give the liquid an adhesive quality; with this composition I wet the plants with a mop of rags, and it coated them with a defensive shield against their natural enemy. I afterwards made a strong decoction from the hop itself, and found it equally efficacious. This experiment is not sanctioned by repeated experience, but I am sufficiently satisfied of its efficacy to be confident in its recommendation.

It is a fact, but not generally known, that the common strawberry is a natural dentifrice; and that its juice, without any previous preparation whatever, dissolves the tartareous encrustations on the teeth, and makes the breath sweet and agreeable.

As a number of children are at the present season afflicted with the *cholera infantum*, a correspondent would recommend the decoction of the blue flowers of delphinium, or larkspur, one small spoonful of which will infallibly stop the most distressing vomiting. These flowers likewise have proved a specific in every of the many cases in which they have been applied (by expressing the juice) to that painful, dangerous and troublesome disease, the chin, or whooping-cough.

According to a new census, Austria now contains 11,608 square

leagues; and a population of twenty-three and a half millions of souls; of which 17,551,800 are catholics: 1,050,000 Lutherans; 1,800,000 of the reformed church; 260,000 Greeks; 43,000 unitarians; 3,500 menonists, and 452,000 Jews. The nobility form about 600,000 souls; and the clergy 90,000 individuals. The revenue of the state amounts to 103 millions per annum, and the debt to 112 millions of florins.

The following statistical note on the Ottoman empire is taken from a late European print.

Extent, 49,173 square miles; population, 25,330,000 souls, viz:

1st. European Turkey, 11,963 square miles, and 11,040,000 inhabitants.

2d. Asiatic Turkey, 24,262 square miles, and 11,090,000 inhabitants.

3d. Egypt, 12,943 square miles, and 3,200,000 inhabitants.

Besides the Osmans and Tartars proper, there are to be found in the European part a mixture of Greeks, Esclavonians, Armenians, Valaches, Arnauts, Jews, Bohemians, and Franks. The Osman and the Tartar are the only ones who observe the laws of the Alcoran. Among the christian sects, the Greeks (who have here a patriarch, 20 metropo-

litans, 18 archbishops, and 120 bishops), with the Armenians, are the most numerous. The form of government is Asiatico-despotic. The present sultan, Selim III, has filled the throne since 1789. Land forces in 1804, 266,454 men, with 60,000 irregular troops, viz. 113,400 janissaries, 132,054 spahis, 50,000 methardschjy, and 15,000 artillerists. Of these troops, only 186,000 are fit for campaign service. Sea force, 12 ships of the line, 6 frigates, and 50 lesser vessels. Revenues of the chevea or imperial chest, 2,000,000. Revenue of the miri or chest of the empire, 44,942,500 dollars. National debt, 53,350,000 dollars.

The sand of the rivers of Ponia- cer, Palaur, and Cargoory, in India, has long been celebrated for the quantity of gold found in it, so abundant in fact, that after heavy floods, grains of gold were constantly found in the *éa* of paddy, on the banks of the rivers: representations on the subject having been recently made to the Madras government, they sent in lieut. J. Warden to Ooscotto, to survey that district, and the result has been the discovery of a tract about forty-five miles in length along the Yena Batterine Conda Hills, abounding with gold.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

Written during a violent sickness.

SWEET Nymph! that with the ruddy face,

The cheerful look, and sprightly pace,
Whose favourite haunt's the fields,
E'er lov'st in warbling groves to dwell

In silent woods, or flow'ry dell,
'Midst charms that Nature yields;

Who shunn'st, with unremitted care,
The city's thick and febrile air,

Its smoke, its filth, and noise;
Where man, unwise, unthinking still,
Dares undergo a certain ill,
In search of fancied joys:

Of on the mountain's rugged side,
Where rocks on rocks majestic ride,
I've sought thy fleeting form;
I've found thee in the vale below,
Sparkling 'midst heaps of drifted snow,
And in the wintry storm.

Again, when Summer's milder reign
Has clad in varied charms the plain,
Thou lov'st in streams to lave :
Oft plunging from the river's side,
While Zephyrs rippled o'er its tide,
I've found thee in the wave.

And—for what fair was always true ?
If—as to show how much thy due,
Thou for a time wert shy ;
Yet when through wilds and woods I
woo'd,
I soon regain'd the nymph I lov'd,
'Twas but thy coquetry.

The man that wins thee to his arms,
Must sedulously court thy charms ;
Attention gains the prize.
And if thou fly, let him pursue,
Try to regain thy favour through
Thy handmaid Exercise.

But when I made the town my choice,
Lur'd for a time by Folly's voice,
In search of wealth, renown ;
As through my limbs disorder spread,
The feverish dream, the aching head,
There told me Health was flown.

Now pallid, wan, a mark for scorn,
Scarce drag I on a corpse-like form,
Tho' once with vigour blest :
In manhood's prime, a blasted sprite,
Unmann'd, unnerv'd, a loathsome
sight,
Each energy deprest.

But, Dissipation, hence, adieu !
The tavern feast, the bagpiper's crew,
No more have charms for me ;
The gay debauch can please no more,
The drunken riot, midnight roar,
The song with three times three.

Henceforth to rural haunts I go,
Thro' summer's heat and winter's
snow ;
Thy smiles, O let me share ;
And thou, as well-known scenes I
hail,
Fresh strength with every breath ex-
hale,
Once more shalt be my care.

Then often in the morning's grey,
While southern-gales bring in the day,
The unmark'd dew I'll tread :
I'll hie me to the new shorn fields,
Beat for the game their stubble
shields,
While yet on feed they're spread.

Here while my dog, sagacious brute,
Quarters his ground with ceaseless
foot,

And questions every wind ;
Tho' he shall fail to find his game,
No spot untried, to me the same,
Since thee I'm sure to find.

Oft too, when morning's dusky sky
Foretells that Reynard soon must die,
Impatient for the race,
I'll haste unto the covert's side,
Where meet thy ruddy sons, thy pride,
And woo thee in the chase.

Charm'd by these sports, if thou at-
tend,
Sweet nymph ! unto life's latest end,
I ask not power, nor wealth :
Content I'll poverty endure,
If any one imagines poor
The man that's rich in health.
June 26.

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON APPARITIONS.

*Scene—The Ruins of an ancient Castle.
Time—Midnight.*

YE spirits who inhabit worlds un-
known !
Terrific spectres ! whither are ye
flown ?
Oft have I heard, ye love at this dread
hour
To haunt the ruin'd aisle, or moss-
grown tow'r ;
To flit in shadowy forms along the
glade,
Or stalk gigantic 'midst the gloomy
shade.
Yet here alone with silent steps I
tread,
Where broken walls their mouldering
ruins spread ;
Where the cold ashes of the fair and
great,
Vainly enshrin'd, repose in awful
state ;
Where the dark ivy clasps the embat-
tled tow'r,
And lengthens out a while its final
hour ;—
But all is still ! no frightful ghost ap-
pears ;
No ghastly phantom its huge form
uprears ;

No white-rob'd spirit glides across the
 gloom;
 No hollow groan low mutters from
 the tomb;
 But death-like silence spreads an awe
 profound,
 And Darkness flings her sable mantle
 round.
 Then whither are these shadowy
 spectres fled,
 That nightly guard the relics of the
 dead?
 And where is pale-check'd Terror's
 hideous train,
 That o'er the midnight hour is said to
 reign?

 Ah! let grim fear and superstition
 tell
 A tale of horror from their murky
 cell;
 Where by the glimmering taper's
 pale-blue light,
 They pass, in sullen mood, the dreary
 night;
 Starting with frenzied looks at every
 sound
 While visionary phantoms float around.
 Yes—they may tell of deeds with hor-
 ror fraught,
 And dreadful sights that mock the la-
 bouring thought;
 Yet will I scorn the vain deluding
 tale,
 Nor let their voice o'er Reason's self
 prevail.
 But can I still a hardy sceptic stand,
 Rejecting truths rever'd in every land;
 While undisputed facts their force
 unite,
 To prove that spirits haunt the shades
 of night?
 Ah no! I must submit—I plead in
 vain
 Imagination's wild despotic reign;
 Or say that Féar by Fancy's magic aid
 May fill with airy forms the dubious
 shade;
 And bid the trembling heart, in man-
 hood's spite,
 Start from a wavering bush with pale
 affright.
 Yes—'tis in vain! for while with sad
 surprise
 O'er many a dreadful legend Pity
 sighs,
 Some well-attested facts the mind
 perceives,
 And with discriminating power—be-
 lieves.

Yet shall I dread at this dark hour to
 rove,
 Amid the solemn stillness of the
 grove;
 Or where the time-worn battlements
 arise,
 Or the proud turret low in ruin lies?
 I scorn the thought—assur'd that
 Sov'reign Pow'r
 Governs alike the dark, or noon-tide
 hour;
 And here as free from rude alarm I
 stray,
 Amid these shades, as in the blaze of
 day;
 While to thy care, O thou Almighty
 Friend!
 By night, or day, my spirit I commend.

 But oh! my heart delights while thus
 I rove,
 To indulge the pleasing thought, that
 some I love,
 Who now have gain'd the radiant seats
 of bliss,
 Attend my wand'rings o'er a scene
 like this.
 Oh yes—methinks I feel her presence
 near,
 Whose memory claims affection's
 grateful tear;
 Whose form so much beloved, hath
 still the pow'r,
 With sweetest smiles to cheer the
 darkest hour:
 Dost thou, indeed, my lonely steps
 attend,
 And o'er me now with kind compas-
 sion bend;
 Anxious with all a mother's love t'im-
 part
 A balm to soothe the sorrows of my
 heart?
 Might I indulge the wish that thou
 wert near;
 Blest Spirit! might I now behold thee
 here;
 Such as thou art, array'd in garments
 bright
 Or such as memory views with fond
 delight:
 I dare believe, my heart with glad
 surprise
 Would linger here till morning beams
 arise;
 With strong desire that gentle voice
 to hear,
 Whose kindness oft hath charm'd my
 infant ear;

And, fraught with tenderest love, hath
 lull'd to rest
 The little sorrows of my youthful
 breast.
 It must not be! I look around in vain;
 Darkness profound, and awful silence
 reign
 O'er all this gloomy scene, which
 seems to lie
 Entomb'd beneath the sable vaulted
 sky,
 Oh! when shall this imprison'd soul
 of mine
 Burst from its dark abode with pow'r's
 divine,
 And meet with those I love, on that
 blest shore,
 Where sorrow, pain, and death are
 known no more.
 Oh! let my soul with hopeful patience
 say,
 "Thy will be done!" and wait that
 awful day,
 That bids my spirit wing its won-
 d'rous flight,
 From this dark world to realms of
 purest light;
 With rapturous joy, to share the glo-
 rious prize
 Of immortality beyond the skies!

ALBERT.

From the Port Folio.

COLUMBIA'S EAGLE.

LET England's Lion boast his pow'r,
 Let Gallia's Cock defiance crow;
 Columbia's Eagle n'er shall cow'r
 To any foreign foe.
 With equal ease, aloft she waves
 The branch of peace, or shafts of war,
 And waits the fame
 Of Freedom's name
 To lands enslaved and realms afar.
 Once could the Roman eagle soar
 Beyond the reach of human eye;
 But now she plumes her wing no
 more,
 No more invades the sky;
 For Freedom fled, and with her bore
 The eagle's pow'r, the eagle's sway;
 Her wings are weak,
 And dull her beak,
 Her name no more shall strike dismay.

Not so Heav'n's *fav'rite* bird that
 wields
 The weapons of Columbia's ire,
 And every dear-bought interest shields
 From mad Ambition's fire;
 While time rolls on the passing hours,
 Her flight the world shall awe,
 And widely spread
 The olive's shade,
 To shelter Liberty and Law.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE IVY-SEAT.

From Bayley's Poems.

Tamen ego illa moveor exedra—
 sedeque ipsa desiderari illam vo-
 cem puto.—CICERO, Lib. v. de Fini-
 bus. Proem.

AH what may be the secret spell
 That bids my heart so fondly swell
 Whene'er I pass that Ivy-seat!
 While lingers my reverted eye
 About those beeches, wherefore fly
 The life-drops through my frame
 with quickening beat?

Is not that seat like others made,
 With moss like others overlaid.
 Like others fenced with ivy round?
 Are not those trees like other trees?
 Or, when it fans them, does the
 breeze,
 Pour through their branches an
 unusual sound?

Yes—other seats like that I've seen
 Girt with a tangled ivy-skreen,
 Their crooked arms with ivy
 bound;
 Those beeches are like other trees,
 And, as it passes by, the breeze
 Pours through their branches no
 unusual sound.

Then wherefore, when I pass that
 seat,
 Throbs every pulse with quick'ning
 beat?

Why is my hand upon my heart?
 Why do I watch with eager gaze
 The trembling of those beechen
 sprays?

Why linger here, unwilling to de-
 part?

There is a maid, a gentle maid,
A dweller in the woodland shade,
Who loves that seat with ivy
bound :

Her arm has many a time reclined
Upon that branch so intertwined
With tangled wreaths, and stems
that curl around.

And once, it was a pleasant day,
The sweetest of a jocund May,
And thousand blossoms bloomed the
while,

When, on that ivy-seat reclined,
To peace and softness all my mind
I rendered up, most happy in her
smile.

Then, as the gentle maid stood near
And bent on me her looks, then clear
The blackbird sung ; perched on a
spray

Of yon tall beech he sweetly sung :
The maid with mute attention hung
On every note that sounded in his lay.

And that sweet warbling, in her face
Called up a new and lively grace,
That warbling moulded every look ;
And feelings born of sound bid rise
Soft radiance in her kindling eyes,
And all her frame with sweet emo-
tion shook.

Then in each feature I could see
The workings of that sympathy,
The silent joy that o'er her stole.
Then still I sat, no word I spoke,
No sound or motion from me broke
That might disturb the quiet of her
soul.

And when the bird had sung his lay,
He left the beech's topmost spray,
And as he flew he chattered shrill ;
Yet still her eyes the maiden raised
To yon tall beech, yet still she gazed
As though the bird sat there and
warbled still.

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Smiling, her rosy lips she stirred,
As though she whispered ; yet no
word

Could I perceive, or whispered
speech ;

And when at length I softly spoke,
My voice her trance of pleasure broke,
And then her eyes she turned from
yon tall beech.

And oh, the look ! when from that
tree

At length she turned her eyes on me !
That look may never pass away ;
E'en now it works upon my mind,
And in its magic I shall find
Subject and food for many a future
day.

Therefore though many a silent nook
Among the hazels by the brook,
In dingle or sequestered grove ;
Though many a grot and silent dell
I know, where mossy couches swell,
Oh, far beyond them all, that seat
I love.

When there I sit, some secret power
Keeps me fast chained from hour to
hour ;

I cannot tear myself away ;
When I would rise, some winning
thought

With force of subtlest magic fraught
Fixes me down, and holds me with
its sway.

And therefore when I pass that seat,
Throbs every pulse with quickening
beat ;

Therefore my hand is on my heart ;
Therefore I watch with eager gaze
The trembling of those beechen
sprays,
And linger here unwilling to de-
part.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, on the 17th of June, by the Rev. Joseph Pilmore, John A. M'Cutchen, of Philadelphia, merchant, to miss Eliza L. Drear, of Loudon county, Virginia.

On the 30th of June, at friends' meeting, Mr. Ephraim Haines, to Mrs. Ann Brown, both of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, July 2, by the Rev. Mr. Myers, Mr. Frederick Hyneman, jun., of Philadelphia, to miss Mary Warner, of the Northern Liberties.

On Friday evening, July 3, by the Rev. Mr. Janeway, doctor William Insley, of Chester, Delaware county, to miss Mary Ann How, of Philadelphia.

On Thursday, July 9, by the Rev. Mr. Myers, Mr. John Bazier, to miss Sarah Ann Freeman, daughter of captain Benjamin Freeman, all of Philadelphia.

On the 11th of July, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwell, Mr. James Gardiner, jun., to miss Eliza Grover, daughter of John Grover, Esq., all of Southwark.

On Tuesday evening, July 14, by the Rev. Dr. Alexander, Mr. Samuel Moss, merchant, to miss Eleanor Tittermary Mercer, daughter of captain Robert Mercer, all of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, July 16, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Zachariah Irick, to miss Catharine Babe, both of Philadelphia.

On July 23, by the Rev. Dr. Green, lieutenant J. Bagley, of Newburyport, to miss Clarissa Stillass, daughter of the late Mr. Stillass, merchant of Philadelphia.

On Sunday evening, July 17, by the Rev. Dr. Myers, Mr. Samuel Elfrey, to miss Margaret Shell, both of the Northern Liberties.

On Thursday evening, July 21, by the Rev. Mr. Myer, Mr. David Davis, to miss Sarah Gering, both of Philadelphia.

At BALTIMORE, on Thursday, June 18, by the Rev. George Tow-ers, Mr. John Morris, to miss Eleanor Israel, both of Harrison county, Virginia.

On Thursday evening, July 2, by the Rev. Dr. Rattoon, Mr. Daniel Charles Heath, of Philadelphia, to miss Eliza M'Kinn, daughter of Alexander M'Kinn, Esq.

At NEW YORK, on Saturday, July 16, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Thomas Scott, to miss Margaret Lentz, daughter of Mr. Frederick Lentz.

On Sunday morning, July 5, W. S. Brooks, of Boston, to miss Eleanor Forman, of Monmouth, New Jersey.

At PERTH AMBOY, on Sunday, July 19, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, captain Ward Blackler, to miss Mary Orne Lewis, daughter of the late Thomas Lewis, Esq., of Marblehead.

At SAVANNAH, on the 9th of July, by the Rev. Mr. Garnet, Mr. Jonathan Golding, of Liberty county, Georgia, to Mrs. Rhoda Boswell, of Savannah.

DIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, on the night of the 22d June, in the fourteenth year of her age, miss Margaretta Leamy, eldest daughter of John Leamy, Esq., of Philadelphia.

On the morning of the 27th June, of a consumption, Charles Seitz, the only son of Mrs. Charlotte Seitz, aged seventeen years. He sustained the progress of a lingering illness with a degree of fortitude superior to his years. His dissolution was calm and serene, relying with implicit confidence in the merits and mercies of his Saviour. The loss of a dutiful son and an affectionate brother, who bade fair to be the joy and protection of a widowed mother, declining in the "vale of years," and of three defenceless sisters, is irreparably, and must be exquisitely felt.

On Sunday, July 12, in the forty-

eighth year of his age, Mr. William Miller, sen., of Philadelphia, merchant, partner of the late firm of Miller and Murray.

On Sunday evening, July 12, Mrs. Isabella Albertus, wife of Mr. Lewis Albertus.

On the evening of the 15th July, captain John Lockton, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

On Thursday, July 23, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, Mr. Maurice Kennedy, of Philadelphia. This gentleman was eminently distinguished by his strength of understanding, intellectual improvement, and unaffected piety. He lived in peace with all mankind, and died the death of the righteous.

On Monday morning, July 27, Mr. Robert Erwin, sen.

On Monday, July 27, of a lingering illness, Mrs. Catharine White, consort of Josiah White, merchant, of Philadelphia.

At New York, on Wednesday, June 24, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, Dr. A. Bainbridge, a respectable physician of that city.

On Sunday, July 12, on board the brig Huntress, Breeze, from Charleston, Mr. James Gregorie, an old and respectable merchant of Charleston, on his way to the Springs for the benefit of his health. His body was preserved, and brought to the quarantine ground, New York, where, on the Wednesday following, he was decently interred, attended by the passengers on board the Huntress, and the officers of the quarantine establishment.

On Sunday, July 19, Mrs. Ann Debett, widow of John Debett, aged eighty-six years.

On Tuesday, July 21, captain Peter Corne, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

On Friday morning, July 24, the Rev. John C. Kunze, D. D., minister of the German Lutheran church in that city.

At Baltimore, on Sunday morning, June 28, at the age of fifty-six, after a lingering illness, which he bore with intrepid firmness, Mr. William Evans, proprietor of the

Indian Queen tavern in that city, and universally known and respected for his urbanity and hospitality.

At Newark (N. J.), on Thursday, July 16, after a long and severe indisposition, Mr. John Baldwin, late of the firm of Meeker and Baldwin of Philadelphia, much lamented by his relations and all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

On Monday, the 20th July, the Rev. Dr. Alexander Macwhorther, aged 73 years. He lived a life of eminent usefulness, and has died greatly and justly lamented.

In Pittsford, Rev. Ebenezer Harwood, aged 77.

In Worthington, (Con.) widow Sarah Wilcox, aged 92. Her descendants are, 13 children, 70 grand children, 190 great grand children, and 16 great great grand children.

In Pomerania, the Prussian lieutenant general Kalkreuth (probably the father of the general, who at the last dates, was so gallantly defending Dantzic), aged 87. He entered the service in 1740, assisted in all the campaigns of the great Frederick, and was esteemed for his military talents.

In Germany, a Mrs. Wingers, aged 115, who preserved her reason to the last moment. For some days before her death, she was blind; and at the age of 103 she had a set of new teeth like a young person.

In Vienna, prince De Stahemberg, one of the Austrian ministers, and father of the Austrian ambassador in London, aged 84.

On the coast of Africa, 12th March last, Mr. James Fisk, a native of Farmingham, Massachusetts.

In Martinique, 2d June, madame De Lapagerie, mother of her majesty the empress and queen of France and Italy, aged 74. Her remains were interred, with great pomp, in which all the civil, ecclesiastical, and military bodies assisted. On the 17th the funeral service was celebrated throughout the colony on the event.

At Nassau, N. P., on the 9th inst.

Mr. Nathaniel Hall, collector of the customs at that place.

WEEKLY REGISTER OF MORTALITY IN THE CITIES OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND BALTIMORE.

Health-office, July 4, 1807.

Interments, in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, in the week ending the 4th of July.

Diseases.	Ad.	Childr.
Apoplexy,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	0	11
Cholic,	1	0
Consumption of the lungs	4	0
Convulsions,	2	0
Decay,	2	1
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the brain,	0	3
Dropsy in the chest,	1	0
Dysentery,	0	2
Fever inflammatory,	1	0
— remittent or bilious,	2	0
Hives,	0	3
Inflammation of the lungs,	1	1
Insanity,	1	0
Old age,	1	0
Palsy,	1	0
Small-pox, natural,	2	2
Prolapsis uteri,	1	0
Total,	22	23—45

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years 18

From 2 to 5 2

5 10 1

10 20 4

20 30 2

30 40 3

40 50 5

50 60 1

60 70 1

70 80 1

80 90 1

Ages unknown 6

Total ————45

July 11.

Diseases	Ad.	Childr.
Abscess in the lungs,	1	0
Asthma,	2	0
Atrophy,	0	1
Casualties,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	0	10
Cholic,	1	0

Consumption of the lungs,	7	0
Decay,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the chest,	1	0
Drowned,	0	1
Dysentery,	0	1
Drunkenness,	1	0
Fever puerperal	1	0
— typhus,	1	0
Sore-throat,	0	1
Small-pox, natural,	2	1
Still-born,	0	1
Suicide,	1	0
Vomiting,	0	1
Unknown,	0	2

Total, 20 21—41

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years 16

From 2 to 5 1

5 10 1

10 15 2

15 20 2

20 30 3

30 40 5

40 50 4

50 60 0

60 70 1

70 80 0

80 90 1

Ages unknown 5

Total ————41

July 18.

Diseases	Ad.	Childr.
Abscess of the lungs,	1	0
Apoplexy,	1	0
Atrophy,	1	0
Burns,	1	0
Casualties,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	0	16
Cholic,	0	1
Consumption of the lungs,	6	1
Convulsions,	3	0
Decay,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	2	1
Dyspnœa,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the head,	0	1
Drowned,	1	0
Dysentery,	0	3
Epilepsy,	0	1
Eruptions,	0	1
Fever,	0	1
— typhus,	3	0
Hives,	0	2
Insanity,	1	0
Old age,	1	0
Palsy,	1	0

Small-pox, natural,	0	4
Still-born,	0	8
Unknown,	0	1

Total, 24 40—64

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years 31

From 2 to 5 2

5 10 2

10 20 1

20 30 1

30 40 4

40 50 5

50 60 5

60 70 2

70 80 2

80 90 1

Ages unknown 8

Total ———64

July 25.

Diseases.	Ad.	Childr.
Apoplexy,	1	0
Asthma,	0	1
Cholera morbus,	0	15
Cholic,	2	0
Consumption of the lungs,	5	1
Convulsions,	1	5
Decay,	0	1
Diarrhoea,	2	3
Dropsy,	2	0
Dropsy in the head,	0	1
Dropsy in the breast,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0
Dysentery,	0	2
Drunkenness,	1	0
Inflammation of the brain,	0	1
liver,	1	1
Insanity,	1	0
Mortification,	1	0
Mortification of the bow-		
els,	0	1
Sore-throat,	0	1
Still-born,	0	1
Scrofula,	1	0
Disease unknown,	1	1

Total, 21 35—56

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years 28

From 2 to 5 3

5 10 2

10 20 0

20 30 2

30 40 2

40 50 4

50 60 6

60 70 1

70 80 1

80 90 1

Ages unknown 6

Total ———56

Report of deaths, in the city of New-York, from the 20th, to the 27th of June 1807.

Diseases.

Cholera morbus,	1
Cold,	1
Consumption	5
Convulsions,	2
Decay,	1
Dropsy,	2
Inflammation of the bowels,	2
Liver disease,	1
Palsy,	1
Rheumatism,	1
Small-pox,	1
Sprue,	1
Stillborn,	1
Suicide by laudanum, ,	1
Worms,	1

Adults 13.—Children 9.—Total 22:

From June 27 to July 4.

Diseases.

Consumption	4
Convulsions	2
Debility	1
Decay	1
Dropsy	1
Typhus Fever	1
Inflammation of the stomach	1
lungs	1
bowels	1
Mortification	1
Old age	2
Pleurisy	2
Rupture of a blood vessel	1
Sprue	1
Teething	1
Hooping cough	1
Insanity	1

Adults 16.—Children 7.—Total 23.

From the 4th to the 11th July.

Diseases.

Apoplexy,	1
Casualty,	1
Childbed,	2
Cholic,	1
Consumption,	7
Convulsions,	4
Debility,	1
Decay,	1
Dropsy,	1
Dropsy in the head,	1
Epilepsy,	1
Infantile flux,	3
Jaundice,	1
Intemperance,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	1
Old age,	1
Palsy,	1
Stillborn,	2

Suicide by laudanum, 1
 Syphilis, 1
 Worms, 3
 Adults 18.—Children 18.—Total 36.

*Interments in the burying grounds
 of the city and precincts of Bal-
 timore, during the week ending
 June 29, at sunrise.*

Diseases.
 Pleurisy, 2
 Worms, 1
 Dropsy, 2
 Cholera, 3
 Fits, 2
 Sudden death, 1
 Lock jaw, 1
 Hooping-cough, 1
 Intermitting fever, 1
 Debility, 1
 Accidental, 1
 Palsy, 1
 Still born, 2
 Cholic, 2
 Disease unknown, 2
 Consumption, 5
 Croup, 1
 Bowel complaint, 1
 Adults 14.—Children 16.—Total 30.

Diseases.
 Sudden death, 4
 Drowned, 1
 Stillborn, 1
 Cholera, 10
 Fits, 2
 Consumption, 3
 Suicide, 1
 Disease unknown, 1
 Hooping-cough, 2
 Apoplexy, 1
 Adults 12.—Children 14.—Total 26.

July 20.

Diseases.
 Diseases unknown, 4
 Stillborn, 4
 Worms, 1
 Cholera, 18
 Teething, 5
 Sudden death, 1
 Drowned, 1
 Pleurisy, 1
 Intemperance, 1
 Consumption, 1
 Old age, 3
 Inflammation, 2
 Cholic, 1
 Adults 15.—Children 28.—Total 43.

PRICE OF STOCKS.

Philadelphia, July 30, 1807.

Eight per cent.	-	-	-	102½ per cent.
Six per cent.	-	-	-	98
Three per cent.	-	-	-	63½
Bank United States	-	-	-	119
— Pennsylvania	-	-	-	131
— North America	-	-	-	136
— Philadelphia	-	-	-	122
— Farmers' and Mechanics'	-	-	-	28 dollars for 30 paid
Insurance Company Pennsylvania	-	-	-	150 per cent.
— North America	-	-	-	80
— Philadelphia	-	-	-	140
— Union	-	-	-	52½ dollars for 60 paid
— Delaware	-	-	-	45 do. do.
— Phoenix	-	-	-	82½ do. 80 paid
— Marine and Fire	-	-	-	21 dollars for 35 paid
— United States	-	-	-	22 dollars for 30 paid
Water Loan	-	-	-	101 per cent.
City Loan	-	-	-	103½
Schuylkill Bridge Shares	-	-	-	70
Delaware Bridge Shares	-	-	-	74 dollars for 79 paid
Lancaster Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	par
Germantown Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	72 per cent.
Cheltenham and Willow Grove Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	80
Frankford Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	74
Chesnuthill and Springhouse Tavern Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	80
Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Shares	-	-	-	uncertain

Course of Exchange.

Bills on London, at 60 days, 164 per cent.
 — on Amsterdam, 39 cents per guilder.
 — on Hamburg, 32 cents per marc banco.

THE
LITERARY MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 47.

AUGUST, 1807

Vol. VIII.

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VOL. VIII.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

OMAR AND FATIMA; OR, THE APOTHECARY OF ISPAHAN.

A Persian Tale.

Continued from page 10.

HAD it been for a wager of ten times the number of tomans that were in the till of Nadir, the sun and the sage could not have risen more punctually together. While the former, with its oblique rays, was gilding the turrets, the minerets, the triumphal arches, and all the variety of sublime objects which distinguished the imperial city of Ispahan, the latter, having taken his diurnal station, was, with the utmost composure, leaning over the balustrade before his shop; and while smoking a pipe of at least six feet long, contemplating the pavement of the bazar, on which nothing was to be discerned. It was not market-day, and consequently the pavement of the bazar was as smooth and unoccupied as a new shorn field.

When the sage had finished his pipe and his cogitations, which, whatsoever might have been their subject, terminated in wonder at what could have induced Tamira to sleep so much beyond her usual time, for now the gnomon of the dial cast its shade upon the figure

indicating the seventh hour, and the trumpets from the minerets summoned him to prayers.

"Not accustomed to much indulgence," said Nadir, as he performed his ablutions, "poor Tamira is an instance that one gratification demands another; she feasted yesterday, she sleeps this morning."

Turning to the twelve hundred and thirty-first page of the Abridgment of the Philosopher of Zulpha's labours, we find that Nadir, who had shut his door, and hastened to the mosque, was mistaken in his conjectures respecting his housekeeper, for the vigilant Tamira had risen before either the sun or himself, and also that she had left the house. To conjecture where she was gone puzzled the sagacious apothecary at his return, and almost obliterated the remembrance of his quondam guest. All that he could rest upon was, that she, having some part of the toman left, had sallied forth to procure such necessities as were wanted in the house.

Satisfied with this suggestion, he

breakfasted upon some of the vestiges of the preceding day's entertainment.

Some persons came in, either for medicine, or to have some trifling operations performed. The day advanced. The sun was fast ascending to its meridian height. The shade of the gnomon of the dial had considerably passed the eleventh hour. The apothecary had a few, and but a very few, visits to make; politeness demanded that he should call upon his guest. Tamira had, in his absence, been used to act as his deputy; she was not to be found: what was to be done in this dilemma?

While he was wearying himself with conjecture, a slave entered, and put into his hand a note. Nadir, thinking that it was a prescription, went behind the counter, put on his spectacles, and read,

"Abud requests immediately to see his neighbour Nadir."

"Ah!" said the apothecary, "here is another martyr to intemperance. However, it is fortunate that I can visit the man as a *patient* to whose house I was going as a friend. Repletion," he continued, as he swallowed a piece of melon and three or four cakes, "is what destroys us all. Well might the Arabian physician write the Golden Book of Abstinence. Well might the sages of Delhi recommend rice and water to the municipality of that luxurious city."

Nadir desired the slave to look to his shop while he waited upon his master, put a few medicines under his caftan, and sallied forth.

The house of Abud was in the north angle of the Meydan. "The illness of the master of this mansion," said he, as he entered, "seems to have had but little effect on his slaves, for I think that I never discerned them more cheerful. Where is my friend Abud? In bed, I suppose," he continued.

"In bed," replied one of the attendants, "at noon! My master has been up these six hours."

"Ah!" said the apothecary, "I

know that it is impossible to rest in his disorder. Show me to him. Health to my good neighbour; I guess why you sent for me."

"Do you?" returned Abud; "then you are one of the best guessers in Ispahan."

"You sent for me," said Nadir, "in consequence of what happened yesterday."

"So I did."

"I know that," he continued; "entertainments of that kind are pleasant, but wrong. Temperance, which is with mussulmans a religious duty, cannot be too strictly enforced. How were you taken?"

"Taken!" said Abud.

"Yes," said the apothecary, "yes; disordered stomach; the head affected; eructations; wind; bile; feverish symptoms. Now I will tell you what I will do for you. In the first place, I have brought an emetic."

"An emetic!" cried Abud.

"Yes! I have compressed it into as small a compass as possible: only a six ounce vial. When this has operated, you shall go to bed."

"To bed!"

"Yes! I shall then administer these powders. After that——"

"After that," said Abud, "you will probably have nothing to do but to *lay me out*. Are you distracted, neighbour Nadir? Who told you that I was ill?"

"Yourself! Did you not inform me so in your note? Who sends for an apothecary when in health? Did you not allow that I had guessed at your disorder? Are not the symptoms visible enough; that kind of wandering, fluctuating imbecility of mind which the vulgar term light-headedness, and the learned——"

"Hold! hold!" cried Abud; "if either the vulgar or the learned say that I am sick or light-headed, nay, was the great Eljeazer and the whole college of Ispahan to concur, I would affirm and prove, that they were equally fools and blockheads. What should make me ill?"

"What made Gehan Gaur fall from his throne?" returned Nadir;

"excess of eating and drinking : I was fearful that you had been taken in the same way."

"Have no fear upon my account, my good friend Nadir : I must have been *light-headed* indeed if I had sent for you for any purpose but to converse with you."

"And yet," said Nadir, "this emetic is one of the finest and *pleasanteſt* things in the world."

"Well, then," replied Abud, "let me advise you to take it yourself. But before you swallow the dose, answer me one question, for fear you should not be able to do it after : have you seen your old woman this morning?"

"No!"

"Nor my young guest, the faquir?"

"No!"

"Nor heard of them, or either of them?"

"No! no! no!" said the apothecary, as he whipered to himself, "I must treat my friend with great tenderness and respect, as he seems to be thoroughly delirious."

"Have you not seen Tamira?" repeated Abud, raising his voice.

"I have not seen her this morning," returned Nadir; "she, I believe, left my house before day-break."

"Nor the faquir?"

"I have not positively seen him at all. I told you so before; but I do not wonder if in your state of mind—I wish you would take my emetic."

"May Astoreth take your emetic!" exclaimed Abud; "though I question if even his constitution would bear it. Listen to me, neighbour Nadir."

"I do, my dear friend, with respect and reverence. Your discourse begins to be *deep*. It will soon become oraculous."

"Whatsoever you may think of my discourse, whether it be *deep* or *shallow*, you may depend upon it they have eloped together."

"Who?" cried Nadir.

"Why, the old woman and the young faquir?"

"Who?" repeated Nadir.

"Genius of incredulity, Hosen the second!" cried Abud, in a rage, "I affirm that Tamira and Ismael have eloped together!"

"Poor Abud! I now see how it is," said the apothecary. Ah! I wish you would take my emetic."

"Confound your emetic!" cried Abud; "pour it into Tartarus, or the Sulphur Lake, or down the red dragon's throat! Are you a sceptic? Will you not believe what I assert?"

"Figuratively I will," said Nadir, "and shall deduce a good moral from it. It is like the story of the prophctess Nuna's (who had lived from the beginning of time) disappearance all at once with the shepherd Cara, who had not existed twenty years; therefore in your own way tell me how the elopement was effected."

"Early this morning," returned Abud, "your old woman, whom, from a boy, I never liked——"

"I am glad of it! or you might have eloped with her," said Nadir.

"Came to my house," continued Abud. "My slaves inform me, that she wished to see the young faquir."

"So!" said Nadir.

"After waiting some time, and much altercation, she prevailed upon one of them to show her to the door of his chamber. She knocked; some conversation passed betwixt them; at length she gained admittance."

"What! into his chamber?" cried Nadir.

"Yes!"

"No!" said the apothecary, "it is impossible!"

"I tell you it is true." Nadir shook his head. Abud continued: "How long they were together no one can tell. When I rose, I went to pay my respects to my guest; the door was wide open, the chamber empty, the birds flown."

"One of them is too old to fly very far," said Nadir. "And so, friend Abud, you believe this story?"

"I know it to be fact!"

"Poor Abud!" continued Nadir;

"I question if even the green powder which bears the seal of Solomon would repress this delirium."

"You are still incredulous," said Abud.

"Not at all," said the apothecary, "with respect to your disorder. Fruit has been known to affect the head; and I observed that you yesterday ate a great deal of fruit. But to suppose that the reverend father Ismael and the beautiful virgin Tamira have eloped together, would stagger the credulity of the great Zaid, who has framed a ladder ascending to the moon, and in that planet peopled a hypothetical world."

"Yet," said Abud, "nothing is more certain. The young faquir is not here."

"True!" returned Nadir; "but he has made a vow of chastity, which he will not break, at least with my old woman."

"Nor is Tamira there?"

"Where?" cried the apothecary.

"At your house," continued Abud.

"Indeed she is," said a slave, who had been sent to seek this couple; "I found her in the shop of the learned Nadir."

"I have no doubt but you did," said the apothecary. "Was she alone?"

"Yes."

"I told you so, friend Abud."

"Where, then," cried Abud, "is the faquir?"

"In his own chamber," replied the slave.

"What! in this house?"

"Yes."

"I told you so," said Nadir; "eloped indeed! Poor Abud! Now let me persuade you to take my emetic."

"May the black angel take it! I will develop these deeds of darkness! I will discover the truth!" exclaimed Abud, as he rushed out of the apartment.

"My friend," said Nadir, as he followed him, "proceeds to the discovery of truth as intemperately as any philosopher in the Persian empire."

The slave had most truly stated

that Tamira was at the house of Nadir. She had returned soon after he went to wait upon Abud; and, dismissing the youth that he had left in possession, had arranged every domestic matter, had laid the table, and, from the remains of the preceding day, with a small addition, had prepared him a meal which would have provoked an appetite less keen than that of Nadir when he returned from visiting his friend and his few patients.

His bamboo sofa and cushion were placed ready to receive him. Tamira presented him water; he performed his ablution, ate his dinner, during the course of which he observed a most profound silence. As nothing could be more disagreeable to this ancient matron than to be curtailed of those opportunities to speak at meal times, which indeed Nadir generally afforded her, she concluded that he was angry, and had just begun to hesitate an apology, when Ismael entered. "You see, son Nadir," said the young faquir, "that I have soon returned your visit, through my desire to see you where I could speak with more freedom than in the presence of Abud, who, though he is not deficient in hospitality, seems rather of a suspicious temper."

"And when he has taken up an opinion, obstinate to a degree," said Tamira. "I am sure," she continued, "my master knows that it is impossible to persuade him even for his good."

"I had a proof of this to-day," cried Nadir; "for all I could do, he would not take my emetic."

"He ought to have taken all the emetics in your shop," said Ismael, "rather than have seemed to doubt the skill of the learned Nadir, the light of physic, the phosphorus of philosophy. But to have done at once with him, I have determined to leave his house, and have ordered my baggage to yours."

"That," returned the apothecary, "was not an order that could give much trouble to any one; for if I recollect right, all your property,

you said, was personal, and your whole baggage enclosed in your purse. That, I will own, contained a mine of riches. However, the objection I stated yesterday remains to-day in as full force: I have no accommodation."

"None?" said the faquir.

"It is true," continued the apothecary, "that I have two large chambers, but they are empty, and have been so for years: the worms and I were employed in the same way, that is, in turning different sorts of wood into powder; only they rendered all the furniture of my ancestors impalpable without the aid of a pestle and mortar. I hope by this time they have made no *scruple* to take every grain of it."

"You are certain that these apartments are empty?" said Ismael.

"Unless the genii of Aladin have furnished them," returned the apothecary.

"Well! indulge me with a sight of them."

"'Tis an indulgence which I have not afforded myself these many years," said Nadir, as he ushered up Ismael, followed by the old woman. "You might," he continued, "as easily open the gate of the iron sepulchre of Sergius, whose tomb was secured under more stones than went to the building of the column in the Aurat Bazar at Constantinople, for fear it should take a flight into Midair, like that of our holy prophet. Ha! how is this? the key turns with great ease!" he cried, as the door flew open, and discovered an apartment which, though plainly, was handsomely furnished. The astonishment of Nadir deprived him of speech, as he crossed this and went into the interior room, in which he found a bed, and all the conveniences of a chamber, and every thing perfectly new and neat. "How was this change effected?" he at length exclaimed. "The genii of the lamp have certainly been here?"

"You should rather say, the genii of the mine, son Nadir," said the faquir, "or the genii of your house. The change which you ob-

serve in these apartments has been effected by the ingenuity of Tamira aided by the talismanic influence of a certain number of tomans. Every thing may be had for money in Ispahan."

"Then this was the business," returned Nadir, "that you and Tamira were engaged in this morning, when the sagacious Abud said that you had eloped."

"Certainly!"

"What do you propose by this expence?"

"I have already told you, most wise Nadir!" said Ismael, "that I came from the neighbourhood of Golconda, but I did not add that I am a native of the capital of that kingdom. Your sagacity suggested to you yesterday, that this robe, in which I appear as a faquir, is a disguise assumed for some particular purpose: in fact, it is so; I have flown from the house of my father."

"Who is your father?"

"One of the richest persons in Golconda."

"Probably a diamond merchant?"

"How near the truth your wisdom points," continued Ismael: "he has indeed in his possession the finest diamonds in the world."

"I dare say," cried Nadir, "that he is the person whom black Absalom, the rich Jew, who furnishes our sovereign lord the sophy with these brilliant articles, deals with. What is his name?"

"Pardon me, learned Nadir," said Ismael; "as I wish my person, so do I wish his name to be concealed: a difference respecting some family arrangements induced him to leave his house. The money which I possess, and the jewels far more valuable, are my own property; they came to me in right of my mother. I have endeavoured to preserve the utmost rectitude in my conduct; and although I have made this unfortunate lapse in my duty to him, I was actuated by imperious necessity."

"How did you travel?" said Nadir.

"The greater part of the way upon a camel."

"Belonging to whom?"

"A band of mahometan faquirs, whom I joined soon after I left my home."

"And the purpose of your journey?"

"That," continued Ismael, "it is impossible correctly to state. Perhaps it will develop itself. I have only to desire that you will suffer me to reside here as long as my occasions call."

"To this request," said Nadir, "I can have no objection. You are young, have been educated with care, perhaps are the darling of a father who now laments your absence. You are unprotected; and although you do not want understanding, unacquainted with the ways of the world in general, and of this city in particular. I certainly feel myself inclined to become your protector and adviser, as far as my little influence or wisdom extends; therefore I expect you should answer me one question with candour and sincerity."

"As sincere and candid as I would to the harbinger of our prophet will I answer you, oh Nadir!" returned Ismael.

"Did you elope alone?"

"Certainly! Whom do you suppose I should have taken with me?"

"A younger lady than you was suspected with this day," said Nadir.

"No lady, young or old, accompanied me, I give you my solemn word," said Ismael.

"I am sorry Abud, whom I have known from a child, should have such an opinion of me," said Tamira; "I never deserved it!"

"No! I'll be sworn you did not," replied Nadir; "and he is the only man in the dominions of the sophy that would have suspected it. However, I can only deduce the disorder of his intellect which produced this suspicion from repletion, and aver, that its continuance in it arises from his obstinacy in refusing to take my emetic."

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON ADVICE.

To the Editor, &c.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence; For the worst avarice is that of sense.
POPE.

SIR,

"THERE is nothing (says the Spectator) we receive with so much reluctance as *advice*. We look upon the man that gives it as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots."

We find ourselves deficient in any thing else sooner than in our understanding. The reason is plain: it is this alone by which we judge of other things; if, therefore, this is faulty, it is no wonder if it makes a wrong judgment, and obliges us to pass too favourable an opinion on ourselves and actions. Hence it is that the most ignorant are most conceited, and most impatient of *advice*, as unable to discern either their own folly or the wisdom of others. A certain degree of intelligence is requisite to a man, to be able to know that he knows not as much as he should. Possibly they may not be altogether in the wrong who reckon it a happiness to some people to be so much in love with themselves, as not to be convinced of their own ignorance; but, if it is a happiness, it is a happiness no ways superior to that of a brute: for I cannot conceive man in a more unhappy circumstance, than to have neither an ability to give or take instruction. But as nature has made some men capable of improvement by the good *advice* which is given them, fortune seems to have so posted others, as to make it hardly possible that they should have any given them at all. Thus it is with those who are surrounded with a crowd of flatterers, who, under a false pretence of friendship, encourage them in all their vices and extravagancies. For this reason,

great persons used formerly to keep jesters, from whom they might hear their own characters, and receive hints for the better regulating their conduct, without dissimulation, flattery, or any other disguise, than that of *wit*, which served to gild the bitter pill, that it might be the more easily taken. Indeed, few things require more discretion, nicety, and good-breeding, than the telling a man of his faults, and giving him advice. The first rule, and which can never too often be inculcated on this occasion, is so to order it, that the person advised may see the *advice* is given him for his own sake, and not to gratify the ill-humour, or show the superior understanding of the adviser; and, as Cicero says, *Monitio acerbitate, objurgatio contumelia careat*.

No one hears of his faults without some concern or uneasiness. While *Demea* tutors and admonishes us, we can scarce forbear affronting him, and are so angry at his reproofs, that they even give us a sort of an aversion to his person. When *Micio* shows us he is sorry for our failings, and that he cannot help differing from us in his notion of things, we love him, and are only vexed and enraged at ourselves. *Micio* considers how hardly we bear a superiority in understanding, and therefore introduces his counsel by the most obliging and artful expressions. "I remember, sir (says *Micio*), I once acted myself upon the same principles you do, but went far greater lengths than you have done." *Demea* assures you, he should have been more frightened at himself, could he ever have thought after so monstrous a manner as he finds you do, and is amazed how such notions could enter into the head of a man of common sense. *Micio* knows that we have a natural desire to be happy, but are not easily convinced, that what is against our present inclinations can never conduce to make us so. A great deal of conversation with people of the most opposite humours and inclinations, has not only taught

him to know mankind thoroughly, but to pardon their several follies. *Demea* has gathered his wisdom chiefly out of books; he has collected together the sayings and actions of the greatest philosophers, and wisest men in all ages; and his own judgment having pronounced them just and reasonable, he has formed several maxims which he looks upon to be so self-evident in themselves, that he will hardly condescend to give reasons for them; and is resolved never to break through upon any occasion: in short, *Micio*, though he has a just dislike of their faults, cannot help pitying the weak and the vicious. *Demea* is so enraged at the least appearance of vice or folly, that he can hardly keep up the common rules of decency and good breeding towards the person of the offender.

For where's the man who counsel can
bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not
proud to know?
Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite,
Not dully prepossess'd or blindly
right?
Though learn'd, well-bred: and
though well-bred, sincere?
Modestly bold, and humanly severe?
Who to a friend his faults can freely
show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet uncon-
fin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human
kind?
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt
from pride,
And love to praise, with reason on his
side?

If it requires so much discretion and good sense to reprove for errors already committed, it requires little less to caution against such as we would have people to avoid. When I say this, I have my eye more particularly upon such persons as are intrusted with the education of youth. It is no uncommon thing to see parents, with more care than discretion, contribute to the ruin of

their children, by continually cautioning them against vices they might otherwise, perhaps, have never thought of. This method is like burning of books by the common hangman, and prohibiting of certain goods, which only makes them more courted and esteemed. But I shall conclude with a story out of *Montaigne's Essays*.

"My daughter (says the author), the only child I have, is now of an age that forward young women are allowed to be married at. She is of a soft, tender complexion, and has accordingly been brought up by her mother after a private and particular manner, so that she but now begins to be weaned from her childish simplicity. She was one day reading before me in a French book, where she happened to meet with a word of a very harmless and indifferent meaning, but that bore some small resemblance to another word not altogether so innocent. The woman to whose conduct she is committed stop her short a little rudely, and ordered her to skip over that ugly word. I let her alone, not to trouble their rules, for I never concern myself in that sort of government. The feminine policy has a sort of mysterious proceeding in it, and we ought to leave entirely to themselves; though, if I am not mistaken, the conversation of twenty lacquies, could not, in six months' time, have so firmly imprinted in her fancy the full meaning of these smutty syllables, as this old woman did by her reprimand and interdiction."

HILLARIO.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF THE CELEBRATED
BOERHAAVE.

HERMAN BOERHAAVE was born at Woerhout, near Leyden, in the year 1668. This great physician has given us the *Institutes of Medicine*, which he wrote for the

instruction of his pupils; Aphorisms upon the Knowledge and Cure of Disorders: he may be stiled the Euclid of physicians, and these the elements of chemistry. This last work is considered as the masterpiece of this illustrious man, who has published several other useful treatises.

From the time of the learned Hippocrates, no physician has more justly merited the esteem of his contemporaries, and the thanks of posterity, than Boerhaave. He united to an uncommon genius, &c. extraordinary talents, the qualities of the heart, which give them so great a value to society. He is painted to us above the middle size, and well proportioned, of a strong, robust constitution. He made a decent, simple, and venerable appearance, particularly when age had changed the colour of his hair; in a word, he greatly resembled the picture that is given us of Socrates; he had the same features, but they were softened, and more engaging. He was an eloquent orator, and declaimed with dignity and grace. He taught very methodically, and with great precision; he never tired his auditors, but they always regretted that his discourses were finished. He would sometimes give them a lively turn with raillery; but his raillery was refined and ingenious, and it enlivened the subject he treated of, without carrying with it any thing severe or satirical. A declared foe to all excess, he considered decent mirth as the salt of life. Morning and evening he consecrated to study: he gave the public part of the time which intervened; the rest was for his friends and his amusement. When health would permit, he regularly rode on horseback; when his strength began to fail him, he walked on foot; and, upon his return home, music, of which he was passionately fond, made the hours of relaxation glide agreeably away, and enabled him to return to his labours with redoubled alacrity.

Boerhaave, at the age of fifteen, found himself without parents, pro-

tection, advice, or fortune. He had already studied theology, and the other ecclesiastical sciences, with the design of devoting himself to a clerical life; but the science of nature, which equally engaged his attention, soon engrossed his whole time. He practised physic, after being received doctor in that science, in 1693. This illustrious physician, whose name afterwards spread throughout the world, and who left at his death above 200,000*l.* sterling, could, at that time, barely live by his labours, and was compelled to teach the mathematics to obtain necessities. His merits being at length discovered, many powerful friends patronized him, and procured him three valuable employments; the first was that of professor of medicine in the university of Leyden; the second that of professor of chemistry; and, thirdly, that of professor of botany. The academy of sciences at Paris, and the royal society at London, invited him to become one of their members. He communicated to each his discoveries in chemistry. The city of Leyden became, in his time, the school of Europe for this science, as well as medicine and botany. All the princes of Europe sent him disciples, who found in this skilful professor, not only an indefatigable teacher, but even a tender father, who encouraged them to pursue their labours, consoled them in their afflictions, and solaced them in their wants.

When Peter the great went to Holland in 1715, to instruct himself in maritime affairs, he also attended Boerhaave to receive his lessons.

His reputation was spread as far as China: a mandarine wrote to him with this inscription, *To the illustrious Boerhaave, physician in Europe*; and the letter came regularly to him.

The city of Leyden have raised a monument in the church of St. Peter to the salutary genius of Boerhaave, *Salutifero Boerhaavii genio sacrum*. It consists of an urn upon a pedestal of black marble; six heads, four of which represent the

four ages of life, and two the sciences in which Boerhaave excelled, form a group issuing between the urn and its supporters. The capital of this basis is decorated with a drapery of white marble, in which the artist has shewn the different emblems of disorders and their remedies. Above, upon the surface of the pedestal, is the medallion of Boerhaave; at the extremity of the frame, a ribbon displays the favourite motto of this learned man: *Simplex sigillum veri*, Truth unarrayed.

Boerhaave, after passing a useful and agreeable life, departed this world in the year 1738, aged sixty-nine, sincerely lamented by his friends, regretted by the worthy and the good, and revered by the great and the learned.

For the Literary Magazine.

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

"And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may
have rest!"

CRIED MITIO, as he was walking one evening, and gazing on the placid countenance of the moon, in her utmost splendour. Thus he continued: "Retired from company, wearied with the insipid trifling, the noisy jars, and the confused bustle of the inhabitants of this terraqueous and wretched settlement, I address myself to thee, and would fain hold converse with some modest intelligent being of thine unknown regions. I would ask him, if he be afflicted with the cries of age in penury, and of childhood in distress, soliciting the morsel from the hand of insatiate avarice? If, in any corner of his abode, the sons of anguish in tenements of wretchedness let fall the tear, unnoticed and unknown? If he were ever an unhappy witness to a parent's tears over an abandoned child; to a wretched profligate's cursing the grey hairs of his vene-

nable sire; to a dissipated husband's raising a hideous storm amidst his peaceful family, and driving them, by extravagance, to despair, wretchedness, and death? If he knew aught of traffic; its cares, its frauds, its disappointments, and its dangers? If he ever saw a being formed for immortality toiling from morn till eve, from year to year, from youth to age, to call a little clay and a thousand cares his own? I would ask him, if, in his orb, thousands of beings are formed in fierce battalions, each one armed with an instrument of death; disciplined in savage manners; nursed in all the brutal vices; led to the field of slaughter; aiming the deadly weapon at the vitals of an unknown company of his fellow-creatures; expiring amidst the rage of murderous anger? If he has ever seen the worshippers of the Deity, in his world, pursue each other with infernal rancour, lighting up fires round the bodies of the conscientious, and pursuing them with anathemas and the terrors of civil justice, for a difference of sentiment on the mode of exercising their religious services? If he hath ever seen the felons' den the gloomy gibbet, and the wretched exit of ignorance and vice? If he ever saw the savage murderer leap from the thicket, and embrace his hands in the blood of the lonely, unsuspecting, unoffending traveller? The child taking away the life of the father; the mother butchering her child? If he ever visited a slave ship, or the regions of an inquisition? If he hath ever seen the sons of riot in their midnight revels, disease and death their companions? If he hath ever felt jealousy, ambition, envy, anger, distrust, or terror, disturbing his bosom? If he be haunted with the fear of death? Or, if his orb be free from all these evils? If peace and plenty, the calm of innocence, the joys of health, the social ties of friendship, the sacred bliss of fond affection, prevail in all the circuit of his tranquil world?

Happy! happy inhabitants! when

shall I feel your pleasures, and be released from all the ills and all the crimes which stain our mother earth?"

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON COMETS.

Written in 1756.

THE Newtonian philosophy and the observations of modern astronomers have given sufficient reason to conclude that comets are not only solid and durable bodies, but also revolve round the sun in very eccentric ellipses, and, consequently, return within our system, and become visible to us at stated and regular periods. Yet what those precise periods are, has been determined only as to three of them, with any great degree of probability, viz., the comet which appeared last in the year 1680, and is expected again about the year 2255; that which appeared in 1661, and is expected in 1789; and that which appeared in 1682, and is expected in 1758.

The first of these, that in 1680, was the comet which, more than any other, both acquired the most astonishing degree of heat by its amazing approximation to the sun, and threatened the earth with the nearest appulse. This was so near the sun at its perihelion, that its distance from his surface was but a sixth part of the diameter of the sun's body, and therefore the heat it then received was twenty-eight thousand times greater than that of summer, or two thousand times hotter than red-hot iron. Its least distance from the annual orbit of the earth was, according to Dr. Halley's computation, no more than one semi-diameter of the sun, or about the radius of the lunar orbit; and, consequently, if our globe had been in one particular part of its path, the comet might have been as near us as the moon. Upon examination

of the orbit of this comet, it was found so very eccentric, that a revolution through it must require more than 500 years to complete it. Mention is made in history of the appearance of a similar comet, first at the death of Julius Cæsar and the celebration of the games by Augustus to his honour, and at two several times afterwards; each appearance at the distance 575 years from the preceding. And a computation of the motion of this comet in an orbit which would require that number of years for it to revolve in, was found to agree very well with the actual observations which were made of it. Its period therefore is fixed, by Dr. Halley, Mr. Whiston, &c., at 575 years; and its return is expected, with great probability, about the year 2255.

The second comet, whose period is supposed to be known, is that which appeared in the year 1661, and which seems to be the same with that which was seen before in 1533; but the observations of it then are scarce exact enough to allow this to be determined with certainty. However, if this conjecture be right, the period of this comet will be about 129 years, and its next return about the year 1789.

The third comet, and that whose appearance is soonest to be expected, is that which was seen last in the year 1682. There is great reason to imagine this the same with that which appeared first in 1456, though not then observed by any astronomically, and which was afterwards taken more exact notice of in 1531, 1607, and especially 1682. Every thing relating to the comets seen in these several years agree, excepting the little inequality of the intervals, which, however, as Dr. Halley observes, is no more than may be well accounted for by physical causes; as, for instance, by the disturbances the comet may have received in its orbit from its approach to other heavenly bodies, such things having been certainly known to happen with regard to the planet Saturn, and the much greater

eccentricity of the ellipses of comets undoubtedly making these liable to more considerable irregularities. The small difference, therefore, in the intervals of the years mentioned already, is by no means a sufficient objection against supposing it to be the same comet which was seen in all of them. Its period will, consequently, be about 75 or 76 years, and its next return about the year 1758. This comet is far from being in any particular degree threatening or dangerous to our globe (if, indeed, any comets at all are so), because this is not among those which either receive the greatest heat from the sun, or approach nearest to the orbit of the earth.

If these comets should appear again at the periods they are expected, it is easy to see what a confirmation it will be of the truth of the Newtonian philosophy relating to them: but, on the other hand, if any of them should not do so, it will by no means be sufficient to overthrow it, since it cannot be imagined that they should preserve the same regularity in their periods as the planets; because, as I have intimated already, the eccentricity of their orbits must necessarily expose them to greater alterations from the heavenly bodies they may meet with in their course. Dr. Halley particularly observes, about the comet in 1682, which is supposed to be the soonest to revisit us, that a very little increase of its velocity may even occasion a change in its orbit from an ellipsis to a parabola, the consequence of which will be, that it can never return to us at all. The mere failure, therefore, of the re-appearance of this or any other comet must not be considered as confuting a theory built upon the same solid foundations as the theory of the planets, answering with wonderful accuracy the observations of astronomers, and accounting for them by the best established physical causes.

In regard to what may probably be the effects of comets, or the uses for which they are designed by the Supreme Creator and Preserver of

the Universe; however generally they have been apprehended the causes or forerunners of evil, there are not wanting philosophers, and those among the best and most religious ones, who appear to consider them rather as instruments of the beneficence of the Deity. This seems particularly to be the opinion of sir Isaac Newton. He conjectures, that the tails of comets are intended to supply the diminution of moisture on our earth and the other planets, and may in a great measure furnish that most subtle and excellent part of our air which is requisite to the life of all things: for as these tails are undoubtedly the vapours exhaled from the gross atmospheres of comets by the action of the sun, they will dilate as they ascend, and will gradually be dispersed through all the planetary regions; and therefore, in consequence of the power of gravitation and attraction, will be gathered into and absorbed by any planets that may be nearest to them, and stand most in need of their assistance. The bodies of the comets may also be as serviceable to our system as their tails, especially the bodies of those which have the greatest approximation to the sun, since these may possibly at their perihelion move within the solar atmosphere, and from its resistance be somewhat retarded: if so, at every revolution they will meet with a greater resistance, and be yet more retarded, and consequently at length fall into the body of the sun, and supply any decrease which may have happened in that vast globe of fire by the continual emission of light and heat for so great a number of centuries.

If it still be imagined, with Dr. Gregory, a deference due to the common suffrages of all ages to consider comets as having a pernicious influence upon our earth, such influence cannot possibly, I think, be of any partial or political nature, but must be some physical disorder or mischief to the whole globe. For instance: Dr. Gregory supposes, that if the tail of a comet should

touch our atmosphere, or fall upon it by its own gravity, the vapours belonging to the comet, brought from the most distant and different regions, might, by mixing with our air, produce in it an alteration very sensible, especially by animals and vegetables, and possibly prove destructive to terrestrial constitutions. And Mr. Whiston imagines, that comets seem fit to cause vast mutations in the planets, particularly in bringing on them deluges or conflagrations, according as the planets pass through their atmospheres in their descent or ascent to the sun. If these conjectures appear founded upon the best established theory, or the most certain experience, they must no doubt be considered as probable: but surely, as to the pretended concurrent testimony of all ages, it is neither strictly universal nor uniform; and if the mere consent of many nations and centuries is to induce us to the reverence and belief of popular opinions, we shall be obliged to receive the grossest and most impious absurdities in philosophy, in religion, and even in morality.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF IMMANUEL KANT.

IMMANUEL KANT, the subject of the present memoir, known and so highly esteemed on the continent for his metaphysical acuteness, was born on the 22d of April, 1724, at Königsberg, in Prussia, near the Saddle-street, in the suburbs. His parents held a respectable though not high rank in life, his father being a saddler, of the name of John George Kant, the latter, though born at Memel, was originally descended from a Scots family.

Kant's intellectual qualifications were by no means of an ordinary stamp. He possessed an extraordinary faculty of retaining words, and representing absent things to

himself. He often cited long passages from ancient and modern writers, particularly his favourite poets, Horace and Virgil, Hagedorn and Burger. He could describe objects that he read of in books, even better than many who had seen them: thus, for example, he once gave a description, in the presence of Londoner, of Westminster bridge, according to its form and structure, length, breadth, height, and dimensions of all its parts, so that the Englishman enquired how many years he had been in London, and whether he had dedicated himself to architecture? Upon which he was assured, that Kant had neither passed the boundaries of Prussia, nor had been an architect. A similar question was put to him by Brydone, to whom he unfolded, in conversation, all the relative situations of Italy. By the aid of his quick observation and clear conception, he was enabled to converse with admirable accuracy on chemical experiments, although he had never once witnessed any process in chemistry; and did not begin the theoretical study till after the sixtieth year of his age. Dr. Hagen, the great chemist, could not forbear expressing his perfect astonishment, while conversing with Kant at dinner on the subject, to find any one able, by simple reading, to make himself such a perfect master of a science so difficult.

But the most prominent feature in Kant's intellectual character, was the accuracy with which he analysed the most complex ideas. Nothing escaped the scrutiny of his intellectual eye. Whatever was perceivable to others in the moral and physical world became manifest to him. He discovered, therefore, so easily, the incongruities of other men's sentiments, and traced, with unspeakable precision, their errors to the true source. He had likewise an astonishing faculty of unfolding the most abstruse principles, and digesting singular and individual sentiments into a systematic order. Herein consisted the originality of

his mind. All his philosophical conceptions flowed from the inexhaustible source of his own reason. The facility with which he deduced every thing from his own reflections, gave him at length such a habitual familiarity with himself, that he could not properly enter into the sentiments of others. He found all in his own mind which answered his purpose, and had, therefore, no occasion for foreign resources.

With all this depth of reflection, Kant was, notwithstanding, a wit. He had frequent and sudden strokes of ready wit at hand, to give a grace and interest to his conversation, writings, and lectures. He was a general admirer of all that polishes and beautifies the graver topics; and, in his lectures, he studied to acquire an agreeable delivery, with an easy flow of words. His manner of address, however, was peculiarly well adapted to the nature of his discourse. On morality he could move his audience to tears. He knew how to give the dry subjects of logic and pneumatics an easy turn, that rendered them even amusing; but on metaphysics he was abstruse, and, for beginners, not perfectly intelligible. He was sometimes carried, by a too great minuteness, away from the main subject, to which he was then forced abruptly to return. He was also liable to be confused by the smallest trifles. One day, in particular, he discovered a remarkable embarrassment, and confessed afterwards, that one of the audience who had a coat with a button wanting had been the cause of his discomposure, from the involuntary attraction of his eyes and mind to the defective quarter.

We must not forget to view Kant in another relation, which does honour to his heart: this was, his warm and steady attachment as a friend. Professor Rhunken was the bosom friend of his youth. This friendship was the offspring of congenial sentiment, and lasted till the death of the former. Theodore Gottlob von Hippel, secretary at war to his Prussian majesty in Ko-

nigsberg, a man well known for his literary performances, lived many years in the closest intercourse with Kant; as also the generals Brunet, von Mayer, von Losson. With Lambert, Sulzer, and Garve, he held a very interesting literary correspondence. His nearest and dearest friend, however, was one Green, an English merchant, residing at Königsberg. Their friendship was occasioned by the following singular occurrence: Kant was expatiating once, in a coffee-house, during the American war, with some warmth, in favour of the Americans, and against the English, when a man suddenly started up, and declared himself offended by the reflections thrown on his country, and demanded honourable satisfaction. Kant, undisturbed by this strange mode of attack, continued to give a cool, but striking illustration of his own sentiments, in particular reference to the case of the Englishman. His impressive manner of reasoning, combined with his good-nature, had such an effect on Mr. Green (for that was the name of the gentleman), that he acknowledged the impropriety of his own conduct, and solicited Kant's pardon, which was immediately granted. Green attended Kant to his house; and from that hour, a friendship was commenced, which terminated only with the death of the former. Mr. Green was a whimsical, but well-informed man, possessed of many excellent qualities of the head and heart. Kant found in him so much solid intellect, that he never published any thing without first submitting to his judgment.

Kant was of a remarkable slender and delicate make; and his body was covered with so little flesh, that his clothes could never be made to fit, but by artificial means. His nervous and muscular system was no less tender. He was five feet high; but his head was large in proportion to the rest of his body. He had a flat breast, that bent almost inwards; and his right shoulder projected rather out. His form

was otherwise quite perfect. His face when young must have been handsome; he had a fresh colour, and fine large blue eyes, which were as expressive of goodness as talent.

For the Literary Magazine.

BULL-FEASTS IN SPAIN.

(Extracted from a Journal kept by a Traveller in that Country.)

I CANNOT but conceive it an egregious error in those travellers, who have attributed bull-feasts, or amphitheatrical entertainments, in Spain, to the Moors, and stiled them the barbarous relict of their customs. It was not till long after the christian æra, that Gibraltar was first conquered by Tarick, the famous leader of the African adventurers: but this practice can be traced to epochs long before that period from which we now date; of consequence, if it is an exotic custom, they must owe its origin to the conquest of the Romans, or the imitation of their European neighbours. It cannot be denied that the Spaniards retain to this day many remains of Moorish customs and manners; and it would, perhaps, be more to their credit if they retained more; for if we may judge from the monuments the latter have left behind them, they possessed the most valuable ideas of architecture, tiling, draining, watering, and laying-out grounds; which once made the now rude plains of Grenada a perfect garden, and beautified them beyond our most romantic ideas of an Elysium; but amidst all their splendour and dreams of dear-bought happiness amidst the gaities of a Bobadil's reign, they did not practise fighting bulls; for their entertainments consisted of hunting, feats of the sword, club, and lance, wrestling, &c., at which their jealous dispositions did not suffer their women often to be present, the very soul of

the exercise under our consideration; nor is it the theme of any of the Spanish writers of romance, who have handed down to us their customs. The many remains of Roman architecture in Spain, the circular and oval forms of places built for exhibitions of this kind, together with the cells, vomitoria, podia, seats, and other yet visible ruins, evince to us, that those conquerors of what they called the *Provincia Cunicularis* not only spread the glory of their arms amongst this newly-subjugated people, but celebrated their victories by triumphal arches, and those public exhibitions which were common amongst themselves. Few Roman historians have mentioned the amphitheatrical games; and the early annals of the church are filled with the mention of victims that were exposed both to the contumely of the mob and the assaults of the lion and the tiger, whilst their liberty and pardon were the rewards of their courage. This was a favourite punishment for their criminals, and at once evinces to us, that these masters of the world, of learning, and of renown, had only advanced a few removes beyond barbarism. Legislation afterwards altered this practice, and the combatants were either hired, or served as volunteers. We are then only at a loss how to account for bulls being pitched upon as the tortured object of this practice, which is easily done, when we consider the difficulty and expence of obtaining the lion and the tiger alive*, particularly after the Moorish conquest, when the Spaniards had only a partial access to the shores of Africa, and when

they had such ferocious beasts on their own plains, which would afford nearly an equal display of courage, without that excess of danger.

In tracing this practice, for the information of my readers, I shall be explicit and correct. Formerly the most valiant captains of the Lusitanian bands entered the lists in this ferocious combat. After conquering the Saracen, a Gonsalvo, a Lara, wielded the spear and sword against the dart-enraged bull; their recompence was the smile of approbation from their favourite fair-one. The greatest merit in her eyes was courage, and the greatest bond in love was the contempt of danger. Arrayed in the scarf their mistresses had embroidered, it was their pride to show their familiarity with scenes of peril, and the lengths to which they would go for objects incomparably more deserving. This spirit was fostered by their generals: it made their hearts martial, and counteracted the inert languor and inactivity of the camp. Not such the present champions: their pristine nobleness is fled; they are hirelings, and the traits of their courage are ferocious and butcher-like.

The days chosen for this sport are generally the anniversaries of some saints, with which the calendar is filled; but in the great cities, during the season, it may be seen three times a-week. No sooner is the day fixed on for this exhibition, than the news is eagerly spread, and electrifies every class with joy. The topic becomes general, every countenance exults in the glad tidings, and old and young, equally joyous, anticipate the scene. From all parts they crowd to the spot; neither distance nor penury withholds them; and if government or the police of the individual cities had not fixed restrictions to these games, the fields would remain untilled, and the grapes ungathered.

The bulls intended for the day's sport are brought into the city in the night, when the streets are empty, by means of a tame ox or cow, which serve as decoys. They are pent up

* The lion and tiger to this day form part of the tribute of the dependent beys in Africa; and the bagnios and slave prisons are peopled with these savage rangers of the wild, but only for show; and, to the shocking torture of every feeling of humanity, they are made the inmates of the wretched and equally fettered slave, who is often destined to be their keeper.

in separate cells, so small that they have not room to turn, and with their heads to the area. They are here goaded, and rendered furious by every artificial means.

Already is the amphitheatre crowded by an immense concourse, impatient for the signal to begin. Perhaps not a sight in nature is equal to this of the thronged spectators, clothed in all the gaieties and luxuries of dress, filling the progressively rising seats, and almost frantic with pleasure. The eye, enraptured, measures its favourite circle, rows on rows at once swell the grateful focus, and pleased the visual orb indulges in the scene. The men are clothed in their short cut jackets, loaded with innumerable rows of buttons *à la majo*; with broad brimmed hats, or small high velvet caps; their hair confined within a silken net, and cloaks of black or scarlet half envelope their shoulders. The women, whose general street attire is black, now appear decked in all the showy contrast of colours, gay bunches of ribbons ornament their jet black hair; the richest mantles flow down their comely waists, over a short fringed petticoat, and at once give to view forms the most divine, without hiding those soul-enlivening eyes and animated countenances which allure, enrapture, and command. Costly fans produce an artificially cool atmosphere, and with great *légèreté de main* serve to salute their distant friends. Refreshing drinks and cakes of every kind are handed about by their attendants; hand-bills announce the particulars of the entertainment, and the different coloured ribbons that are affixed to the bulls' manes, to denote their race, progeny, and from whence brought. A gay display of flags wave on the tops of the battlements and when at war with any nation, they fix theirs, reversed, in the most conspicuous place. The shouts of the gay multitude, and the swift-winged rockets that break high in air, announce the approach of the hour, generally four in the afternoon.

The signal trumpet sounds; a company of soldiers, with a lively band of music, enters at the gates, and, after forming into a line, clears the area of its numbers. One of them is then placed at each of the little recesses, made at small distances in the inner palisado, and sufficient to admit the body of the combatants, for whose safety they are intended.

The governor next appears, and the ministers of police are seated nearly over the place where the bulls are confined. Two trumpeters stand behind them, and under their direction the feast is conducted. Every thing in readiness, four champions in different coloured dresses enter the area on horse back, their legs and thighs are cased in tough leather, in their right hands they bear a long ashen lance tipped with a small piece of iron, and with their left dextrously manage their steeds. They prance gaily along the circle, make their devoirs to the governor, presidents of the feast, and their individual patrons and protectors. They then range themselves according to their merit opposite the first cell, from which the bull is expected to issue; but on the left, as the animal from instinct makes his attack on that side. A trumpet again sounds, a trap-door is raised, and forth rushes the bel-lowing monster, astonished, enraged, and frantic with hunger and frequent goadings. With impetuous onset he rushes on the prepared horseman, who with his lance repels him to the right or left of his horse. The second champion then follows, invites him to combat, and receives him in the same way. The greatest strength and dexterity are evinced in these frequent onsets; but it often happens, that the greater furious strength of the horned *enragé* over-returns both horse and rider, and lays both promiscuously in the dust. Both then often share the frantic revenge of the animal, and are promiscuously torn with his horns, notwithstanding the efforts of the others to get him away, and divert him on another side. He often buries his

towering antlers in the bodies of both, throws their shattered limbs in the air, and strews them on the area. More frequently the rider escapes by the recesses in the palisado, and returns remounted with fresh courage to provoke battle. It is not unusual for one bull to kill several horses; but these animals, particularly in Andalusia, are so noble, that, with their entrails dragging on the ground, they face the tortured beast, and by their neighing and snorting seem to enjoy the sport, although not trained to it. Should they prove refractory, the riders cover their eyes with a handkerchief, that they may be unconscious of their danger; though such is the courage and noble spirit of this domestic animal, that this is seldom necessary: but it is grating to every feeling of humanity, that the end of this first of beasts should be thus perverted by practices so cruel. After a round of feats of this kind, equally horrid and disgusting, the trumpet again sounds, and the horsemen retire. The foot combatants then come forth, gaily dressed, and each bearing a pair of darts in his hands. With these they provoke the furious animal to battle, and, when he puts down his head in an attitude to tear them with his horns, they dexterously stick the barbed darts behind his neck, and evade his horns by slipping aside. These *shuñtos a pie* crowd around him, wound him by incessant darts, and when he goes near the seats he receives showers of small ones from the people. In the tops of these darts, gaily ornamented with coloured paper, fire-works are fixed, which, when the match burns down, explode with frequent crackings. He stands with an aspect of rage and terror. His flaming eyes dart around the circle, he seeks objects to sate his rage; they evade him, the place resounds with horrid bellowsings, streams of red froth issue from his mouth and nostrils, he paws the blood-stained ground, and in vain shakes his sides and neck to dislodge the galling load. Furious

from rage and pain, he bounds across the area, attempts to climb the palisado, and wreak his revenge on every opposing object. Frequently he catches them on his horns, but generally from their great agility they escape, and he only bears away in triumph part of the red garment with which he had been provoked and deceived. I have seen one of these combatants hard pressed by the enraged bull, and apparently without means to escape. He was pent close to the palisado, and no recess at hand. Already had the furious beast stooped to tear him to pieces, and the terrified spectators imagined him horribly mangled on his horns. The active combatant, undismayed, and with unexampled presence of mind, put his foot on the forehead of the bull, with one leap was out of danger, and, lighting behind the furious animal, seemed to laugh at his unavailing efforts to catch him; he skipped gaily and unhurt away. He then walked round the circle with his hat in his hand; money from all sides was showered down to him from the pleased spectators and his patrons, who always require an extraordinary display of agility by a collective reward. Formerly a favourite flower from the breast of the fair, or a bunch of ribands, was thrown down to the victorious champion, and he was happy in that return for the exertion of his courage and agility. When every means of harassing the animal has been exhausted, the trumpet is again blown, the footmen leave the area, and a single champion steps forth. In his right hand he bears a double-edged Toledo, and on his left arm a red cloak. After making his obeisance to the spectators, he provokes the bull by holding to him the red garment, and after several evasions of his horns he prepares for the last and most noted exertion of skill in this way. He places himself in a firm position before him, holds his sword obliquely, on which the maddening beast rushes with such impetuosity as to bury it to the hilt. Already the staggering bull

bellows with agonizing pain, streams of black gore burst from the wound and mouth, his haggard looks proclaim his tortured state, the dreadful steel entering at the collar-bone has searched the source of life, his feeble limbs deny support, he sinks and struggles in the dust. Incessant peals of applause re-echo through the vast circle, and frantic acclamations, such as resounded at the Olympic games of the Greeks, or the gladiatorial scenes of the Romans. The most lively and animated music joins the loud sound, but is nearly drowned by the plaudits of the mob. Three mules yoked together, and ornamented with gay streamers, drag the mangled and bloody carcase from the arena, and every preparation is made for a repetition of the same sport, which only varies according to the courage of the men and the fury of the bull. Ten or sixteen are often killed in an evening, and the amusement, from neither its sameness nor disgusting scenes, appears to tire; as many horses often fall, and the men are frequently killed or maimed. Romero was the most famous *mata-dor* the Spaniards every had, and his end was shocking. The meat is exposed for sale, but bought only by the common people. The scene is often varied by the fighting of two horses, which is indeed grand, and, though horrid, has something in it noble and fierce. They sometimes let loose the wild boar, the stag, and other animals, to fight dogs; and if a bull will not face the combatants, dogs are let loose upon him, which becomes quite an English bull-bait. The last bull is *embolado*, or his horns are tipped with wood; the common people all rush out, cling to the horns and tail, and wrestle with him in bodies. The entertainment is often closed with fire-works, and the interval is agreeably filled up by all the men striking their flints and steels, which they always carry, and which give a most curious gleam around. Part of the funds arising from these entertainments belongs to the hospitals

of St. John of God, the other pays the expenses. The amphitheatre in Cadiz is of wood, holds ten or twelve thousand people, and belongs to the city. It is rented to a company under great restrictions, but this cannot hinder frequent impositions on the public. Those in Madrid, Seville, and Grenada, are of stone, and of royal foundation. In the smaller cities where they have none, they use the market squares, but on a very paltry scale. Indians from South America often display their feats with a leathern thong, with which they dexterously entangle the bull, and throw him on his back, when they mount, and by their dexterity render vain the exertions of the animal to shake off the unusual load. Many gypsies are amongst the foot combatants. Their pay is from ten to sixty dollars an afternoon, according to merit. That side of the amphitheatre on which the afternoon sun beats is only half price. There is a small difference in the several cities, but in all these are the leading traits.

To foreigners, accustomed to see the dexterous feats of equestrian riders, such diversions appear uninteresting and barbarous; and from the continual danger to which the riders and the horses are exposed, the feeling mind can derive no satisfaction. Even in this age of refined philosophy, man seems to be glad to multiply means for the extinction of his own species, which from the brute creation he might learn to husband. This familiarity with scenes of blood darkens the traits of the national character; and were a revolution to agitate the people, it would possibly be more sanguinary than we have yet witnessed. Government has often wished to abolish this practice, but in vain; it is so generally relished. It is astonishing that the Spanish ladies enjoy this sport, so savagely monotonous. Possessed of susceptibility and the finest feelings in nature, with every sense in unison with delicacy and sentiment, one would imagine they would fly it as a bane;

still do they frequent it ; a contradiction which neither the moralist nor the keen observer can reconcile or combine.

For the Literary Magazine.

SOME PARTICULARS RESPECTING
THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS
OF THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

THE Russian gentlemen have almost adopted the same manner of living as that of the other nations of Europe. The citizens being, for the most part, slaves who have been made free, retain, in a great measure, the manners of their primitive state, and are very few in number. It is amongst the peasants, therefore, that we must look for the true national character of the Russians. Some of them are slaves of the crown ; and the rest, who form the greater number, are slaves to the great lords, who have every power over them, except that of life and death. The Russian peasants were originally free ; but about the middle of the sixteenth century they were made part of every estate, in order to prevent emigration. Since that period a custom has prevailed of treating them entirely as serfs, of selling and buying them, and of transferring them as property in any other manner. Their yoke, however, is much easier than that of the peasants of Livonia, because the Livonian gentlemen consider theirs as procured by conquest, while the Russian peasants have the same origin as their masters.

The ordinary food of the Russian peasants, besides bread, is the *schut-schi* ; that is to say, a kind of soup made of cabbage, rendered sour by fermentation, and hashed very small : this soup is, for the most part, accompanied with a piece of boiled meat. Their drink is *kivas*, a sort of sour, yellowish small beer, which they brew themselves in large earthen pans. Their dress consists of a shirt, always very neat,

which hangs over their breeches, a linen frock, a surtout shaped like their frock, and made of coarse woollen cloth ; the whole descends as low as their knees, and is fastened to the body with a girdle. In winter, instead of a surtout, they wear a cloak of sheep's skin ; their heads are bare in summer, and in winter covered with a cap.

They wear no covering to their necks either winter or summer ; their legs are wrapt up in bandages of cloth ; but they use shoes, or rather a kind of slippers, made of the rind of trees, cut into slips, which are interwoven together. The women are dressed almost in the same manner as the men, but their exterior garments are loose, and not fastened with a girdle ; they are also very long, and reach down to their feet.

Their wooden huts have all a perfect resemblance one to another. They are built in villages, bordering the highway, are placed parallel to it, and are covered with boards. Nothing is seen but a wall formed of planks, having two or three holes in it, which serve as windows. These windows are only large enough for one to put the head through them. They are seldom filled with squares of glass ; but in the inside there is a piece of wood to shut them during the night, or in the time of bad weather. On one side of the hut is a small gate, which conducts to a yard, the greater part of which is covered with wooden planks, to shelter their carts, hay, &c. From the yard you enter the house by a back door, to which you go up by a few steps, and, when you have opened the door, you find in the first corner, towards the right hand, a stove constructed of bricks, which serves them for culinary purposes, and to warm the apartment. Around the stove, and on a level with its top, runs a circular projection, upon which the family sleep, and take a forenoon nap, as well as on the stove itself, however warm it may be ; for they are remarkably fond

of excessive heat. In the corner opposite to the stove, in a diagonal direction, that is to say, in the corner on the left, stands a small wooden shelf at about the height of a man, containing a few images of their saints, ranged in order, and surrounded by small wax candles or lamps, which are lighted on certain festivals; the drapery of these saints is embossed, and formed of tin plate or of copper, gilt; but the visage, the hands, the feet, and in general all the naked parts, are only painted. The Russians pretend that they are authorised to have painted images, but none of carved work, because the commandment says, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." All around the hut is a large wooden bench, made for sitting or sleeping upon. Nearer the door than the saints, and to the left as you enter, there is a long table, formed of two boards, joined together lengthways, and before it, on one side, the bench already mentioned, and on the other a portable bench much narrower. The rest of the furniture consists of a wooden bason, suspended from the roof, on one side of the stove, in order to wash their hands whenever cleanliness requires it, a wooden platter, two or three wooden dishes, and a few wooden spoons.

As the hut forms only one apartment, all mix together without any distinction: one may see sleeping on the earth, on the bench, or on the top of the stove, the master of the house, the mistress, the children, and servants, both male and female, and all without any scandal. In some huts, however, there is a particular corner for the master and mistress, but it is separated from the rest only by a curtain, suspended from a pole placed in a horizontal direction. These huts have no chimnies; the smoke, therefore, renders them exceedingly black in the inside. If they are entered at the time when the mistress of the family is preparing dinner, the smoke and the smell of the onions, which they use in all

their dishes, do not fail to make those sick who are not accustomed to them. When the smoke becomes too powerful to be resisted, they open a small wicket, which is a little higher than the window, in order to give it vent; but these peasants do this with reluctance, as they fear that part of the heat may escape at the same time; they are fond of being, as it were, roasted in their huts.

These peasants supply all their own wants; they make their own shoes, benches, tables, wooden dishes, and construct their own stoves and huts. The females also weave a kind of cloth, which resembles a very broad riband; they have occasion, therefore, to buy only a little woollen cloth or sheep skins to cover them, their girdles, which they consider as objects of great luxury, and the iron they employ for their implements of husbandry.

The Russian peasants are temperate in eating, but not in drinking: they are extremely fond of strong liquors, and often get intoxicated, especially on their festivals. They think they would not show their respect for their saints, did they not honour them by getting drunk; and they have a word to express the state in which one finds one's-self next day. They call this state, between health and sickness, *spoklemelie*; the women are addicted to drinking as well as the men. They cannot be accused of laziness, but they consider labour as a necessary evil, and never execute any piece of work thoroughly, contenting themselves with finishing it in a very imperfect manner; for this reason, therefore, they scratch up the ground, instead of tilling it. They are fond of keeping their persons neat: however dirty their upper garments may be, their shirts are always clean; they have warm or vaporated baths, into which the men and women, boys and girls, without distinction, plunge themselves two or three times a week. An order has lately been made, forbidding different sexes to mix to-

gether promiscuously in these baths; but this order is very little observed.

They marry when very young, and often even at the command of their masters. Paternal authority among them is very great, and it continues during the lives of their children; a father may give a blow with a stick to his son, of whatever age or condition he may be. We are told, that an old peasant having gone to visit his son, who had made a fortune in the army, and who enjoyed a considerable rank, the latter was so proud of his promotion, that he ordered his domestics to send the old man about his business. The father, however, having found means to enter the house when none of the servants were in the way, took a large cudgel, and gave his son a sound beating; nor did the son, so powerful was parental authority, dare to defend himself, or call out for assistance.

The people in Russia are very hospitable. A Russian peasant, when on a journey, enters whatever house he chuses, makes the sign of the cross before an image, salutes the company, and lays down his knapsack without any ceremony. If he find the family at table, he says, *bread and salt*; upon which the master of the house replies, *eat my bread*, and the stranger immediately places himself among the company. If he happen to arrive when the people are not at meals, he sits down among the rest, without any formality, at the proper time. If it be in the evening, he sleeps in the hut, and the next morning departs very early without saying a word: if the family are up, he says, I thank you for bread and salt. A stranger who is travelling meets with almost the same hospitality, if he can be satisfied with the usual fare of these peasants; if he cannot, he must pay the full price for every thing extraordinary; he pays also for the hay which his horses have eaten; but the price is always moderate.

Whatever little money these peasants acquire, they place it behind

their images, and commit it to their care. Robbery is never heard of among them, although the doors of their huts are always open, and often left without any person to guard them. However disinterested the Russians may be naturally, they soon become fond of money, especially when they begin to trade; they have then a perfect resemblance of the Jews; they are as exorbitant in the prices which they ask, and equally ready to take every advantage; but, at the same time, they are equally disposed to sell with a small profit, when they cannot get rid of their goods in any other manner.

These peasants are not sullen, like those of Germany; they speak much, are very polite, and even sometimes to excess. Their mode of saluting is by shaking one another by the hand, and by bowing. Their equals they call brothers, and their superiors they call fathers. Before their lords, and before those from whom they ask a favour, they prostrate themselves, that is to say, stretch themselves out at their length on the ground. These Russians have very little ambition. If you speak to them with mildness, you may obtain from them whatever you desire; and they will not be offended when you call them knaves and cheats, and even much worse. They are very honest; but when they cease to be so, one cannot use too much precaution not to be a dupe to their promises. Their minds receive very little cultivation, for they can neither read nor write; all their learning consists in a few proverbs, which they transmit from father to son. They are fond of vocal music, and are always singing. The labourer sings behind his plough, the coachman on his box, and the carpenter on the roof of the hut where he is at work; their songs are generally upon love, and their music is very monotonous.

The religion of the Russians is that of the Greek church; that of these peasants consists in going to hear mass, in prostrating themselves

evening and morning before their images, saying, *Ghosodi pomiloui!* Lord have pity upon me! in making the sign of the cross before and after meals, or when passing a church; and, lastly, in observing lent.

This last article is absolutely indispensable; a Russian peasant is firmly persuaded that God would sooner pardon murder than a violation of lent. Their priests are equally ignorant as themselves; all their learning consists in knowing their ritual pretty well, and being able to give a benediction, even in the streets, to those who ask it, gratis, or for the value of a penny or halfpenny.

One village has sometimes more than one church, and churches are in general very numerous in Russia, because it is a work of great merit to found one. The ringing of bells is here almost continual, as it is thought to be a part of religious service. Besides churches, one finds on the highways small chapels, images covered by little wooden houses, and springs of water accounted sacred or miraculous, which have generally small chapels in their neighbourhood. The present empress has formed a plan for gradually instructing these people, by sending schoolmasters among them, and priests to enlarge their ideas with respect to religion.

For the Literary Magazine.

POPE SIXTUS THE FIFTH AND
THE SHOEMAKER.

An Italian Anecdote.

THE life of this pope exhibits one of those extraordinary instances, in which genius and talents have lifted their possessors far above the disadvantages concomitant to a humble birth and indigent circumstances, and have enabled them to counteract adversity, or rather to

command fortune. It was therefore, while he was cardinal, well said by him to an Italian prince, over whom, in a dispute, he had so manifestly the advantage as to excite the admiration of the company, and who consequently, irritated to the greatest degree, exclaimed, "I wonder at your arrogance, who are only the son of a swineherd!"

"True, my lord! and if it had been your misfortune to have been born the son of a swineherd, you would have still continued in that capacity."

That he was the son of a swineherd is a fact. He was born at Montalto, in the marshes of Ancona. His parents called him Felix; but he left them, and at the age of fourteen took the habit of St. Francis, and became a friar in the convent of Ascoli. The quickness of his parts soon raised him high in the sodality; though it must be observed, that it was composed of members who have not been recorded as the brightest of mankind. However, they had sense enough to distinguish his merit, and candour enough to acknowledge it, except in one instance, when some of the younger students, girded perhaps by the superiority of his genius, retorted upon him ironically, "that in the astrological question before them, they must yield to him: he certainly knew more of *houses* than they did, his father's being *so illustrious*."

To this sarcasm he replied with great good nature, that "his father's house was indeed *illustrious*, for the interior of it was *illuminated* by the rays of the sun, which darted through every aperture of the *boards* of which it was composed*."

Improving his talents, he took the degree of doctor of divinity; and, at a public disputation in the presence of cardinal Carpi, who was then protector of the Franciscan order, acquitted himself so well, and acquir-

* This passage will be better understood, if we reflect that in Italy all the buildings of any importance are of stone.

ed so much fame, in consequence of the subtlety of his arguments and the acuteness of his wit, that preferment followed of course. By several gradations he arrived at the highest dignity of the church, being elected pope the 11th of April, 1585.

This pontiff, who seems to have been a humourist as well as a man of great learning, used some artifice to obtain this high dignity. From the time he had been nominated cardinal, he had affected the semblance of age and of ill health. When he went into the conclave, he appeared so feeble, and seemed to labour so much under the paroxysms of a confirmed asthma, that few expected he would have lived to come out. He supported himself with a staff, and as he ascended the stairs halted and coughed at every step. These symptoms were exceedingly in his favour, and probably in a great degree influenced the election. But even before the scrutiny was finished, as soon as he saw that the object of his ambition was secure, he threw away his staff, his faithful companion for fifteen years, and erecting himself, there seemed in his system an instant renovation of youth. The cardinals murmured, but the thing could not now be helped. The artful pontiff at once saw their motives; and in order to add additional food to their meal of cogitation, he began to sing "*Te Deum Laudamus*" with a voice so clear and melodious, and withal so strong, that the spacious hall and vaulted roof re-echoed to the sound.

The recital of the life of this pontiff, which abounds with entertaining passages, exhibits a character which was rendered remarkable by contrasting it with others in the same elevated station. So strict was the impartiality of his adherence to justice, and so great his activity and energy of mind, that while he purified the jurisprudence of the holy see, he also established a well-regulated police, by which means he wholly extirpated a most ferocious banditti, that had not only infested the state of the

church, but had spread over Italy.

On this occasion, the gratitude of the citizens of Rome induced them to commemorate the repose which they enjoyed by several inscriptions in different parts of the city, by statues, and other tokens of their approbation and liberality.

One great source of the amusement of Sixtus the Vth. was the perusing the memoirs of his life and transactions, of which he had kept a regular journal, whilst he was the friar Montalto, which was the name given him in the convent. When he was one day deeply engaged in looking over this manuscript, and while he was probably enjoying the contemplation of some of the occurrences of his early years, he came to a passage that strongly attracted his attention, as it stated nearly these words:

"1546. Being at Macerata, and observing the miserable state of my shoes, the soles of which were on the very brink of perdition, owing, I fear, to the flinty-hearted and impenetrable rocks and roads, over which we had journeyed together: I therefore, resolving to use my endeavours to save them, repaired to a shop that I fortunately discovered in the market place, to consult the shoemaker or translator who kept it respecting their reformation.

"The shoemaker, who for his sagacity with regard to the cure of soles might have been a cardinal, after examining these wretched and oppressed subjects, whom I had so often trampled upon, declared that they were so far gone, that it was out of the power of man to amend them: in fact, that they had been upon their last feet, and had come once more to an end. He therefore added, that he could not advise me to allow them an indulgence, but would rather wish me to cast them entirely away, and try a new pair. This seemed orthodox: I therefore took his advice, kicked my old shoes, as they could no longer serve me, into the street, and installed myself in his chair. The

shoemaker brought a pair of *candides* from his shelf; he lifted up my leg, placed my foot in his lap, but did not *kiss my toe*: he, however, fitted me in a moment, without putting me into what is called *surgatory*. But here a difficulty occurred of greater magnitude than any of the mountains that I had passed. The shoemaker demanded *seven giulios** for the shoes, and I, alas! had but *six* in my leathern purse which hung to my girdle, and in which my whole fortune was suspended. What was now to be done?

"I immediately emptied my purse, and discovered the state of my exchequer to the shoemaker. This man, who had none of the *heresy* of John Crispin† in his mind, in an instant *believed* what *he saw*; or, rather (if a paradox were allowed in our system) what *he did not see*: so without seeming to notice my disqualifying bow, or the cause of my confusion, so apparent in the emptiness of my purse, he briskly said, "Haggling in this case would be to no purpose. It is true, I cannot afford to sell these shoes (look how well they are made!) for less than *seven giulios*; but if you have taken but six out of your *strong box*, that's a fault, as you are at a distance from home, that cannot easily be mended; therefore I will take the six upon this condition, that you will solemnly promise to pay me the other *giulio* when you come to be pope. To this I readily agreed; we therefore laughed heartily, shook hands, and parted."

* Three shillings and sixpence sterling.

† John Crispin, born at Arras, a man famous for his knowledge of the law, and his proficiency in polite literature, a short period before this time travelled to Rome, whence he returned to Paris; and becoming acquainted with Beza, he renounced the errors of the Romish church, and retired to Geneva, 1547. He wrote several learned works, and among the rest the French Martyrology. *Baldwin in Respons. ad Calvin.*

When Sixtus had read this passage, it recalled the circumstance strongly to his mind, and withal introduced a desire to learn if the friendly shoemaker was living. He therefore dispatched his steward to Macerata to enquire after him, and, if successful, to inform him that he must attend the pope directly, upon business of the utmost importance to himself.

The shoemaker was yet living; but the message he received from the steward, who gave it its full force, almost frightened him to death. He had heard the exaggerated accounts of the severity of the pontiff that were circulated over Italy, and he had not the least doubt but he was to become the victim of his cruelty and the malice of his enemies. The rack, or the stake, were the lightest punishment that occurred to him: of these he felt all the horrors already. He therefore endeavoured to recollect what he done to merit this severity of chastisement. His very *best friends* could not accuse him of *heresy*; or if they had there was an inquisition upon the spot; but his life had been industrious and innocent, nor could he, even in the moments of his deepest despondence, *force* his conscience to reproach him with any crimes which merited those excruciating tortures which *he knew* were prepared for him.

He more than once thought of flying from Italy; but this he supposed the steward (who was nearly at Rome before he set out) had taken measures to prevent.

Slowly, therefore, he journeyed on; and, the day after his arrival, trembling like a criminal going to execution, he, with the same reluctance, ascended the *black* marble staircase that led to the pope's closet.

When introduced into his presence, Sixtus, for a moment, observed him with that keenness of penetration for which he was remarkable, and then, with a stern voice, said, "Have you ever seen me at Macerata?"

"No-o-o," returned the prostrate, and almost petrified, shoemaker.

"What! do you not remember that about forty years since you sold me a pair of shoes?"

"No!" said the poor fellow; "but I hope they *wore* well."

"Not remember this circumstance!" said the pope, who could hardly maintain his gravity: "Well, what am I to think of this, but that my memory is better than yours? Rise then, and learn from me, that I well remember the purchase I made at your shop, and also that you gave me credit for a giulio, which I was to repay when I came to be pope. That time is now arrived. I therefore owe you a giulio: it is debt of honour, which must be paid with *interest*. This I have calculated, and find that it amounts to two giulios more. These my steward will pay you, and you may depart in peace."

When the shoemaker left the closet of the pope, how different were his sensations from those with which he entered it. He seemed in Elysium. Dungeons, racks, and tortures had vanished from his mind; or if they for a moment recurred, it was only to induce him to wonder how he ever could have feared them. He received his three giulios, and returned to his inn; but in this short walk his sensations underwent another transition. When when he reflected upon the slender remuneration he had obtained, he could not help considering Sixtus the Vth as the meanest of mortals. He therefore, while he told the story, murmured exceedingly, that he should bring him from his native place, so far distant, and only give him three giulios (eighteen pence sterling) to defray the expences of a journey which had cost him twenty crowns.

This discontent of the shoemaker the spies who were purposely planted around him communicated to the pontiff, who accordingly sent for him again, and asked him if he had not a son who was a priest of the order of the Servi. To this he an-

swered in the affirmative. "Then," said the pope, "he is the very man I want: let him be immediately called to Rome."

The messenger that was sent executed his commission with great expedition. The son arrived before the departure of the father. They both attended the pontiff, who, after examining the young priest, promoted him to a bishoprick in the kingdom of Naples.

In a few days they returned to the Vatican to make their acknowledgements to his holiness, who received them with great benignity, and, upon their taking leave, said to the father, "Here, my good friend! calculate the interest of your giulio, and see to what it has amounted, and how it has been disposed of. If I had given to you great riches and honours, they would have taken you out of a course of life that you have been long used to, and, in all probability, by placing you in a more elevated sphere, have rendered you unhappy. The education of your son has fitted him for his present station. I am pleased with his character, with which I am well acquainted, and have a good opinion of his talents. May he become at once an ornament and support to the church! He knows his duty too well not to consider himself as a steward to his father, and, now he has largely the means, support your age, as you, my worthy friend, from a very slender and precarious income, have supported his youth."

For the Literary Magazine.

ON EDUCATION.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

AS all the governments which have hitherto existed have been founded, either entirely or in part, upon false principles, it is not to be wondered at that the knowledge which pertains to legislation and the human mind is yet in its infant

state. It is the interest of despotic and corrupt governments to keep mankind in as profound an ignorance as possible of the nature and extent of their faculties, and of the mode of improving them. Within this last century, however, several illustrious sages have arisen who have deeply investigated these subjects, and placed them in new points of view. They may very properly be termed the first rays of that sun of happiness and liberty which now dawns upon us, and which will ere long blaze out in perfect day.

Until the time of Locke mankind were divided between these opinions, 1st, That man is naturally virtuous; 2dly, That he is naturally vicious. Both these doctrines were completely destroyed by that profound philosopher: he proved that man is born without an idea of any kind, therefore without a knowledge of, and consequently without an inclination for either vice or virtue. The mind of an infant is like a blank sheet of paper, uncoloured by any impression, but capable of receiving every impression. As the senses are the only inlets of knowledge, the only channel by which we receive our ideas, it is impossible that we can have ideas before we come into the world. While in the womb the child has no idea of light, colours, sounds, tastes, smells. It may have the idea of pain; a blow given to the mother may communicate pain to the child; but until it has felt pain it has no idea of it: the idea of pain, therefore, is not innate. Ideas of justice and morality are much more complex. If innate they would be as perfect in the child as the man, in one man as in another, the same all over the globe: a position which is contradicted by the experience of every day.

If born without ideas, how do we acquire them? By education; which, in the large sense of the word, includes not only the precepts of our instructors, but likewise conversation, example, and every object that strikes any one of our senses.

Helvetius, in his *Treatise on Man*, proves (at least to my understanding) that every person is capable of acquiring an equal degree of knowledge, unless there be a material defect in some of his senses. For example, a child born blind cannot comprehend any thing that takes in the idea of light and colours; nor a child born deaf any thing that takes in the idea of sound. Every man, therefore, is by nature endowed with an ability to equal Newton or Milton. How is it then that these men remain unrivalled? Because nobody has had the same education as they have*. When an object strikes us with particular force, we apply our whole faculties to it, we are not dismayed by difficulties; and the pleasure we derive from the overcoming of one difficulty encourages us to encounter another. A man possessed of emulation will always excel in whatever he undertakes; a man devoid of emulation will always remain ignorant.

Objects frequently strike the minds of children with peculiar force; they turn their attention to a particular study, and improve rapidly in it. We attribute this to a genius implanted in them by nature. It is no such thing; it is the effect of something that has excited a

* Sir Isaac Newton never discovered any extraordinary genius for astronomy till one day, sitting under an apple-tree, an apple was blown off and struck him on the head. He took it up, and was surprised that so small a body should strike so severe a blow; curiosity excited him to investigate the reason of it, and the result of his research was the discovery of gravitation. Urged by an insatiable thirst of knowledge, he now prosecuted the study of astronomy with indefatigable perseverance; and to this trifling accident is owing all the great discoveries that he made. Had the apple fallen on Milton's head it would probably have made a philosopher of him; he would have anticipated Newton, and the world would have been deprived of his *Paradise Lost*.

strong sensation : in other words it is education.

The fact, however, is not very material, whether all men have an equal aptitude at acquiring knowledge, or not. Whatever they do know is the effect of education : and admitting that it be impossible to render every child equal to Newton, or Milton, it is still an object of the highest importance to render it as wise as its faculties will allow.

Laying down this position, that man is born without ideas, and that all his knowledge is acquired by education, I shall, in two or three subsequent letters, point out what appear to me the means best calculated to render education more perfect ; for it is obvious to every one who considers the subject ever so slightly, and who attends to the manner in which children are treated, that the present mode is miserably defective.

W. W.

For the Literary Magazine.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE VICISSITUDES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Exemplified by a Historical Anecdote.

FOR the shortness of human life, a variety of comparisons have been suggested ; not only by general observers, but by the wisest of men* ; yet it would be difficult to find a simile perfectly applicable to the transitions which some characters are destined to undergo.

To behold a good man struggling with adversity, and as it were rising superior to the poignancy of its shafts, is allowed to exalt the human character to the most dignified situation which it is possible for it to attain. Courage may enable a man to brave danger ; apathy may render him regardless of life ; for the heart which is incapable of attachment feels not the force of Na-

ture's powerful ties. We, doubtless, are not all born with the same disposition and propensities : the same misfortunes are very differently felt ; and a character destitute of sensibility is no more to be admired for bearing them with composure, than the immoveable rock which the winds of heaven cannot shake. But when we behold a being, born to an elevated station, endowed with feelings of the most lively and susceptible kind, piously submitting to the ordinations of a wise Providence, yet supporting the wants of Nature by the exertions of his own hand ; a kind of enthusiastic admiration seizes us, and we can scarcely find words to express the emotions it inspires.

These observations have been excited by the perusal of an anecdote in a French work, entitled, " *Letters to Count de B—*," The most striking parts of this extraordinary relation I shall accurately extract, for the amusement of my readers this month, merely abridging the circumstances, and by that means rendering the account more acceptable to a periodical work.

Sir Thomas Moyle, a celebrated architect, having been employed to build a large castle in the parish of Eastville, had frequently been struck with the superior language and manners of the master mason who superintended the work. When his mind was not occupied in giving directions to the labourers, he was always intent upon a book, which sir Thomas at length contrived to obtain a glance of, and, to his astonishment, discovered it to be Virgil's *Æneid*. This discovery confirmed him in the opinion which he had previously formed ; and by those little delicate attentions which excite friendly communication, he at length received from the lips of the mason the following extraordinary account :

" Until the age of sixteen, I was boarded with a master, whose chief attention was devoted to the improvement of my mind ; and, during that period, I was regularly vi-

* Solomon.

sited by a gentleman, whose manners were extremely dignified, every three months. As my understanding expanded, the secrecy which was observed towards me, excited a degree of anxiety in my mind; and I expressed to this gentleman the solicitude I suffered, and begged to be informed whether I was *not* his son. His conduct to me certainly was not calculated to give rise to this suspicion, for his attentions were always mingled with a degree of respect, which is not likely to influence the manners of a parent towards the being to whom he had given birth. In the strongest terms of assurance, he denied being my father; acknowledged that a mystery hung over my head, which very soon would be elucidated to my entire satisfaction; but declined telling me more.

"In less than two months, I had the pleasure of seeing my only acquaintance return, for I was kept in a perfect state of captivity; yet, from never having had my liberty, I knew not the gratification which arises from a communication with the world. My heart, however, bounded with satisfaction, when this kind friend informed me I was to quit my abode, for the purpose of being introduced to a friend of my father's; but that, after the interview, I was to return. Of the nature of distance I could form no accurate idea; to me it appeared an amazing way; but at length the carriage drove up to a most superb building, and I was conducted through a suite of apartments furnished in the most elegant style.

"After placing a chair for me, in a room magnificently ornamented, my kind conductor took his leave, telling me, my father's friend would soon wait upon me, which he did, before I had time to revolve these extraordinary circumstances in my mind. He approached me with extended arms, and pressed me to his bosom. *Mine* laboured with sensations language never can describe; but to give a

turn to those emotions evidently depicted on my countenance, he began to ask a variety of questions respecting the cultivation of my mind, with that air of tenderness and anxiety, which proved how deep an interest he took in my concerns. The dress of this stranger was truly magnificent. At the close of our conversation, he presented me with a purse, filled with different gold coins, of which I scarcely knew the value; though still sensible that they were of no small degree of worth. Upon this distinguished personage's departure, my conductor made his appearance, and taking my reluctant hand, led me to the coach. Our journey was performed without any explanation; and my mind was tortured with a variety of suggestions, to which this extraordinary interview had given rise.

"A few months after this singular circumstance, the friend of my infancy arrived at an early hour; he brought with him a rich dress, in which I was soon habited, and desired me to ascend a phaeton with six horses, which was standing at the gate. We drove with a rapidity imagination could scarcely conceive possible, and at length arrived at Bosworth Field, and stopped at the tent of my lamented father, who was no less a personage than Richard the third! 'Behold my son!' said he to the noblemen who surrounded him, at the same time pressing me fondly to his heart; when I instantly recognized the stranger who had excited such singular emotions at our interview a few months before. 'To-morrow (said he), my child, I shall fight for my crown and kingdom: if fortune favours the undertaking, both will be *yours*; and if victory crowns my arms, I will openly proclaim you as my adopted heir, though illegitimate son. Should I be vanquished, carefully, I conjure you, conceal the secret of your birth; for you will be surrounded with a set of implacable enemies who will drink up the last drop of my blood!"

"In vain I conjured him to let me share the fate of battle; on my knees besought him to let me *live* or *die* by his side; but no argument could induce him to comply with my wishes; and again I was intrusted to my conductor's care. 'To your hand (said he, turning to my companion) I commit a *sacred* and *important* trust;' presenting me at the same moment with a port folio, and informing me its contents would prevent me from knowing the miseries of want. 'Go, my son (continued he); fulfil your destiny;' at the same time embracing me with tears.

"At this command I remained motionless. My guide led, or rather forced me away; as my father's mind was too much occupied by the dangers which hung over him, to allow any length of time to be devoted even to a son. Early the next morning I was conducted to an eminence, where I had an opportunity of observing the dreadful carnage which ensued; and, shocking to relate, in the midst of the slaughter, I beheld the author of my existence fall. A sudden faintness overspread my faculties; my knees trembled; my eyes became dim; and casting an agonized look towards my protector, I fell senseless to the ground. How long I remained in this situation is uncertain. Upon recovering my recollection, I looked in vain for my friend; for, regardless of the sacred promise he had given to my father, he had sought his own safety in flight. This was not all; for he had secured the port-folio, and left me as destitute of the means of supporting existence, as a child newly born. I knew not even the spot where my infancy had been nurtured, and had not a single friend in the world!

"My father's troops were flying in every direction. Conceive, if possible, the wretched state to which I was reduced. At that moment, I fortunately perceived a horse without a rider, and mounting him, I soon found myself in the high road. Not to tire your patience, by at-

tempting to describe sensations which it would be impossible for the power of language to paint, I shall merely say, that I remained some time in London, exposed to all the miseries of want. Chance at length directed my footsteps to a house of entertainment, which some masons used, with whom I entered into conversation, and inquired whether they would agree to find me in work. I had felt the wants of nature too powerfully, not to rejoice at the means by which they were supplied. My assiduity soon obtained me the approbation of my master, who easily discovered that I was not born to the situation which I filled.

"At the expiration of some years, my knowledge of the business was so perfect, that my employer invited me to reside in his house, and treated me with as much friendship and kindness as if I had actually been his son. This gentleman had risen to the highest eminence in his profession; the suavity of his manners could only be equalled by the intelligence of his mind. And he had a *daughter*—But to attempt describing her various attractions would be presumption; for in her person were assembled all the virtues and graces which have ever been ascribed to the sex.

"In the society of this lovely creature, I experienced that refined gratification, which neither rank nor splendour ever could impart; but my happiness was destined to receive a dreadful interruption, by the sudden death of the author of her birth. Though I had carefully concealed from my beloved's father the secret of my own existence, I resolved to impart it to her; and for ever resign those visionary prospects of future grandeur, which imagination frequently had formed. Tenderness and astonishment marked her expressive features, whilst she listened to the vicissitudes of my life; and, after pouring the balm of sympathy into my bosom, she amply compensated for all my sufferings by blessing me with her hand.

By this angelic woman I have three children, who will for ever remain strangers to the noble stock from whence they sprang; for, though no sigh for faded honours ever escapes my bosom, I cannot be answerable for the effect which a knowledge of their father's origin might produce upon theirs."

Sir Thomas listened to this singular recital with a mixture of emotion and astonishment, and immediately offered the son of England's tyrant an asylum in his house, with full liberty to act the same as if he was its master; but this the noble-minded man, with expressions of gratitude, refused; declaring he was perfectly satisfied with his present situation; but wished to build a small house for his family at the extremity of his friend's park.

Of the truth of these extraordinary circumstances, little doubt can be entertained; and they are still more strongly impressed upon the imagination, by the parish register of Eastville; which states, that on the 22d of December, 1550, the *body* of Richard Plantagenet *was interred*.

Upon this singular character's history I shall not attempt making any farther observation: no reader of sensibility will be able to peruse it with hearts totally unmoved; for though we admire the calm philosophy of his feelings, he doubtless regretted the splendours he had lost.

For the Literary Magazine.

ESSAY ON THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

"Fie on it! 'tis an unweeded garden that grows and runs to seed; things grow and rank in nature possess it merely."

SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

PERHAPS there cannot be a more useful lesson to my country-

men than to present to their notice at this time a subject that may serve in some degree to elucidate the causes and consequences of a revolution among a people, and the change in their morals, their religion, their taste, or their manners. I am invited to this consideration from the gradual display of science in the times among all ranks, that cheers me with its influence, and prevents the possibility of my being misunderstood.

The subject of revolution cannot be more advantageously entered into, than by carefully noticing the character of a people who have suffered this desperate change, as by comparing it with what it was, with what it now is, and at the same time with a reference to the state of other nations, we shall be able to discover how far it now falls short of a wise or amiable character, and whether it has not changed for the worse.

The French of the old *regime*, or rather of the *vieille cour*, were accused of levity and inconstancy: defects nearly synonymous, and which convey an idea of a flimsy and superficial cast of mind, capable of little solid reflection, and leading to a conduct of inconsequence.

By a continual repetition of these opinions or assertions respecting the inconsequence of the French character, all Europe became persuaded of its truth: the French themselves did not even attempt to refute it; nay, some of them have imagined it necessary to acquire a reputation to depreciate their own national character, to make them more acceptable to strangers, and tacitly to be the means of receiving praise for their own judgment, as by such opinions they thought they showed how easily they could sacrifice partiality to the love of truth; and beside that merit, it attributed to the unpatriot critic all exemption from the defects he so ably censured.

It will be perceived, however, that in truth no national character had a right to arrogate to itself a superiority over that of the French,

as not any ever afforded fewer instances of levity and inconstancy in matters of great importance; and for the individual, perhaps the man who is faithful to his religion, his king, and his honour, may claim the privilege of diversifying his business and pleasures his own way, without being accused of frivolity. One hour he may enjoy the society of an amiable or accomplished woman, another he may study Bossuet or Montesquieu, or turn over the pages of a poet; sometimes he may laugh at the French theatre, or amuse himself at the Italian; sometimes he may join in a concert, or mix in the gaiety of the dance: all these things he may do, and yet fulfil the duties of his station in life. It is by properly understanding the precept of Horace, "*blending the useful with the pleasurable*," that we can give happiness to ourselves, or communicate it to others.

Nothing can show more forcibly the contemptible arguments of confined minds, on the subject of national character, than a view of the difference in taste in different nations, and of different authors in each. The grave and majestic stile of the Spaniards, the gay and volatile of the French, the forcible and impetuous of the English, the fine and delicate of the Italians, the solid of the Germans; and as we find in the works of different authors of the same nation the sublime of Corneille, the richness of Racine, the sense of Boileau, the gaiety of Moliere, the strength of mind of Bossuet, the delicacy of Fenelon, the noble of Malherbe, the brilliancy of Fontenelle, the *naïveté* of Fontaine, the rapidity of Bourdaloue, the insinuation of Massillon, the profundity of Mallebranche, the levity of Pelisson, the elegance of Gresset, the ingenuousness of Voltaire's prose, and the harmony of the Odes of Rousseau.

It has been the custom of nations, too, to reproach the French for their fondness for dress, and it has been produced as a proof of their levity; but if so, the same censure might be

fairly extended round the globe. The fondness for dress may be a weakness, but it is the weakness of all mankind. The Chinese, the Persians, and the Indians, like the French, have each of them a similar infatuation; and even the savages have it, who pierce their nostrils to suspend rings to them, who adorn their heads with feathers, and who paint their skins with the figures of animals. The passion for ornament may be ridiculous; but is it not more ridiculous to think that it is a merit to wear an ill-made or unbecoming dress, because it was the fashion of our grandfathers? If the dignity of reason smiles at the youth who pleases himself with the cut of a frock, or delights in the cavalier air of a hat *à la Suisse*, what ought it to do at the old bachelor, dressed in a formal cut brown coat with longsleeves and a deep-crowned hat, that gives him a mighty grave and solemn air, that reminds us of the "*I see plainly enough the robe and the beard of philosophy, but where is the philosopher?*"

There is, therefore, *faiblesse pour faiblesse*; and the first has at least something agreeable to recommend it, besides the necessity of conforming in some measure to the fashion these little addenda do no injury to the vast volume of a nation's character, where the title-page presents morality and religion.

It was chiefly upon these grounds of inconstancy of pursuit, and a frivolous fondness for dress, that the Frenchman was found guilty; but the national character then was pure, and the mind of the people uninjured. For fourteen centuries it was marked by a constant fidelity to the religion of its ancestors, an unshaken attachment for the sovereign, an enthusiasm for honour, a mind of gallantry, an easy or refined politeness, and a hospitality towards strangers, always offered with kindness, and without ostentation: these are the traits which peculiarly distinguished the French nation, and which certainly constituted a cha-

acter of importance and solidity in the world, and worthy of high consideration.

When the solid materials of a national character are the *amor patriæ*, religion, honour, gallantry, I mean that gallantry which is bravery and generosity, there is little to be feared from the follies of costume, or whether a man has his hair elegantly dressed, close cropped, or wears a large wig. For those who can afford it, in things of utility and choice, the most commodious and elegant are the best; and the morals will not suffer offence.

Every nation has its usages and modes, governed greatly by the climate it inhabits, which designate rather its changes and vicissitudes, than circumstances of solidity or frivolity in the national character.

It is noticeable, too, that one criticism upon the French character was their excessive politeness to women, and their passion for gallantry with the sex. Perhaps, under the guidance of reason and religion, this disposition creates and preserves to man what they call *les délices* of his existence upon earth. Pure gallantry is an honourable affection of the soul, that gives brilliancy to the talents and adorns the understanding; it embellishes the most trifling pursuits and occupations, gives society numerous charms by an exchange of reciprocal civilities and polite offices, and constitutes what the French once were in possession of, *les bienstances*, now lost in the barbarous achievements of political fury and party vengeance.

It is said by a philosopher, that a good and beautiful woman, and a great and good king, who knows how to gain the love of his people, are alike divinities. A beautiful and virtuous woman is omnipotent: she can create virtue in others; she can soften by her charms the most ferocious mind, make a miser liberal, animate stupidity, and give gallantry to a clown. Love, like wisdom, without annihilating our passions, can direct them towards their proper object; and without this

pure and sacred flame, man would present a picture of avarice, passion, and pride. The warrior would be barbarous and unmerciful; the learned mere pedants, often tiresome and heavy, but never agreeable. Gallantry tells us to pardon after we have conquered, and knows how to unite courage and generosity, and the virtues of a citizen to those of a hero. The society of women teaches also how to associate the delicacy of sentiment with the elegance of expression, and the ornaments of style. Women make men better, and consequently happier. A young man, perhaps, cannot be too early introduced to the company of women, nor even to the choice of an amiable object to direct his mind and instruct his manners. Libertinism disgraces, and virtuous love exalts; and even what the French call in society *la pure galanterie*, or that general love of women, shown them in kind and polite attentions, has its advantages, employing that time that might pass in base and low adventures with the worst part of the sex.

I now come to the greatest reproach that other nations have passed upon the French national character, that they think but little; and yet, to take the works of their authors fairly into consideration, we must cheerfully admit a competition of mind. Descartes, la Bruyere, Montesquieu, the bishop of Meaux, Malbranche d'Ampaud, Pascal, the admirable Fenelon, the celebrated Molière, that philosophical painter, who is played and admired from Lisbon to Moscow, from Naples to Stockholm; the criticisms of Boileau have all the characters of wisdom; and for the military art, Henry IV, Turenne, Vendome, have an undoubted claim to the title of men of great minds. In politics (of those politics which are not crooked subtleties to answer the moment, but such as embrace every thing that can constitute the happiness of a state), what names can be superior to those of cardinal d'Amboise, de Sully, and de Colbert?

The opinion that the French seldom think, was partly established by the indifference of the lower order of people to affairs of state, and because a mechanic was not a politician, nor did amuse himself in idle discussions respecting the court and ministers: but this opinion is against true wisdom, which directs the

*In propria pelle quiesce**

of Phœdrus, for the happiness of all. Meditations of the kind only serve to disturb, perplex, and lead astray the humble citizen who has not had a liberal education to improve his judgment. There are many great and important truths which may, by a false application, lead the ignorant into irrevocable errors. There are also some subjects on which it would not only be useless, but even dangerous, to fix their attention. A good judgment, the knowledge of their proper station, and the love of their duty, is all, in reference to their own happiness, they ought to look to. Reflection is entirely useless if it does not tend to make us better and happier; and the first sentiments of men who are not corrupted in society are almost always the best. In all classes, in all situations, the man who endeavours to avoid error and the commission of crimes, and who has a real disposition to be quiet and to do good, is a worthy citizen. If you had proposed to a Frenchman of half a century ago to betray his sovereign, or abandon his religion, you would have subjected yourself to an honourable resentment, or he would have shunned you with contempt.

The fall of the French nation by the convulsions of a revolution has been owing to the abandonment of those principles that were the safeguard of the people's happiness.

A complete revolution is that great overthrow which changes at once the laws, the manners, and the character of a nation, which of a

monarchy makes a republic, and of a lawful king an usurping despot, crowned by one conspiracy, and perhaps beheaded by another, without the people finding his criminal successor one jot more worthy, and without giving more liberty or happiness to even the artizans of his elevation.

I call revolutions the calamities of an unquiet people, who mistake the means, or who exceed the moderation, necessary to the work of redressing grievances; who, after many civil troubles, and much loss of generous blood, having forsook their God* and their sovereign, are lost to peace and happiness; who become the prey of self-made protectors. In short, I denominate revolutions those tumultuous shocks which unhinge the government, disorder the morals of the people, and, at length, throw the sovereign at the feet of some atrocious criminal who usurps his place.

Let us now compare the character of the French of the *vieille cour* with that of the present people. Brave, loyal, courteous; turbulent, unsettled, unsocial. Such is the anti-climax. The abuses of the old government, which were abated by the mild sovereign who reigned, so as scarcely to be known but by name, are cured, but so badly, that the foul blotches and stains of the desperate nostrum have caused a worse disease, from which nothing can restore the constitution but the mild alteratives of religion and morals, which teach us to love and not destroy each other, and between the government and people to guard the rights of each with a watchful affection for the benefit of both.

PALLADIUM.

* A young emigrant noble, who fourteen years ago called himself M. du Bruval, in the ingenuous language of youth emphatically declared, that he believed the primary cause of the miseries of the French frantic revolution to have been the pernicious growth of atheism and deism.

* Every one in his station.

For the Literary Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Commodore Preble.

DIED on the 23th of August, 1807, commodore Preble, of the United States navy. He had just completed the 45th year of his age, being born in Portland, in August, 1761. The following sketch of his life is copied from "The Polyanthos."

Our young hero, almost from his infancy, discovered a noble and invincible courage, and admirable resolution and perseverance in all his pursuits. Blest with an athletic constitution, and having no great inclination to sedentary amusement, his hours of leisure from his academical and other early studies were mostly devoted to hunting, and other exercises of the greatest activity.

In his youth he became a mariner in the mercantile service, which he successfully followed, during some years after the commencement of the revolutionary war. In this war he was once made a prisoner. After his liberation from captivity, his enterprize and vigour were displayed in armed vessels of the state of Massachusetts, with honour and success.

About the year 1779, he entered as a midshipman on board the ship *Protector*, commanded by captain John Foster Williams; with whom he served one or two years, till he was promoted to a lieutenantancy on board the sloop of war *Winthrop*, commanded by captain George Little. In this station he performed a very brilliant and heroic action, boarding and capturing with a few men a vessel of more than equal force, lying in the harbour of Penobscot; under a furious cannonade from the battery, and an incessant firing from the troops. After this he continued with captain Little, till the peace of 1783.

In the year 1801, he had the command of the United States frigate *Essex*, in which he performed a

voyage to the East Indies, for the protection of our trade in those seas; and, having driven off the cruisers, returned in the following year with a convoy from Batavia under his care, consisting of fifteen ships and other vessels, estimated at the value of four millions of dollars.

In the year 1803, captain Preble was honoured with the appointment of commodore, and with the command of the United States frigate *Constitution*, with a squadron consisting of seven sail of vessels in all; and before the end of the year made his passage to the Mediterranean Sea.

In the following year, 1804, though he was destined to act in the Mediterranean with his fleet, and particularly designed to subdue or humble the Tripolitan barbarians; yet, on his arrival at Gibraltar, he found the emperor of Morocco had made war upon the vessels of the United States. This prevented for a time the fleet's progress up the Mediterranean, till the commodore had taken measures to obtain a peace with that power, on terms honourable to his country, which was happily effected. But after the unfortunate loss of the frigate *Philadelphia*, he found that his remaining force was by no means equal to the attack of the strong holds of Tripoli, with any rational prospect of success. Rather than fail, however, in his design, he obtained a number of gun-boats from the king of Naples, by which he was the better able to oppose the gun-boats of the enemy. After the burning of the *Philadelphia*, through the valour of the brave Decatur, under the mouths of the enemy's cannon, he made his first general attack; and all the attacks which he made on the city and fortifications were so little distant in time from each other, and so judiciously conducted, with consummate bravery and alertness, that though the obstinate bashaw was not induced to surrender or flee, yet he was induced to make great abatements from time to time, in his demands for the

emancipation of the prisoners whom he then held in durance.

It is thought that one vessel more added to the small fleet would have enabled the commodore to complete the ruin or capture of the place. Much indeed was done towards compelling the enemy to set at liberty captain Bainbridge, with his officers and men; and towards obtaining a peace on moderate and honourable terms, which has since taken place. The conduct of our prudent and intrepid commander was such, as to do much honour to himself and the flag of the United States, in the view of Europe as well as of America. His conduct has extorted praise from the bashaw of Tripoli himself: and what affords a peculiar and unexpected honour to this American warrior, though a heretick, is the declaration of his holiness of Rome, *That he has done more towards humbling the anti-christian barbarians on that coast, than all the christian states of Europe had ever done.*

Mr. John Tullock.

The fate of this extraordinary victim to literature deserves notice. He was found dead the 3d October, 1804, in a garret in Rupert-street. He literally died of want. He was a native of Shetland. His father, who was a poor industrious fisherman, having one day discovered a chest washed on shore by the tide, found that it contained a quantity of carpenter's tools, and a few books. When he showed this treasure to his son John, he was surprised to find that the boy fixed his eyes on the books, and scarcely glanced at the chissels and planes. "Oh, father!" said he, after a pause and a sigh, "I would give all Lerwick (the chief town of the island) to be able to read any one of these books!"—"Then," cried the old man, with tears in his eyes, "if I live, and you live, you shall read every one of them, if I should even sell the chest and all it contains, and,

what is still more valuable, my boat and nets into the bargain."—John, who was then about nine years old, was sent to school the very next day; and in less than two years the pupil outstripped the master, who was allowed by all the islanders, to be an excellent teacher, as he could read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress from beginning to end. John was not satisfied with his school acquisitions, he was resolved to try what he could do by himself. Amongst the books "which had fallen from heaven," to use his own expression, he found Hill's Arithmetic. Notwithstanding all the difficulties that rose in succession to a beginner, who had scarce ever ventured to count beyond a hundred, he was determined to make himself master of a science that daily extended the boundaries of his mind. In less than a year, he could solve all the questions in skill. His fame as an arithmetician was so great, that some of the ignorant people thought that he dealt a little in what they called the black art. He was resolved that the mere knowledge of numbers should not close his literary career; he sat down to study mathematics. Nature had endowed him with talents pecuniary adapted to studies of this kind: a mind ardent yet patient in the pursuit of knowledge, a thorough contempt for what the world calls wealth, and a temperance in diet contributed to health and serenity. He was now about fifteen years of age: and as his father and mother were almost past their labours, he was advised to open a school, which would enable him to support his parents in decency. Dr. Young says, in allusion to instruction, that "in giving we receive, and in teaching we learn." This was verified in young Tullock. In consulting that peculiar bias which Nature has given to every mind, he was enabled to draw many deductions from the questions and pursuits of his pupils. Some of these questions led him to cast his eye to the heavens, the native seat of philosophy and kindred arts. Having

in time learned to call some of "the stars by their names," he began to emulate the fame of Flamsteed and Halley. These illustrious men, however, could converse with the living and the dead; they had friends and books; they had leisure, and could view the moon through Galileo's eyes. But Tullock had none of these aids: he was obliged to provide for the wants of the day that was passing over his head, and the only time that he could devote to the study of astronomy was at the expence of his humble pillow. A favourite mountain was his only observatory, on the top of which he used to pass many a night, even in the depth of winter, watching the motions of the heavenly bodies. At the age of twenty, he married a young woman, who in the course of time brought him a fine family of girls and boys. One of his friends, in an unlucky moment, conceiving that his native isle was too narrow a sphere for such a star to move in, advised him to try his fortune in London, the mart of genius, as he was taught to believe. This advice fell in with our young astronomer's wishes; he longed to converse with the learned, to consult books, and to communicate all that he knew to the world. Accordingly he set out for the capital on the wings of hope, and flattered himself that in less than a year he would be able to return with a sum sufficient to enable him to pass the rest of his days in lettered ease, in the bosom of his family. He travelled from Edinburgh to London on foot, with a few shillings in his pocket. All his golden prospects were not a little clouded, soon after his arrival, to find that he could not even procure the situation of a mathematical assistant in any one of the academies about the city. He had the mortification to experience, that talent is often estimated by dress and address, in both of which he was unfortunately wanting. Disappointed in all his applications, he opened a school in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials. Having been told by

a person on whose judgment he depended, that all the treasures of learning were locked up in the Latin, he devoted all his spare moments to the study of that language, and, in the end, made so great a progress in the acquisition of it, that he could translate it with tolerable ease. He then began to turn his thoughts to chemistry, and soothed himself with the hopes of making some discoveries in that useful branch of knowledge, and of one day emerging from obscurity. The income arising from his school was so slender, that he was obliged to live on the cheapest food, and could scarce afford himself coal or candle light. Baron Maseres occasionally assisted him; but such was his modesty, that even the want of the necessaries of life could not urge him to solicit the least relief. Having caught a cold about two years ago, it fell on his lungs. As his health declined, his scholars fell off; and as to friends, he had none that could assist him. In this hopeless situation, the thoughts of his family, who eagerly looked out for his return, a series of disappointments, together with the cold neglect of those who affected to patronize science, preyed on his mind, and hastened his dissolution. He was found dead in a damp room, with a few shavings under his head.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

HAVING frequently heard of this association, and being unacquainted with its object, I made some inquiry respecting it. The result of that inquiry I send for publication, because I think the design of the institution laudable and praiseworthy.

It was established by several young gentlemen of literary charac-

ter, in Philadelphia, in the year 1805.

By a fund, which is annually created among themselves, they are enabled to subscribe for all the periodical publications of the United States which are valuable, and also some of those most celebrated in England, to procure which, they assemble every fortnight, and, in order to make the convention subservient to more than one useful purpose, at every meeting two of their members read each an essay on either a scientific, moral, or literary subject. To such an institution the friends of learning must wish success. It does not appear to be built of those flimsy materials which will wear out in a day; but having for its object the promotion of knowledge among its members, as well as the extension of patronage toward American papers, it has a fair claim to long existence, creditable and honourable to its founders.

S.

August, 1807.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON, of New Orleans, has offered proposals for publishing "*The Body of the Civil Law*," which he means to translate in ten volumes octavo, at ten dollars a volume.

During the late session of congress, the senate of the United States passed a resolution directing the secretary of the treasury to procure information touching the general progress of canals and turnpikes, and the improvement of the navigation of rivers throughout the union: and to report the result to the ensuing session. In compliance with this order, the secretary has recently invited the numerous corporations of the state

of Pennsylvania, through the medium of an officer of the government, to collect facts and observations relative to these highly interesting subjects.

The citizens of this commonwealth remember how much zeal was displayed, last winter, at Lancaster, to stimulate such undertakings, by showing the expediency of them, and the ability of the state to grant pecuniary aid; but without effect. It must therefore be pleasing to every patriotic mind to know that the *general government* is disposed to show its patronage. To render this the more certain, therefore, it becomes the duty of those persons who are possessed of any useful information of the kind to communicate it.

We have pleasure in stating, from actual knowledge, that there has lately been erected, within the boundaries of Philadelphia, a factory, which contains two looms for the purpose of making cloth of a strong quality, between sail duck and Russia sheeting. In the largest of these is made cloth seven yards wide, and, such is the superiority of its machinery, that one man alone is able to make from thirty-five to forty-two square yards per day, without more exertion than at common weaving. The first piece, containing near four hundred yards, was finished and cut from the loom about four weeks since. The proprietor is in possession of a mode of applying a rotatory motion to looms of the useful kind. In the present instance, however, that operation is unnecessary. In Europe, so far as our information is correct, two men at least are employed in the making of cloth of this width, who together seldom produce more than eighteen yards per day.

The lesser loom weaves, in a similar manner, cloth three yards wide of the same texture, which can be, and often is worked by a boy of twelve years; the tramp of this loom does not require eight ounces.

The object of the factory is that of making the patent floor cloths or summer carpets, similar with those of Hare's patent, heretofore always imported, for the perfection of which it is best that there should be no seam; it is, therefore, necessary to weave of this extraordinary width.

Connected with this business is that of renovating woollen carpets or baizes, which are otherwise of little use; they can be done at a small expence; they are coated on one side, leaving the wool on the other untouched, and giving the advantage of a summer and winter carpet: they are neat and durable.

—

Mr. Robert Fulton, the ingenious inventor of the machines called torpedoes, some account of which was given in our last number, has likewise constructed a steam boat, calculated to sail both against wind and tide. The following letter to Mr. Barlow, containing an account of its first voyage, will be gratifying to every friend to the commerce and agriculture of this country.

TO JOEL BARLOW, PHILADELPHIA.

New York, Aug. 22, 1807.

My dear Friend.

My steam boat voyage to Albany and back has turned out rather more favourable than I had calculated. The distance from New York to Albany is 150 miles; I ran it up in 32 hours, and down in 30 hours. The latter is just five miles an hour. I had a light breeze against me the whole way going and coming, so that no use was made of my sails; and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam engine. I overtook many sloops and schooners beating to windward, and passed them as if they had been at anchor.

The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved. The morning I left New York, there was not perhaps thirty persons in the city who believed that the boat would ever move one mile an hour,

or be of the least utility. And while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks: this is the way, you know, in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors.

Having employed much time and money and zeal in accomplishing this work, it gives me, as it will you, great pleasure to see it so fully answer my expectations. It will give a quick and cheap conveyance to merchandize on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers, which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprize of our countrymen. And although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting with you on the immense advantage that my country will derive from the invention.

However, I will not admit that it is half so important as the torpedo system of defence and attack; for out of this will grow the liberty of the seas; an object of infinite importance to the welfare of America, and every civilized country. But thousands of witnesses have now seen the steam boat in rapid movement, and they believe: they have not seen a ship of war destroyed by a torpedo, and they do not believe. We cannot expect people in general will have a knowledge of physics, or power of mind sufficient to combine ideas, and reason from causes to effects. But in case we have war, and the enemy's ships come into our waters, if the government will give me reasonable means of action, I will soon convince the world that we have surer and cheaper modes of defence than they are aware of.

Yours, &c.

ROBERT FULTON.

—

There is now growing in the garden of Joseph Cooper, Esq., of New Jersey, opposite to the city of Philadelphia, a grape-vine that covers

an area equal to *two thousand one hundred and seventy square feet*, and is now so loaded with fruit, that it is estimated to contain not less than *forty bushels* of grapes; and it probably contains a much greater quantity. From this *one vine* Mr. Cooper, last fall, made *a barrel of wine*; and, this fall, may make a much larger quantity. This wine was

made without any addition of sugar; and the writer of this paragraph, who was bred in the Madeira wine-trade, and has tasted this wine, feels no hesitation in saying, that it is superior to Madeira wine of the same age; whether it will improve by age, in like manner with Madeira wine, remains to be shown by experiment. The grape from which it was made, is a *native grape* of the neighbourhood, and appears to be a species of the common chicken grape; which, like that, and most of our late grapes, is distinguished from the European and Asiatic grapes hitherto imported into America (and known among us under the name of English grapes) by a very important circumstance, viz.: a slight frost destroys the foreign grape, and discomposes its juice; while the same degree of frost, and even a much greater degree of it, concentrates and enriches the juice of the native grape. This circumstance affords strong ground to presume, that the wine from it improves by time, even more than that of the Madeira grape. There is, also, a further important advantage on the side of our native grape, viz.: the fruit may be permitted to remain on the vine so late in the season, as that the fermentation will not be affected by too great a heat. The facts here stated are not like the distant wonders related by travellers, that are too far off to be examined: for this vine stands within four hundred yards of Cooper's ferry, opposite to Philadelphia, and may be seen for the trifling expence of ferriage across the river. They will also learn what may greatly surprise a foreign vigneron, that, under the shade of this vine,

there has, this season, been cut a full crop of grass!

These facts ought not to discourage the raising of foreign grapes; for it is now well known, that various kinds of the foreign vines will stand over winters, and produce fruit in abundance.

The following easy method of taking honey without destroying the bees was communicated to the editor of the Cornwall Gazette, by a respectable French priest, who asserts that it is the mode generally adopted throughout France: in the dusk of the evening, when the bees are quietly lodged, approach the hive, and turn it gently over; having steadily placed it in a small pit previously dug to receive it, with its bottom uppermost, cover it with a clean new hive, which has been previously prepared, with two small sticks stuck across its middle, and rubbed with aromatic herbs. Having carefully adjusted the mouth of each hive to the other, so that no aperture remains between them, take a small stick and beat gently round the sides of the lower hive for about ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, in which time the bees will leave their cells in the lower hive, and ascend and adhere to the upper one. Then gently lift the new hive, with all its little tenants, and place it on the stand from whence the other hive was taken. This should be done some time in the week preceding midsummer day, that the bees may have time, before the summer flowers are faded, to lay in a new stock of honey, which they will not fail to do, for their subsistence through the winter. As many as have the humanity and good-sense to adopt that practice will find their reward in the increase of their stock and their valuable produce.

The bee is well known to be an irritable, vindictive creature; but whether envy or jealousy constitute a part of her character, or whether

she bear any antipathy to the butterfly, I cannot tell. Rivalship, however, being, in most other cases, sufficient ground for jealousy and hostility, and the bee and the butterfly resorting to the same flowers for food, it may be well worth the agriculturalist's while to observe whether the bee ever attack the butterfly; whether butterflies be so numerous in gardens where swarms of bees are kept, as in those where there are none, and whether dead butterflies (bearing no marks of violence from spiders) be found in gardens where stray bees resort.

If, upon examination, it should appear that the bees kill or drive away the butterflies, then the farmers and gardeners may soon extirpate the whole race of caterpillars, by only keeping on foot (or rather *on wing*) a standing army of bees, to protect their grounds; a standing army which will yield an increase of revenue to their employer.

Should this idea ever be realized, and the whole country be covered with swarms of bees, the quantities of honey thus produced will be inconceivable; and then truly may we be said to live in a land "flowing with milk and honey."

Smearing of sheep.—Immediately after the sheep are shorn, soak the roots of the wool that remains all over with oil, or butter, and brimstone; and 3 or 4 days afterward wash them with salt and water; the wool of next season will not only be much finer and softer, but the quantity will be in greater abundance. The sheep will not be troubled with the scab or vermin that year. Tar-water is a safe remedy against maggots.

A specimen of wool from a native sheep, brought from Smith's Island to Arlington*, was forwarded by Mr. Custis to Dr. Mease, and exhib-

* The farm of G. W. P. Custis, near Alexandria.

bited by him at a meeting of the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia, on the 11th of August. It unites the fineness of the Spanish Merinos with nearly the length of the English combing wool, and exhibits, beyond contradiction, the congeniality of our climate with the perfection of that valuable staple of manufacture.

The exertions which Mr. Custis is making to improve the quality of American wool, are highly meritorious, and rank him, with colonel Humphreys, among the true patriots of our country.

JERSEY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Summer, 1807.

Hay.—Large crops, exceeding those of any late year. Some of it damaged, a great deal well got in. Bottom and low meadows escaped floods with less injury than common.

Harvests. Wheat.—More abundant and better than any former year since the revolution. With daily showers and hot suns in harvest-time, somewhat grown in places.

Rye.—Plentiful and well secured, some few crops excepted.

Oats.—Unusually abundant and good. More sown than usual, and what was sown is better.

Flax.—Large, thick, and well seeded; the coating not yet ascertained.

Corn.—Never more promising, and seldom more planted.

Barley.—But little sown; that little generally good.

On the whole, should *Indian corn* turn out as well as it promises, a more plentiful year will never have been remembered in this state.

Fruit.—No scarcity, except of apples, of which there are very few.

James Deneale, of Dumfries, Virginia, has obtained a patent for an oven which he has invented on entire new principles, for baking all kinds of bread. The advantages of

his plan over those hitherto used are thus stated by the proprietor: In the usual mode the oven is first heated; the fire scraped out, and the dough put in to bake when the oven is hottest; and as the bread bakes, the oven gradually cools. It will easily be conceived, that when bread is first put into an oven, it is most tender, and least capable of bearing heat; by this new plan the bread is put into the oven at the extreme end, or where the heat is least, and, as it bakes, it regularly progresses into a keener heat, until baked. Again: it is acknowledged, the thinner bread is baked the better it is, and the longer it will keep. In the usual mode of baking, the thinner the bread, the smaller the quantity the oven will bake per day: on this plan, the thinner the bread the more the oven will bake; added to this, the labour of splitting of wood is saved, the heating, cleaning, and setting an oven also. An oven on this plan, if well built, is much more durable; takes up less room to do the same business, costs much less money to build it; requires less fuel to bake the same quantity of bread; and fewer hands can do the same business. For an oven of twenty feet length, and three feet six inches width, or the privilege of using it, his price is five hundred dollars; and in proportion for a larger or smaller one.

A seaman recommends to all masters of vessels who are bound on long voyages, to have their bread carefully packed in rum or brandy casks. Bread put up in this manner may be kept for years, equally as good as when received from the bakehouse. The casks should be perfectly air tight, and the bread well dried before packing: it is necessary in the course of the voyage to start the casks and drive the hoops. Bread has been kept for two years in this manner, in perfect order, when some of the same quality, kept in the usual way, was full of worms.

About ten years ago a lease was granted by lord Crewe of an estate at Madely, England, to Mr. Elkington, the celebrated drainer. It consisted of about five hundred acres, three hundred of which were so unsound, that a person could not even walk upon it. Half of it has been drained, and brought into a state of cultivation. The crops of turnips raised upon it, both of the common and Swedish sort, have been remarkably fine; and the land is become so firm as to admit of their being fed off by cattle. In the succeeding crops, an unusual difficulty has occurred; for though Mr. Elkington, from the extreme luxuriance of the soil, thought it expedient to sow only half the usual quantity of seed, the barley-crops have been so strong, as to be uniformly laid, the grain of course much injured, and the clover and grass-seeds destroyed. Mr. Elkington has, however, been successful in his attempts to render this land more promising by *exhausting* crops. Last year he had ten acres of hemp; the crop was great, and the grass roots such as to astonish the neighbourhood. From the same motive Mr. Elkington has reduced the soil by successive crops of oats, upon lands that have borne two previous crops of corn without mature. He obtained last year the amazing produce of 174 bushels of good oats, from five bushels and eleven quarts of seed sown broad cast. This extraordinary return has been made from land, which a few years ago was not worth one shilling per acre.

The result of a course of experiments has been laid before the Hereford Agricultural Society, by T. A. Knight, esq. from which it appears that the *strength* of the juice of any cyder apple is in exact proportion of its *weight*. Thus the juices of the inferior apples are light when compared with the juices of the old and approved sorts. The *forest* *stire* outweighed every other, until it was put in competition with the new variety produced by

Mr. Knight, from the *Siberian crab*, and the Lulham pearmain; nor could any other juice be found equal in weight to the latter.

The French excel every nation in Europe in projects. In announcing the following new canals which are projected in France, we think it proper to state that fifty of greater extent have been formed in England within the last twenty years. A grand northern canal, in two branches. The first to effect the junction of the Scheld with the Meuse from Antwerp to Venlo. The second, the junction of the Meuse with the Rhine. A canal to unite the Scheld and the Scarpe. A lateral canal, to improve the navigation of the river La Haine. A canal of the Lys to Liperlé. A canal from Charleroy to Brussels. A lateral canal to the Loire: very advantageous to the neighbouring departments for the exportation of their territorial productions and manufactures. A canal from Niort to Rochelle; on which *prisoners of war* are to be employed till they are exchanged. A canal from Nantes to Brest. The plan is to join the Loire and the Vilaine; the Vilaine with the Blavet; to be continued to Port-Launay and Brest, by the rivers Doré, Hières, and Anne.

Cuvier has found in the gypseous hills, near Paris, fossil bones, belonging to a species of *sarigau*, now existing only in America. Several bones of an unknown animal, to which he has given the name of *palæothorium*, supposed to have been eight feet long, and five feet high, have been found in many parts of France. Fossil bones, supposed to have belonged to a small kind of

hippopotamus, have been discovered near the Arno, in Italy. Teeth and bones, which, after minute observation, Cuvier assigns to the species of hyena now found at the Cape of Good Hope, have been dug up in various parts of Germany and France. A skull with many teeth, preserved in the cabinet of Stutgard, belonged also to that animal; it was found, in 1700, near Canstadt, on the east bank of the Neckar. The adjacent hills contain ammonites, belemnites, reeds; and M. Autenrieth has discovered in the neighbourhood a whole prostrate forest of palm trees, two feet in diameter. There were found, also, elephants' bones, oart-loads of horses' teeth, rhinoceros' teeth, and some vertebræ, which seemed to have belonged to the cetaceous tribe. In the same country, the bones of wolves and hyenas have been discovered, mingled in confusion; also vertebræ, asserted to have belonged to a bear of enormous size. "What ages were those," exclaims Cuvier, "when the elephant and the hyena of the Cape lived together in our climates, in forests of palm-trees, and associated with northern bears larger than our horses?"

The number of printing-offices in London are upwards of two hundred, and they employ at least five hundred presses. In Edinburgh, there were, in 1763, six printing-offices; in 1790, twenty one; in 1800, thirty; in 1805, forty. In the forty printing-offices now in Edinburgh, are employed upwards of one hundred and twenty printing-presses. In Dublin there are about forty offices, which employ ninety presses, and upwards of one hundred and forty compositors and pressmen.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who
weep,

A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter
sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer ev'ning's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart, beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Mis'ry stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish! Oh, my mother Earth!
Take home thy child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclin'd,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine
ear;
My pulse,—my brain runs wild;—I
rave:
—Ah! who art thou, whose voice I
hear?

“I am the Grave!

“The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to
chide;
O listen!—I will speak no more:
Be silent, Pride!

“Art thou a *wretch*, of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

“Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty
breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

“Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst
thou flee?

Ah! think not, hope not, fool! to
find

A friend in me.

“By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell!
By the dread secrets of my womb!
By death and hell!

“I charge thee, live!—Repent, and
pray;
In dust thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy;—go thy way,
And sin no more.

“Art thou a *mourner*?—Hast thou
known
The joy of innocent delights?
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

“O live!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the
past:
Rely on Heav'n's unchanging will
For peace at last.

“Art thou a *wanderer*?—Hast thou
seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy
bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

“Though long of winds and waves
the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to
roam,
Live!—thou shalt reach a sheltering
port,
A quiet home.

“To Friendship didst thou trust thy
fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast, to aim
A surer blow?

“Live!—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For Friendship's gold.

"Goseek that treasure, seldom found,
Of pow'r the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest
wound

With heavenly balm.

"In woman hast thou plac'd thy bliss,
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a kiss,
And sold thy love?

"Live!—'twas a false bewildering
fire;
Too often love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with sweet
desire,

But kills the heart.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy
breast,
A brighter maiden's virtuous
charms!
Blest shall thou be, supremely
blest,

In Beauty's arms.

"Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrow see
The hand of God

"A bruised reed He will not break;
Afflictions all His children feel;
He wounds them for His mercy's
sake,

He wounds to heal!

"Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
Prostrate His Providence adore:
'Tis done!—Arise! He bids thee
stand,

To fall no more.

"Now, traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of
years,

Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who
weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes
sleep,

Low in the ground;

"The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, free'd from
clay,

In Heaven's eternal sphere shall
shine,

A star of day!

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE HOLY MAN.

A Portrait.

IN days when blythe my childhood
ran,
I knew him well, the holy man;
Erect his form, tho' Time had shed
Some snows upon the reverend head.
Youth lent his cheek its liveliest hue,
And lighted still his eyes of blue;
Thence oft would sportive fancy
peep,
With mirth that fills the furrow
deep;
And oft the guileless lips between
The thought in lambent smiles was
seen.

His voice such music could impart
As calms and cheers the troubled
heart;
Even ere his soothing strains began,
He breath'd of peace, the holy man!
In no rude isle, no lonely wood,
His patriarchal dwelling stood,
In no wild glen; the vale was still,
Beneath the slope of shek'ring hill;
Alone the flail was heard in air,
Or sabbath bell that chimed to
prayer.

There rose his chimney, dimly seen,
Behind its lattice-work of green,
There open stood the simple door,
Haunt of the mourner and the poor,
Haunt of the happy, home of rest,
Even of the care-worn stranger
blest!

Him hail'd the son, with cordial
mien;

Him sooth'd the daughter's smile
serene;

And him caress'd the playful boy
(Delight of all, the common joy);
He to the grandsire's charmed ear
Oft breath'd his little lisped prayer;
And oft the hair of silvery hue
With wily trochin finger drew;

Then feigning fear the culprit ran,
For well he knew the holy man.

Oh! not in cheerless hermitage
Trimm'd he the glimmering lamp of
age:

From him had years no power to steal
Man's dearest privilege, to feel:
Still might the lover, unprov'd,
With rapture paint the sole lov'd;
And still the fearful maid impart
The sorrows of a conscious heart:
Such rapture once his youth had
known,

Such sorrows haply were his own;
Time had but slack'd the thrilling
chord,

Reponsive to the bosom's lord.
O Memory! let me long retrace
The lov'd expression of his face,
When, o'er th' historic page unroll'd,
He mus'd on days and deeds of old:
On sceptres now oblivion's prey,
And empires vanished away.
But when he breath'd the patriot's
name

He kindled with the sacred flame,
And eyes that beam'd through tears
confess'd

The transports of a kindred breast.
Sweet was his smile at early morn,
O'er the fair blossom newly born;
Or when at evening's pensive hour
He sought the low laburnum bower.
If look'd from heav'n the star of day,
While roll'd the silent clouds away;
If o'er his brow with balmy wing
Breath'd the sweet south, the soul of
spring;

In all around, beneath, above,
He saw, he felt the power of love:
And as the mother's soul o'erflows,
On the sweet babe her arms enclose,
So look'd on Nature's genial plan,
So look'd to God, the holy man.

Thou gracious form, that from this
heart,

While life remains, shall ne'er depart,
How did this prescient bosom swell,
What time I breath'd the sad fare-
well!

His hand with firmer grasp I prest,
Long on the threshold did I rest,
A lingering glance again I cast,
Another yet, and then the last!
Stern Death! on that dear hallow'd
breast

Unfelt thy icy hand was prest;

And whilst thy swiftest arrow sped,
Still seem'd to sleep the pillow'd
head.

Haply, some angel in his ear
Low whisper'd that the hour was
near,

Or haply some kind vision stole
With bland enchantment o'er his
soul:

His hand some stranger's seem'd to
press,

His gift some sorrowing mourner
bless;

For pale his lips, his cheeks though
wan,

Still smiled in death the holy man!

E. B.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADDRESSED TO A BRANCH OF THE
RIVER AVON.

Ah! happy stream, that glides
away

Through vales romantic, wild, and
gay,

Yet scarcely rippling heard to stray,
A calm unruffled tide;

Whose placid current, deep and
clear,

Reflects the pencil'd landscape near,
And murmurs on the pilgrim's ear,

Who wanders by its side;

Till lost in lowly shades unseen,
It quits the mild Arcadian scene,
And hides in tangl'd thickets green
Its many winding way.

Such is the hapless maiden's lot,
Who pensive loves, by all forgot,
To seek some lone sequester'd spot,
Or ivy'd cloister grey.

There soon the sufferer sinks to rest,
No more with earthly cares oppress,
And o'er that once-lov'd heaving
breast

The quivering alders wave.

Yet Cynthia, empress of the night,
Descending oft, with dewy light,
In starry zone and circlet bright,
Shall bless the vestal's grave.

M.

For the Literary Magazine.

WHY is the rose, whose sweets regal'd the sense,
When blooming on his mossy, native tree,
Far to a stranger's breast transplanted thence,
No more an object of delight to me?

Why is the nymph, whom once, with fond desire,
I cherish'd as the darling of my heart,
An alien from whose sight I now retire,
As shuns the wary bird the fowler's art?

She charms another with her winning grace,
With secret glance lights up his longing eye;
And blushes when she marks his smiling face,
Her looks, her smiles, her blushes tell me why!

Thus, when a child, I thought the Moon was mine,
Queen of the blue and starry realms of night!

But lo! her heav'nly beauties only shine
Enamour'd of the Sun, her god of light.

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES ADDRESS'D TO A FOUNTAIN.

SEQUESTER'D fountain! ever pure,
Whose placid streamlet flows,
In silent lapse, through glens obscure,
Where timid flocks repose:
Tired and disabled in the race,
I quit ambition's fruitless chace,
To shape my course by thine;
And, pleas'd, from serious trifles turn,
As thus, around thy little urn,
A votive wreath I twine.

Fair fountain! on thy margin green,
May tufted trees arise,

And spreading boughs thy bosom skreen

From summer's fervent skies;
Here may the spring her flow'rets strew,
And morning shed her pearly dew,
May health infuse her balm;
And some soft virtue in thee flow.
To mitigate the pangs of woe,
And bid the heart be calm.

O! may thy salutary streams,
Like those of Lethe's spring,
That bathe the silent land of dreams,
Some drops oblivious bring.
With that blest opiate in my bowl,
Far shall I from my wounded soul
The thorns of spleen remove,
Forget how there at first they grew,
And, once again, with man renew
The cordial ties of love.

For what avails the wretch to bear
Imprinted on his mind,
The lessons of distrust and fear,
Injurious to mankind?
Hopeless in his disastrous hour,
He sees the gath'ring tempest lour,
The bursting cloud impend,
Towards the wild west he turns his eye,
Nor can that happy port descry,
The bosom of a friend.

How chang'd since that propitious time,
When woo'd by fortune's gale,
Fearless in youth's advent'rous prime,
He crowded ev'ry sail!
The swelling tide, the sportive breeze,
Lightly along the halcyon seas
His bounding pinnacle bore,
In search of happiness, the while,
He steer'd by ev'ry fragrant isle,
And touch'd at ev'ry shore.

Ah me! to Youth's ingenuous eye
What charms the prospect wears!
Bright as the portals of the sky
The op'ning world appears;
There every figure stands confest,
In all the sweet advantage drest
Of Candour's radiant robe,
There no mean cares admission find,
Love is the business of mankind,
And Honour rules the globe.

But if those gleams fallacious prove
That paint the world so fair;
If heav'n has plac'd for gen'rous love
No soft asylum there;
If men fair faith, fair fame deride,

Bent on the crooked paths that guide
To Int'rest's sordid shrine;
Be yours, ye gloomy sons of Woe!
That melancholy truth to know;
The dream of bliss be mine.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, on Thursday evening, July 30, by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. Isaac G. Hannum, printer, to miss Lydia Eyres, both of Philadelphia.

Same evening, by the Rev. J. Janeway, Mr. David Lyndall, of Philadelphia, to miss Priscilla Brown, of the Northern Liberties.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. John S. Soast, to miss Elizabeth Sink, of the Northern Liberties.

On Monday evening, August 3, by the right Rev. Dr. White, Mr. John Andrews, merchant, to miss Margaret Abercrombie, daughter of the Rev. James Abercrombie, D. D., one of the assistant ministers of Christ Church and St. Peter's.

On Thursday evening, August 27, by the Rev. bishop White, Mr. John J. Wheeler, merchant, to miss Henrietta Maria Howell, daughter of Reading Howell, Esq., all of Philadelphia.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. Peter Watters, to miss Ann M'Kincy, both of Southwark.

At NEW YORK, on Wednesday, July 29, by the right Rev. bishop Moore, Peter Augustus Jay, Esq., son of governor Jay, to miss Mary Rutherford Clarkson, daughter of general Clarkson.

On Wednesday morning, August 13, at St. John's Church, by the right Rev. bishop Moore, John Okill, Esq., to miss Jay, daughter of sir James Jay, Kt., of that city.

At BALTIMORE, on Wednesday evening, August 26, by the Rev. Mr. Inglis, Mr. Jesse L. Keene, of Phila-

delphia, late of the United States' navy, to miss Jennet Bryden, second daughter of Mr. James Bryden, Fountain inn.

DIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, on the 4th of August, of a short but painful illness, in the thirtieth year of her age, Sarah Allen, wife of Charles Allen, of Philadelphia, druggist.

On Sunday evening, August 9, of a tedious illness, which he bore with suitable fortitude, Mr. John Hurley, painter, of Philadelphia.

On Friday, August 14, after a very long and painful illness, Mrs. Maria Carrell, wife of Mr. Edward Carrell.

On Monday, August 24, the venerable Hugh M'Cullough, of Philadelphia, aged eighty-eight years and two months. It is remarkable, that, during his long life, he was scarcely ever visited with sickness or pain. He closed the scene at length after a very short illness, occasioned probably by a touch of the prevailing influenza, though a gradual decay was visible some time before to those about him.

On Sunday evening, August 30, Daniel Dupuy, sen., in the eighty-ninth year of his age, long a respectable inhabitant of Philadelphia.

On the 23d of August, at his country-seat, near Philadelphia, after a short but severe illness, Mr. Richard Hopkins, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

At ALLENTOWN, Northampton county, on the 1st of July, Thomas Mewhorter, Esq., late a representative from that county in the senate of Pennsylvania.

At GERMANTOWN, on Thursday

morning, August 20, Mrs. Elizabeth Barnhill, consort of Robert Barnhill, of Philadelphia, merchant.

On Friday, August 28, after an illness of two days, Mrs. Sarah Rodman, wife of Gilbert Rodman, Esq., of Eddington, Bensalem township, Bucks county, and second daughter of the late Richard Gibbs, Esq., of the same place.

At PROVIDENCE, R. I., on Sunday, August 16, aged fifty-nine years, Mrs. Avis Brown, the surviving partner in conjugal relation of the late Nicholas Brown, Esq.

At PORTLAND, Eunice, aged four years and three months, daughter of Mr. William S. Quincy. Her death was occasioned by her swallowing a tamarind stone, which stuck in the wind-pipe.

At ELKTON, Cecil county, Maryland, on the fourth of August, Mrs. Mary Hollingsworth, in the eighty-seventh year of her age.

At ALEXANDRIA, on the 24th of August, after a lingering illness, doctor James Gillies, who has been a practising physician of great eminence in that town for several years, and for philanthropy by few excelled.

On Sunday morning, August 9, general Lewis Nicolas, a respectable veteran of 1776.

In South Carolina, on the 9th of July, Jane Eliza Dunlap, in the tenth year of her age, eldest daughter of Samuel Dunlap, Esq., of Lancaster-ville. By her suddenly reaching to the floor for thread, as it is supposed, and, having her needle in such a position, it penetrated into her breast, a little above her heart, leaving nearly one-third of the needle in her breast (the needle about No. 5), which destroyed her in less than one hour after she received the wound. Medical aid was immediately called, but the physician could render her no assistance.

At CHARLESTON, South Carolina, on Friday, August 7, Mr. Thomas Sikes, a native of Ireland, in the ninety-sixth year of his age. He resided in that city about sixty years. This is another evidence that that climate is not so unfavour-

able to longevity as it has been represented. Mr. Sikes enjoyed to the end of his long life as uninterrupted a state of good health as generally falls to the lot of men in any country. He was a member of the society of friends, and much respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

Drowned, near Lexington, on Friday evening, July 24, George Bickham, jun., of Philadelphia, only son of George Bickham, Esq., merchant, of that place. On Friday morning, Mr. Bickham and several of his acquaintance went on a visit to the Kentucky River. They had spent the afternoon in exploring the cliffs of the river, near the mouth of Hicman (the object of their visit), and in the evening he, with another gentleman, went in to bathe. In attempting to swim across the river, he unfortunately got into a current, which precipitated him over a fish dam a short distance below, and no efforts of his anxious friends could save him. The body, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Moore and Mr. Blythe, attended by a large number of his friends and acquaintances, was interred in Lexington. In no instance have we witnessed such universal sympathy as was excited by this lamentable occurrence.

At Sunderland, New Hampshire, July 29th, 1807, a son of Mr. John Rowe, a worthy and promising young man, aged nineteen years, in the prime of life, much respected, and universally lamented. The circumstances of his death are here faithfully stated:

Six weeks before his death, as he was returning to his lodgings late in the evening, he was attacked in the street by a mad dog. The young man defended himself with his hands as well as he could; but unhappily, in the contest the dog wounded him in two of his fingers. He immediately entered his lodgings, washed his wounds, squeezing, rubbing, and cleansing them to the bottom in the most prudent manner he could, applying salt and vinegar or spirits. Early next morning he ad-

vised with doctor Wells of Montague; he prescribed for him, and wrote to me his mode of practice, wishing me to attend upon him: his directions were strictly attended to. The mercurial ungt. was applied, but no ptyalism succeeded, the quantity of ungt. was increased, and persisted in for about five weeks, but no salivation ensued, only his gums and mouth were a little sore, and a bad taste in his mouth; it was then concluded, that although there was no ptyalism, the mercury must have destroyed the poison, and friction was omitted. He then complained of a pain in the shoulder of the wounded side, the wounds having been perfectly healed for some time, which pains were attributed to taking cold, making a partial rheumatism; applications were made to the pained part, the pain abated and left him; he then, two days before his death, complained of a numbness in the same arm, which increased until it was almost useless, before his death. Two days before his death the air affected him very sensibly, increasing to that degree, that he could not bear any person's approach without symptoms of great uneasiness, and even a person's breathing with his face towards him greatly affected him; taking nothing into his mouth without a kind of shiver, as if from the sense of cold air; in this manner he expressed his feelings, and thus it appeared to the bystanders; his mind was much agitated though fear of canine madness, and often spoke as if in a state of temporary derangement, but would answer correctly to any question proposed.

He could see water and swallow it as easily as more solid substances, and said the sight of water, of luminous or transparent objects were not offensive, but in his last hours his expressions were that his blood was in a foam, and his eyes felt as if they were balls of fire; the night on which he died the symptoms were like a true phrenzy. Exerting himself to the utmost, sometimes he would propose wrestling with his

attendants, sometimes would warn them of their danger, for perhaps he should bite them, but after this deranged to the last; he would swallow water, and never refused. Thus ended the scene, and he died miserably.

He complained of no pain in his wounds, no swelling appeared, and they were perfectly smooth, no wandering pains except the shoulder, no unquiet troubled sleep, or frightful dreams, no convulsions or subsultus of the tendons, no trembling at the sight of liquids or pellucid things, no spasms or vomiting, no frothing at the mouth, no efforts to spit at the bystanders, or to bite them, no foaming at the mouth, or gnashing of the teeth, or inclination to do mischief.

Is or is not this the hydrophobia? let the public judge.

S. CHURCH.

In England, Elizabeth Clayton, aged sixty. This woman, from an early propensity to masculine employments, had worked as a ship-carpenter at a dock-yard upwards of forty years, and was always in man's apparel; she used to drink, chew tobacco, and keep company only with the workmen; yet she would never enter into the matrimonial state. She was a strong, robust woman, and never permitted any one to insult her with impunity. [A woman, aged about fifty, now works regularly in man's apparel, as a ship-carpenter, at Halifax, Nova Scotia. She is capable and industrious, and can utter an oath, or turn off her grog, with as little ceremony as any of her fellow-labourers.]

Lately, at Kingston, upon Thames, Mrs. Pierce, relict of the late unfortunate captain Pierce, commander of the Haleswell, East Indiaman, in which ship he perished with two daughters, and several other friends, in the year 1786. Perhaps modern history does not afford a more remarkable instance of what human nature can endure than is to be found in the latter part of this lady's life: accustomed to the most elegant and liberal style of life, surrounded by a numerous and engage-

ing family, united to a man who occasioned more tears at his loss, perhaps, than any private individual before or since the lamentable fate of the Haleswell: in the midst of this transient scene of bliss did she hear of the beginning of her misery, in the wreck not only of her fortune, but her friends, her children, and her husband, all, all buried in the devouring ocean. Like a true christian did she bear up with unexampled fortitude against her cruel fate, which has still continued in its most merciless form to invade her, by the loss of her two sons, the eldest in the most promising situation in India, the youngest commanding the Taunton Castle, East Indiaman, and a short time prior to this her favourite daughter died in child-bed. To complete this scene of human misery, for the last twelve months this unfortunate sufferer had been labouring under a complication of diseases, the anguish of which was in a degree diminished by the calmness she evinced in bending with pious resignation to the will of the Almighty. She has left three most amiable daughters behind her, all married, who, together with the widow of her youngest son, alleviated, by their unremitting assiduity and tenderness, the latter moments of their much lamented relative.

At Liverpool, by a fall from the maintop of his ship, William Hadley, an American seaman.

WEEKLY REGISTER OF MORTALITY IN THE CITIES OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND BALTIMORE.

Health-office, Aug. 1, 1807.

Interments, in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, in the week ending the 1st of August.

Diseases.	Ad.	Childr.
Cancer,	1	0
Cachelia,	1	0
Childbed,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	0	8
Consumption of the lungs,	8	1

Convulsions,	1	3
Decay,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the brain,	1	2
Dropsy in the chest,	1	0
Dysentery,	1	3
Epilepsy,	1	0
Fever remittent or bilious,	1	0
— puerperal,	1	0
Inflammation of the lungs,	0	1
— bowels,	1	1
Jaundice,	1	0
Locked jaw,	1	0
Old age,	1	0
Small-pox, natural,	0	4
Still-born,	0	2
Sudden,	1	0
Teething,	0	1
Thrush,	0	1
Total,	24	28—52

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years 19		
From 2	to 5	
5	10	2
10	20	2
20	30	3
30	40	9
40	50	1
50	60	1
60	70	2
70	80	1
80	90	0

Ages unknown

Total ——— 52

Diseases.	Ad.	Childr.	Aug. 8.
Cachexia,	0	1	
Childbed,	1	0	
Cholera morbus,	0	16	
Consumption of the lungs,	4	0	
Convulsions,	0	3	
Decay,	0	3	
Diarrhoea,	2	3	
Dropsy in the brain,	0	1	
Dysentery,	5	4	
Drunkenness,	1	0	
Fever typhus,	1	0	
— puerperal,	1	0	
Inflammation of the brain,	1	0	
— of the breast,	0	1	
— bowels,	0	1	
— liver,	1	0	
Insanity	3	0	
Old age	2	0	
Small-pox, natural,	1	1	
Worms,	0	1	
Total	23	34—57	

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years 28

From 2 to 5 2

5 10 3

10 15 1

15 20 3

20 30 5

30 40 3

40 50 1

50 60 3

60 70 1

70 80 2

80 90 1

Ages unknown 4

Total ——— 57

*Aug. 15.**Ad. Childr.**Diseases.*

Abscess, 0 2

Cholera morbus, 1 14

Consumption of the lungs, 1 0

Convulsions, 0 2

Decay, 0 1

Diarrhœa, 0 1

Dropsy, 1 0

Dysentery, 4 4

Debility, 0 1

Fever, bilious, 1 0

Gangrene, 1 0

Hives, 0 1

Hæmorrhage of the lungs, 1 0

Insanity, 1 0

Old age, 3 0

Small-pox, natural, 0 1

Still-born, 0 1

Teething, 0 1

Worms, 0 2

Syphilis, 1 0

Sudden, 1 0

Unknown, 1 0

Total, 17 31—48

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years 25

From 2 to 5 2

5 10 2

10 20 2

20 30 1

30 40 3

40 50 1

50 60 4

60 70 1

70 80 1

80 90 3

Ages unknown 3

Total ——— 48

*Aug. 22.**Ad. Childr.**Diseases.*

Atrophy, 0 1

Cancer, 1 1

Childbed, 1 0

Cholera morbus, 0 22

Cholic, 0 1

Consumption of the lungs, 6 0

Convulsions, 0 1

Diarrhœa, 0 3

Dropsy, 1 0

Dropsy of the chest, 0 1

Drowned, 2 0

Dysentery, 3 1

Fever, intermittent, 0 1

—, remittent or bilious, 3 0

Hooping-cough, 0 1

Hives, 0 1

Inflammation of the brain, 0 1

Influenza, 2 0

Insanity, 1 0

Jaundice, 1 0

Locked jaw, 1 0

Mortification, 1 0

Palsy, 1 0

Still-born, 0 4

Poisoned from grinding

paint, 1 0

Total, 25 39—64

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years 35

From 2 to 5 1

5 10 3

10 15 0

15 20 1

20 30 1

30 40 7

40 50 7

50 60 2

60 70 1

70 80 1

80 90 0

Ages unknown 5

Total ——— 64

*Aug. 29.**Ad. Childr.**Diseases.*

Asthma, 2 0

Atrophy, 0 2

Cholera morbus, 0 16

Consumption of the lungs, 11 0

Convulsions, 1 1

Decay, 1 0

Diarrhœa, 1 4

Dropsy, 0 1

Drowned, 0 1

Dysentery, 1 4

Fever, 2 1

—, bilious, 1 0

—, malignant bilious, 2 0

Gravel, 1 0

Hooping cough, 0 1

Hives, 0 2

Inflammation of the bow- els,	1	0
_____ liver,	2	0
Influenza,	4	1
Locked jaw,	1	0
Mortification,	1	0
Old age,	7	0
Still-born,	0	2
Worms,	0	1
Sudden,	1	0
Diseases unknown,	2	2

Total,	42	39—81
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Of the above there were :

Under 2 years 34

From 2 to 5 3

5 10 2

10 20 3

20 30 2

20	30	2
30	40	9

40	50	3
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40	50	5
50	60	8

50	60	8
60	70	1

60	70	1
70	80	5

70	60	3
80	90	2

60	90	2
	91	1

Ages unknown	8
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Total 81

Report of deaths, in the city of New-York; from the 11th to the 18th of July, 1807.

Adults 8—Children 17—Total 25.

Diseases.

Apoplexy,	1
Casualty,	1
Consumption,	1
Convulsions,	4
Cramp in the stomach,	2
Dropsy,	2
Infantile flux,	4
Inflammation of the bowels,	1
Mortification,	1
Nervous head-ache,	1
Palsy,	1
Still-born,	1
Syphilis,	1
Teething,	1
Vomiting and purging,	2
Worms,	1

The case of casualty was a child, aged about 2 years, who died in consequence of a scald.

From the 18th to the 25th July.

Adults 39—Children 15—Total 54.

Diseases.

Consumption,	13
Convulsions,	4
Debility, ' "	2

Decay,	1
Drinking cold water,	1
Dropsy,	1
Drowned,	3
Hives,	1
Infantile flux,	5
Intemperance,	1
Infanticide,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	1
Inflammation of the bowels,	2
Insanity,	1
Nervous fever,	2
New born infant,	2
Old age,	3
Quinsey,	1
St. Anthony's fire,	1
Sprue,	2
Still born,	2
Typhus fever,	2
Teething,	1
Ulcer,	1
Whooping cough,	1

From the 25th of July to the 1st of August.

Adults 20—Children 29—Total 49.

Diseases.

Cancer,	1
Consumption,	11
Convulsions,	8
Decay,	2
Dropsy,	2
Dropsy in the head,	1
Drowned,	1
Typhus fever,	4
Infantile flux,	5
Gravel,	1
Hives,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	2
Minorhagic,	2
Pleurisy,	1
Sore throat,	1
Sprue,	1
Sudden death,	1
Syphilis,	1
Teething,	1
Whooping cough,	2
Worms,	1

From the 1st to the 8th of August.

Adults 41—Children 36—Total 77.

Diseases.

Abscess,	1
Apoplexy,	2
Consumption,	10
Convulsions,	11
Debility,	1
Decay,	5
Diarrhœa,	1
Dropsy,	1

Drowned,	2
Dysentery,	2
Epilepsy,	1
Bilious fever,	1
Typhus fever,	2
Infantile flux,	16
Inflammation of the lungs,	2
Influenza,	1
Insanity,	1
Liver complaint,	1
Mortification,	1
Old age,	2
Small pox,	1
Sprue,	1
Still-born,	2
Sudden death,	2
Syphilis,	2
Teething,	3
Hooping cough,	1
Worms,	1

From the 8th to the 15th of August.

Adults 45—Children 42—Total 87.

Diseases.

Abscess,	3
Childbed,	1
Cold,	1
Consumption,	11
Convulsions,	5
Debility,	2
Decay,	3
Diarrhœa,	1
Dropsy,	3
Dropsy in the head,	1
Dysentery,	3
Bilious fever,	2
Intermittent fever,	1
Nervous fever,	2
Putrid fever,	1
Typhus fever,	6
Flux, infantile,	14
Hives,	4
Influenza,	6
Lock jaw,	1
Mortification,	1
Old age,	4
Palsy,	2
Pleurisy,	1
Still-born,	2
Suicide,	3
Teething,	3

From the 15th to the 22d of August.

Adults 44—Children 47—Total 91.

Diseases.

Apoplexy,	1
Cancer,	1
Cholera morbus,	1
Consumption,	15
Convulsions,	5

Cramp in the stomach,	1
Debility,	2
Decay,	6
Diarrhœa,	1
Dropsy,	2
Drowned,	1
Dysentery,	4
Intermittent fever,	1
Typhus fever,	4
Flux infantile,	24
Hæmorrhage,	1
Hives,	2
Inflammation of the bowels,	1
Influenza,	2
Liver complaint,	1
Old age,	2
Palsy,	1
Small-pox,	1
Sprue,	1
Still-born,	3
Sudden death,	1
Suicide by hanging,	1
Syphilis,	1
Teething,	4

*Interments in the burying grounds
of the city and precincts of Bal-
timore, during the week ending
July 27, at sunrise.*

Diseases.

Consumption,	1
Cholera,	21
Sudden death,	1
Still-born,	1
Drowned,	1
Dropsy,	1
Meazles,	1
Hooping-cough,	1
Fits,	1

Adults 5—Children 24—Total 29.

Diseases.

Sudden death,	3
Drowned,	1
Childbed,	1
Cholera,	21
Meazles,	1
Old age,	2
Consumption,	3
Dropsy,	1
Fits,	2

Adults 14—Children 21—Total 35.

Diseases.

Meazles,	2
Cholera,	27
Worms,	2
Old age,	2
Bilious,	1
Flux,	1

Teething,	1
Debility,	6
Dropsy,	1
Unknown,	1
Adults 5—Children 39—Total 44.	

Diseases.	Aug. 17.
Still-born,	4
Worms,	1
Cholera,	19
Fits,	3
Suicide,	1
Consumption,	9
Meazles,	1
Pleurisy,	1
Imposthume,	1
Cholic,	1
Drowned,	1
Childbed,	1
Disease unknown,	1
Quinsey,	1
Adults 15—Children 28—Total 43.	

Diseases.	Aug. 24.
Suicide,	1
Jaundice,	1
Bilious,	1
Croup,	1
Meazles,	2
Intemperance,	1
Palsy,	1
Worms,	2
Still-born,	1
Cholera,	20
Whooping cough,	2
Bilious cholic,	1
Consumption,	2
Lingering,	2
Pleurisy,	1
Sudden death,	1
Unknown,	1
Adults 14—Children 27—Total 41.	

PRICE OF STOCKS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 10, 1807.

Eight per cent.	-	-	-	102½ per cent.
Six per cent.	-	-	-	98½
Three per cent.	-	-	-	64 to 64½
Bank United States	-	-	-	120
— Pennsylvania	-	-	-	130
— North America	-	-	-	132½
— Philadelphia	-	-	-	122
— Farmers' and Mechanics'	-	-	-	par
Insurance Company Pennsylvania	-	-	-	160 per cent.
— North America	-	-	-	91
— Philadelphia	-	-	-	153 to 155
— Union	-	-	-	54 dollars for 60 paid
— Delaware	-	-	-	54 do. do.
— Phoenix	-	-	-	91 do. 80 paid
— Marine and Fire	-	-	-	45 dollars for 60 paid
— United States	-	-	-	26 dollars for 30 paid
Water Loan	-	-	-	102 per cent.
City Loan	-	-	-	103
Schuylkill Bridge Shares	-	-	-	70
Delaware Bridge Shares	-	-	-	uncertain
Lancaster Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	93 per cent.
Germantown Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	75 to 76 per cent.
Cheltenham and Willow Grove Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	80 to 81
Frankford Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	74 to 75
Chesnut Hill and Springhouse Tavern Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	uncertain
Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Shares	-	-	-	do.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 48

SEPTEMBER, 1807

Vol. VIII.

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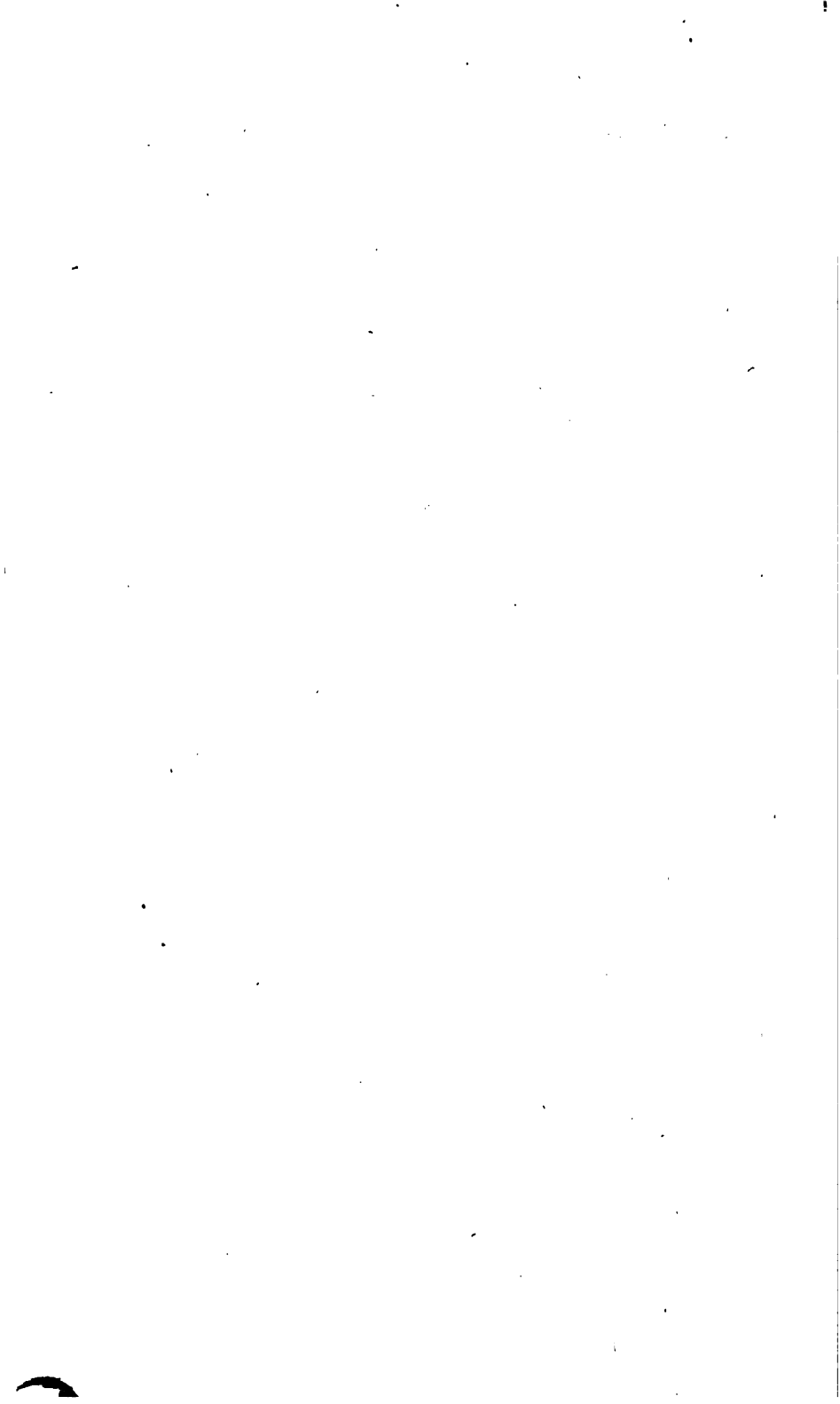
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1807.



THE
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AND
AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 48.

SEPTEMBER, 1807.

VOL. VIII.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE OLIO.

NO. V.

On Credulity.

It is an incontestible truth, that the faculties of the human mind are easily perverted by education, or false opinions. Yet such is the innate principle of the soul, we cannot but consider the credulity of some of our species with astonishment. Even those who may be ranked amongst the wisest of men have been addicted to absurdities, and all are distinguished for certain peculiarities.

It is unnecessary to launch out into metaphysical argumentation on the cause of those contrarieties which render man a curious composition.

Indeed such a proceeding borders on impiety; for why question the immutable appointment of Him whose wisdom formed, and whose omnipotence rules the great stupendous whole? On surveying the harmony displayed in the works of creation, our minds are impressed with sublime ideas, and the soul expands with awful love. Reflecting on our own nothingness, proud imagination dies within us, and we become of course all humility. Frail

creatures as we are, we should not, however, implicitly adopt the opinion of the multitude. Such a compliance is no less characteristic of a weak mind, than dangerous, because infatuation is generally the mistress of popular opinions and actions. How then are we to extricate ourselves from the maze of surrounding errors? How! by summoning up a virtuous courage, a magnanimous resolution, a calm exertion of reason, and a firm compliance with the dictates of true religion; not that religion which is embraced by this or that sect, to the utter expulsion of others; but to the religion of the gospel, which explicitly says, "you cannot serve God and mammon." Resting on this rock, will be to shun the sands of credulity. We, who are now acting our several parts on the stage of life, are hastening off apace; it is therefore our duty not only to prepare for eternity, but endeavour to secure wisdom, virtue, and religion, to the rising generation! Our solicitude for the propagation of truth, una-

dulterated with credulity, cannot be better shown than in educating our children in such a manner as ultimately to establish them in virtue and piety. Our Creator hath made us reasonable beings, capable of attaining to a vast variety of matter; yet the soul may be said to come into the world unfurnished with knowledge. The powers of our nature would be instruments of madness, and run into a thousand pernicious errors, if we had not the happiness of being properly instructed. Hence the importance of training up children in the path of virtue and knowledge; in a steady adherence to the truths of the gospel, made so clear, the most simple can understand. Abiding by these will lead to happiness in this life, to a peace of conscience which will counteract the enmity of the world, and secure us a blest immortality.

History.

History acquaints us with the transactions and characters of mankind, from the remotest periods of antiquity to the present time; and gives us a knowledge of the most distant nations, as well as our own. It gives us a view of the powers of man, by showing in what manner he has improved, from the most barbarous and savage state of society, to that in which we now behold the most polished nations of the world. What different pictures do the same creatures exhibit, employed in hunting, fishing, and making war on each other with the most unrelenting cruelty, and, as we now behold them, improving life with useful arts, and embellishing it with ornaments and elegances, suited to a state of refinement. Nor does history do only this; it displays, in its account of all nations, how essential morality and virtue are to the happiness of a state, and how constantly vice and irreligion terminates in national ruin. This is not only a useful lesson to communities, but to

individuals; for every man is a little kingdom, where, if the inferior's powers and faculties are in due subjection to the superior, he resembles a well governed state; every part of the fabric is in peace and tranquillity, consequently happy; if, on the contrary, his inferior powers rebel against the superior, there exists the same internal commotion in the individual, as in a nation when in a state of civil confusion.

The same history which shows that the happiness of a nation depends on its virtue, informs us the happiness of individuals depends on the same principle; and that ruin will as certainly be the consequence of vice in an individual, as in the community at large.

Fenelon, Archbishop of Chambray.

The person of Fenelon is thus described by one who was intimately acquainted with him:

"He was above the middle size, elegantly formed, slender and pale. His nose was large and well shaped. His eyes darted fire and vivacity. His countenance was such, whoever had seen it once could never forget it. It contained every thing, and united contrarieties, without their appearing to be at variance. It contained gravity and sweetness, seriousness and cheerfulness. It exhibited equally the man of learning, the ecclesiastic, and nobleman; but what universally pervaded it, as well as the whole of his person, were finesse, understanding, decorum, the graces, and particularly dignity; insomuch that it required an effort to remove the eye from him. There appeared something more than mortal blended o'er the whole. All the portraits of him appeared to speak; yet no painter could ever reach the proportions, the harmony, and delicacy of character, that were united in his countenance. He possessed a natural, soft, and flowery eloquence, a politeness insinuating but noble, an elocution easy, neat, and agreeable, with a clearness and precision

o as to be understood at once, even when treating on the most abstracted and difficult matter.

"With all this superiority, he never permitted himself to appear to possess more understanding than those with whom he conversed. He put himself on a level with every one, without their perceiving he did so. To such a degree did he fascinate all to whom he spoke, that they could not quit him for a moment, without desiring to return to him. This rare talent, which he possessed in so eminent a degree, attached his friends to him all his life, in defiance of his exile and disgrace, and the unhappy distance they were from him. It united them in the melancholy pleasure of talking of him, of regretting him, of sighing after his return, and expecting it with the ardour of desire."

In the year 1709, a young sovereign prince passed a few days with Fenelon. Among other subjects, they conversed on toleration. Never, sir, said the archbishop, oblige your subjects to change their religion; no human power can force the impenetrable intrenchment of the freedom of thinking. Violence will never convince the heart; it can only make men hypocrites. Grant to all men a civil toleration of religion; not as if you approved of every difference as a matter of indifference; but as if you permitted every thing with patience which God permitted. "All forms of government," said the good archbishop one day to the chevalier Ramsey, "are necessarily imperfect; for the supreme power in this world must ever be entrusted to man, yet all forms are good, when those who govern attend only to the great law of the public welfare."

To Mr. ———, who affirmed Pope to have been correct in asserting, that woman is at heart a rake.

If woman is at heart a rake,
A pedant you complete;

Defend, good sir, the ground you
take,
While I the charge repeat.

You think, in citing thus from Pope,
To show your taste and sense:
To copy him you need not hope,
Save but in imprudence.

Self Knowledge.

There are three characters which every man sustains; and these often extremely differ from one another. One which he possesses is his own opinion. Another that which he carries in the estimation of the world; and a third which he bears in the judgment of his maker: it is only the last which ascertains what he really is. Whether the character which the world forms of him be above or below the truth, it imports not much to know. But it is of eternal consequence, that the character which a man possesses in his own eyes, be formed upon that which he bears in the sight of God.

Euganimity.

I am no more raised or dejected, said Politiano, by the flattery of my friends, or the accusations of my enemies, than I am by the shadow of my own body; for although that shadow may be somewhat longer in the morning and evening than in the middle of the day, it does not induce me to think myself a taller man at those times than at noon. A good and wise man explores the recesses of his own heart daily, and enquires, when kept from vice, whether his innocence proceeded from purity of principle, or from worldly motives; whether he has been as solicitous to regulate his heart, as to preserve his manners from reproach. A heart bearing such a scrutiny, shrinks not at the malignity of the world.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF DRESS.

THE first clothes we read of were immediately after the fall, when "Adam and Eve sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons." A poor sort of covering ! but when God turned them out of Paradise, he provided warmer clothes for them : "Unto Adam and also unto his wife did the Lord God make coats of skin, and clothed them." After this, garments of knit work, then woven clothes came into use. At Cæsar's arrival, the Britons in the south part of the isle were attired with skins ; but as civility grew under the Romans, they assumed the Roman habit. The English or Saxons, at their first arrival there, wore long jackets, were shorn all over the head, excepting about the crown, and under that an iron ring. Afterwards they wore loose and large white garments, with broad borders of divers colours, as the Lombards. Somewhat before the conquest they were all gallant, with coats to the mid-knee, head shorn, beard shaved, face painted, and arms laden with bracelets. But *totus homo in vultu est*, as the whole man is seen by his face, it will not be amiss to observe, that Edward the confessor wore very short cropt hair, whiskers and beard exceeding long. William the conqueror wore short hair, large whiskers, and a short round beard. Robert, his eldest son, it is well known, used short hose, from thence called courthose, courtoise, curtis : on his monument, yet extant at Gloucester, he is portrayed with short stockings of mail, reaching scarce up to the place where some garter below knee ; no breeches, but a coat, or rather shirt of mail, instead of them. However, breeches and stockings are new terms, and, in the sense we now understand them, different things, being at first one and the same, all made of one piece of cloth, and then called hose.

William Rufus wore the hair of

his head a degree longer than his father ; but no beard or whiskers. In 1104 (4, Henry I) Serlo bishop of Seez, preaching at Carenton, before the king, against long hair, caused him and all his courtiers to get their hair cropt as soon as they left the church ; and accordingly Henry I, in his broad seal (as appears in Sandford), has no hair, beard, or whiskers. Stephen observed the same fashions. Henry II brought in the short mantle, and therefore had the name of Court-mantle. In his time the use of silk was first brought out of Greece into Sicily, and other parts of christendom. Richard I, in his first and second broad seals, has longish hair, no beard or whiskers. John, in his broad seal, has short hair, large whiskers, and short curled hair. The ladies, in the three last mentioned reigns, wore long cloaks from their shoulders to their heels, buttoned round the neck, and then thrown over the shoulders, hanging down behind.

Henry III wore whiskers, and a short round beard. The same king returning out of France, in 1243, commanded it to be proclaimed all over the kingdom, *ut qualibet civitate vel burgo quatuor cives vel burgenses honorabiliores et obviai procederent in vestibus fretionis et desiderabilibus* ; his design in which was to obtain presents from them. Edward I wore short hair, and no whiskers or beard. Edward II continued this fashion. Edward III, in his first and second broad seals, has long hair, but no beard or whiskers ; in his third broad seal, shorter hair, large whiskers, and a two-pointed beard, and on his monument in Westminster abbey a very long beard. The same king, in our common prints of him, is generally pictured with a sort of hat on ; but as hats are a deal more modern, wherever I see him drawn with a hat on, I conclude that picture to be a counterfeit. And indeed it may be questioned, whether there are any pictures of any of our kings painted before his time now extant.

Philippa, consort to this king, according to her monument at Westminster, wore a pretty sort of network cawl over her hair, with a long end of the same hanging down each ear.

In this reign I conceive it was that history says, "the commons were besotted in excess of apparel, going some in wide surcoats reaching to their loins; some in a garment reaching to their heels, close before, and strutting out on both sides, so that on the back they make men seem women, and this they call by a ridiculous name, *gown*. Their hoods are little, tied under the chin, and buttoned like the women's, but set with gold, silver, and precious stones. Their terrapipes reach to their heels, all jagged. They have another weed of silk, which they call *paltocks*, without any breeches.— Their girdles are of gold and silver; their shoes and pattens snouted, and piked above a finger long, crooking upwards, and fastened to the knees with chains of gold or silver."

"In 1369, they began to use caps of divers colours, especially red, with costly linings; and in 1372, they first began to wanton it in a new round curtail weed called a cloak, in latin *armiclausula* (*q. armi-clausa*), as only covering the shoulders."

But this cloak, as I take it, was no more than a monk's hood, or cowl. Richard II, in his picture in Westminster Abbey, is drawn with short curling hair, and a small curling two-pointed beard. Queen Anne, Richard II's consort (who first taught the English women to ride on side-saddles, who heretofore rid astride), brought in high head attire, piked with horns, and long-trained gowns. Their high heads had sometimes one point, sometimes two, shaped like sugar-loaves; to which they had a sort of streamers fastened, which wantoned and hung down behind, and, turning up again, were tied to their girdles. Henry IV wore long hair, whiskers, and a double-pointed beard; in his time the long pocketed sleeve was much in vogue. Henry V wore much the

same: in this reign the shoes were remarkably broad, which Camden speaking of, says, "Not many years after, it was proclaimed, that no man should have his shoes broader at the toes than six inches. And women trimmed themselves with foxes' tails under their garments, as they do now with French farthingals; and men with absurd short garments. Henry VI, Edward IV, Richard III, and Henry VII, wore their hair moderately long, no whiskers or beard. Henry VIII had short cropt hair, large whiskers, and a short curled beard, his gown furred, the upper parts of his sleeves bowed out with whalebone, and open from his shoulders to his wrists, and there buttoned with diamonds; about his neck and wrists short ruffles. Queen Mary wore a close head dress, with a broad flat long end or train hanging down behind; strait sleeves down to her wrist; there and on her neck a narrow ruffle. On the 27th of May, 1555 (2, Queen Mary), sir William Cecil, being then at Calais, bought, as appears by his MS. Diary, three hats for his children. These are the first hats I have yet read of; and it should seem, at their first coming in, they were more worn by children than men, who yet kept to caps.

Queen Elizabeth wore no head dress, but her own or false hair in great plenty, extravagantly frizzled and curled; a bob or jewel dropt on her forehead; a huge laced doublet ruff, long piked stays, a hoop petticoat extended like a go-cart, her petticoat prodigiously full; her sleeves barrelled and hooped from the shoulders to the elbows, and again from the elbows to the wrists. In one picture of her she is drawn as above, with five bobs, one on her forehead, one above each ear, and one at each ear. This queen is said to have been the first person in England who wore stockings: before her time both men and women wore hose, that is breeches, or drawers, and stockings all of one piece of cloth. Sir Philip Sidney, one of her favourites, wore a huge high collar, stiffened with whale-

bone; a very broad stiff laced ruff; his doublet (body and sleeves) bombasted or barrelled, and pinked and slashed all over, small oblong buttons, and a loose long cloak. The custom of men sitting uncovered in the church is certainly very decent, but not very ancient. Dr. Cox, bishop of Ely, died 1581, whose funeral procession I have seen an admirable old drawing of; as likewise of the assembly sitting in the choir to hear the funeral sermon, all covered, and having their bonnets on. John Fox, the martyrologist, who died in 1587, when an old man (as appears by his picture), wore a strait cap covering his head and ears, and over that a deepish-crowned shallow-brimmed slouched hat. This is the first hat I have yet observed in any picture. Hats being thus come in, men began then to sit uncovered in the church, as I take it; for as hats look not so well on men's heads in places of public worship as hoods or bonnets (the former wear), this might probably be the first occasion of their doing so.

James I wore short hair, large whiskers, and a short beard; also a ruff and ruff ruffles. In 1612 (10, Jac. I), Mr. Hawley, of Gray's Inn, coming to court one day, Maxwell, a Scotsman, led him out of the room by a black string which he wore in his ear, a fashion then much in use; but this had like to have caused warm blood, had not the king made up the quarrel. Prince Henry, eldest son to James the first, wore short hair filleted and combed upward, short barrelled breeches, and silk thistles or carnations at the tie of his shoes. The young lord Harrington, this prince's contemporary, is painted in the same manner, with the addition of ear-drops, a double ruff, and barrelled doublet.

The great tub farthingal was much worn in this reign; the famous countess of Essex is pictured in a monstrous hoop of this sort. In conformity to the ladies of that age, the gentlemen fell into the ridiculous fashion of trunk hose, an affectation of the same kind, and carried

to so great a height by stuffing them out, that they might more properly have been called the farthingal breeches.

Charles I wore long hair, particularly one lock longer than the rest, hanging on the left side, large whiskers, a piked beard, a ruff, shoe roses, and a falling band. His queen wore a ruff standing on each side and behind, but her bosom open. Sir Francis Bacon, who died in 1626, in his fine monument at St. Alban's, is represented with monstrous shoe roses, and great bombasted paned hose, reaching to the knees. About 1641, the forked shoes came into fashion, almost as long again as the feet, not less an impediment to the action of the foot than to reverential devotion, for our boots and shoes were so long snouted, we could hardly kneel. But as a short foot was soon thought to be more fashionable, full as much art became necessary to give it as short an appearance as possible. About 1650, both men and women had the whim of bringing down the hair of their heads to cover their forehead, so as to meet their eyebrows. In 1652, John Owen, dean of Christ church and vice chancellor of Oxford, went in *querpo*, like a young scholar, with powdered hair, his band strings with very large tassels, a large set of ribands at his knees, with tags at the ends of them; Spanish leather boots with large lawn tops, and his hat mostly cocked. After the close-stool-pam sort of hat, which had now been many years in wear, came in the sugar-loaf or high crowned hat; these, though mightily affected by both sexes, were so very incommodious, as that, every puff of wind blowing them off, they required the almost constant employment of one hand to secure them. Charles II, in 1660, appears to have worn a large thick cravat with tassels, a short doublet, large ruffles, short boots with great tops, a very short cloak, and long hair (one lock on the right side longer than ordinary), all pulled forward, and divided like a long wig on each side of his face: soon after he wore a periwig.

There is no end of the whims, vagaries, and fancies in dress which men and women have run into. Whole volumes might be wrote on the subject. However, these rude notes may serve as a sketch of the former times.

Old fables tell us of one Epimides, who after a sleep of fifty years awaked with amazement, finding a new world every where, both of men and fashion. Let this sleep go (as it well may) for a fabulous invention, the effects of it, his amazement, I am sure might have been credible enough, though the sleep had been shorter by many years. In some countries, if men should but put on those clothes which they left off but four or five years before, and use those fashions which were then in use, they would seem even to themselves ridiculous, and unto many little less than monstrous.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON EDUCATION.

LETTER II.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

WHEN the infant comes into the world, its mind is devoid of ideas, excepting those very few it has received in the womb, but in the course even of a few days it acquires several. Children are capable of combining and comparing ideas, and forming judgments, much sooner than is generally imagined; and as their minds possess but a small number of ideas, and almost every object is new to them, every thing strikes them with much greater force than it does a person of riper years, and fixes itself much stronger in their memories. A man whose faculties are impaired by age forgets the occurrences of the middle years of life, but hardly ever those of childhood; he often remembers them much more perfectly than the transactions of yesterday. As, then, children are so susceptible of impressions, and as these early im-

pressions are so difficult to be eradicated, and frequently form leading features of their characters ever afterwards, we cannot be too careful what ideas we inculcate into their minds. The nursery-maid does as much towards forming the character of a child as the school-master.

Nurses and mothers hardly ever talk sense to them. They sing them to sleep with stories that would astonish even the inhabitants of Bedlam, and, in the day, tell them tales of giants and fairies, whose tremendous actions alarm their fears, and are frequently used as threats to terrify them when disobedient; and, when taught their letters, almost the only books given them to read are histories of Cock Robin, Jack the Giant-Killer, and a parcel of rubbish; every line of which serves only to render their little understanding less. Hence the generality of children have good memories, a credulity that will swallow every thing, abundance of superstition, and reason inferior to that of the brute creation.

But how can this be remedied? By not intrusting them to the care of persons from whom they can only learn what they must afterwards unlearn. Let parents superintend their education during infancy themselves. To a feeling heart no gratification can be so exquisite. It is the first of all duties. It is far better to give them a good education with a little money, than a bad one with ever so large an estate. When the child begins to read, some books should be given it, containing, in short sentences, its duties towards God, its neighbour, and itself; little histories, relating nothing extraordinary or miraculous: the histories of children engage their attention above all others, because they are exactly suited to their capacities, and they can easily comprehend them*; and whatever they read

* I have seen some excellent little books of this description, printed by Jacob Johnson, of this city, a gentleman who emulates the "philanthropic

should be fully explained to them; and as soon as they are able they should be made, in an hour or two afterwards, to repeat the substance of their lesson, with its explanation.

Children generally have a deal of curiosity; every thing is new to them, and therefore excites their attention. This curiosity should be encouraged and increased by every possible means. If they do not ask for an explanation of every thing, we should give it them; and, by constantly keeping their minds occupied on things of importance, their understandings will enlarge, and soon outgrow trifles. To refuse to gratify their curiosity is to forbid them to learn, and damps their thirst after knowledge. But there is a still more abominable practice some parents are guilty of than merely letting their children remain in ignorance, which is, the instructing them in error, in answering their questions falsely. They think that, as the child will not know whether they tell it truth or falsehood, it is immaterial which they tell it. The asking for an explanation proves that its attention is strongly engaged; the answer therefore will be deeply engraven on its memory. This practice will inevitably make it believe wrong. The explanation will in all probability contradict its reason, or some previous instruction it has received; its little mind will be filled with doubts which it cannot solve; by receiving contradictory solutions it will discover that the truth is not always told it, and imbibe a sceptical disposition, and be forward to disbelieve instructions that are really valuable.

And this leads me to the third point, *That our instructions should be always uniform.* In addition to the inconveniences just stated, contradictory instructions will lead the child to lying. When chastised for a fault, it will justify itself by some precept it has received; when

chastised for another fault, it will justify itself by some other precept, directly opposite to the former. If it cannot remember a precept that will bear it out, it will soon seek, by some trifling alteration, to convert one into an excuse; and by a natural gradation, in a little time, excuse itself by an entire falsehood. In this part of education example is at least as important as verbal instructions, and is what very few parents attend to. They correct the child for ill-humour, and perhaps directly afterwards put themselves into a passion. Here are contradictory instructions, and the example coming last eradicates all that the precept and correction have taught. Those who are intrusted with the care of children cannot be too attentive to their own behaviour and conversation, for they frequently learn as much from the conversation their parents hold with third persons, as from the instructions which are given immediately to themselves.

Many parents, from a mistaken tenderness, indulge their children in every thing that they desire; and, from a fear of rendering them unhappy, never contradict them. Of all children, none is so unhappy as one that is spoiled. It wants things which it is impossible for it to obtain; and is as miserable, because it cannot procure them, as if it was deprived of some absolute necessary of life. It renders itself disagreeable to every body but its misguided parents. When sent to school, it is obnoxious to its schoolfellows, who will not submit to its caprices, and the harshness of the treatment it receives both from them and from the master or mistress is generally in proportion to the inordinate indulgence it has received at home.

But of all bad practices, none is equal to that of partiality. Even if parents feel a greater degree of affection for one child than another, they ought not to show it. The favourite is always spoiled: and seeds of dissension are sown between the children, which sometimes can never be eradicated.

bookseller in St. Paul's Church Yard, the friend of children, the friend of mankind."

Though I am a strong advocate for gentleness, I can by no means agree with M. Rousseau, "That children should never be corrected, even when they do amiss." As little can I subscribe to Dr. Johnson's opinion, "That they should not be rewarded when they do well." They will not be at the trouble of learning without some inducement; there are but two inducements in nature, the hope of pleasure and the fear of pain. There must be a particular motive for every action; if therefore we dispense rewards alone, we must gratify them with something for every lesson they learn; and besides, by never being contradicted, they will grow self-willed and overbearing. On the other hand, if they are governed entirely by fear, they will acquire a servile disposition, the energy of their minds will be damped; and, though they may be beat into great scholars, they will never become great philosophers or legislators.

To become truly great, a strong spirit of emulation is necessary; but as this is the most important and the most difficult part of education, I shall reserve my sentiments upon it for another letter.

W. W.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF RHODE ISLAND
BRIDGE.

THIS bridge connects the north-east end of the island with the main land, in Tiverton, at a place called Howland's ferry, about 11 miles from Newport. It is 1524 feet in length, from the west end on the island, to the east end on the main; and 864 feet between the former abutments of the old (wooden) bridge, where the average depth of water is 39 to 40 feet, and the greatest depth 59 to 60 feet at high-water. This bridge is building on the following plan: a sufficient quantity of stone to be thrown pro-

miscuously into the river, in a line across, to form a base, with such declivity on each side as the stones shall rest at, and of such width, as will make a ridge levelled to 35 feet wide at low-water mark. On this base, a causeway to be raised 5 feet above high-water mark, and to be 31 feet wide on the top for the passage way; the walls of which to be built with large flat stones, the space between to be filled with stone, and the top levelled with gravel. On each side to be erected a substantial fence or wall, for the safety of passengers. The whole to be filled up and built in this manner, except a passage of 66 feet near the centre of the river, over which a drawbridge is to be thrown.

This great and novel work was undertaken the last summer, and the following is the present state of it:— From the east end of the bridge to the draw, a distance of 757 feet is nearly completed; a drawbridge, on a very simple and good model, is thrown over the passage left in the river, to open 30 feet for vessels to pass, which is worked with great ease and dispatch by one man; from the draw westward, 184 feet is filled up to low-water mark; on the west end, 140 feet is nearly complete; and 228 feet further eastward is filled up to low-water mark; the remaining space, about 150 feet, is filled up, on an average, within 5 feet of low-water.

It is expected, that the bridge may be passed on foot, at low-water, on the first of September: and probably carriages may pass in October next. The time requisite for the stones thrown in loosely to settle, and form a natural or secure angle, before the side walls can be built up where it has lately been filled in, will delay the completion of the work till next summer; but it is expected the bridge can be passed by horses and cattle (if not by carriages) without difficulty, after October.

To raise the money requisite for building this bridge, a subscription was opened, under the act of incor-

poration, for 800 shares of 100 dollars each, which has been subscribed, and it is expected will complete this work.

This undertaking, though not so expensive as many, may be considered as the most enterprising, considering the rapidity of the current and the very great depth of water; and that it was impossible to make a bridge that would stand, unless by filling up a passage across the river, in the manner which has been done. The quantity of stone already used, and which will be required, is immense. The success of the undertaking, and durability of the bridge, cannot be questioned, by any who examine it.

There are few works of greater public utility: it establishes a permanent communication with the main land; is the most direct, and shortest way to Boston, and the only way to New Bedford. To travel from hence to Boston, via Providence, requires two days; but a line of stages will run, on this new route, across the bridge, to and from Boston, with great ease, in one day. It will form an essential security to this island, in case of war with any European power, as it will keep open a communication from the main, which cannot be destroyed: and, by stopping up the passage, prevent ships of war from sailing round the island.

The country, where this causeway bridge is erected, has a delightful climate, affords a diversified and interesting perspective.—In the season, there are plenty of curlews, plovers, and other game. The river abounds with almost every kind of fish that is brought to market; particularly the sheep's-head, striped bass, blue fish, and to-tague, of the largest size: and for sea bathing, no place on the continent can be preferred to it. It is expected, in a few years, that it will become a fashionable place of great resort, where invalids, bon vivants, and parties of pleasure, may benefit their healths, or agreeably pass the summer months.

Newport, Aug. 16.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF THE PROFIT AND LOSS UPON A FLOCK OF SHEEP WINTERED AT CLERMONT, IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, IN 1806—7.

Published, by order of the Agricultural Society of Dutchess county, N. Y., by the proprietor, Robert R. Livingston.

THE flock consisted of six full bred Merino sheep, twenty-four three-fourths bred, thirty half bred, and seventeen common sheep of good quality. They were kept in one flock, and treated alike in every respect. The full bred were two rams and four ewes, one of the ewes died in February a lambing. She was eight years old. Two ewes lambed in March, the other was a yearling and had not taken a ram. On May 28 the five sheep were shorn, and gave 28½lbs. of wool. They had not been washed, but as they were well littered in the fold, and kept out except at night, the wool was not so foul as common.

28½lbs. of wool sold to

Mr. Booth at 10s.	£14	7	6
1 ram lamb sold at \$100	40	0	0
1 ewe do. not sold, as I have not yet my complement	40	0	0
Wool from the ewe that died 4½lbs. at 10s.	2	5	0
	96	12	6

Deduct for the old ewe that died, which cost at 2 years old \$80	£15	0	0
Keeping 6 sheep at 12s. 3	12	0	0
	£78	0	6

Account of 24 three-quarter bred sheep.

24 sheep, among which there was but one yearling wether, Gave 106lbs. of wool, sold at 5s.	£26	10	0
Keeping at 12s. deduct	14	8	0

Clear profit on the wool £12 2 0

Remains to be credited 21 seven-eighths bred lambs at £

N. B. This wool was worth at least 8s., though sold at 5s., the rate at which the half blood sold, though it was much finer, and many fleeces very little inferior to the full bred sheep.

Account of 35 half bred Merinoes.

5 lambs sold before shearing to Mr. Dean at 12s	£24 0 0
30 shorn gave 139½lbs. of wool, sold at 5s.	34 17 6
	58 17 6
Expence of 35, at 12s.	21 0 0
Clear profit, exclusive of lambs	£37 17 6
To 22 three-quarters bred lambs at £	

N. B. I have not carried out the price of the lambs, because this is in some measure arbitrary, and proportioned to the demand. I have myself, however, purchased three-quarter bred ewes at 7 dollars, and sold my half bloods at 12 dollars. I value the seven-eighths at 40 dollars the ewes, and 50 for the rams. Taking the average at 15 dollars for the whole 22 lambs, it would amount to 440l. to be added to the account of profits.

RECAPITULATION.

Clear profit on 5 merinoes	£78 0 6
Do. on the wool of 24 three-quarter bred do.	26 10 0
Do. on 35 half bred do., including 5 sold	37 7 6
Clear profit on 64 sheep, exclusive of lambs	£141 18 0

Account of 17 common sheep, part of the above flock.

Keeping at 12s. of 17 sheep	£10 4 0
Fleeces unwashed 62½lbs. at 2s. 6d.	8 11 3
Loss, if lambs are not credited,	1 12 9
15 lambs at 12s.	£9 0 0

Two things will require explanation in the above statement. 1st. The quality of wool given by my merinoes, and next the low price at which I sold the wool of the three-quarter bred sheep.

It will seem extraordinary that five merinoes should have given twenty-eight pounds and three quarters of wool, which is near six pounds, and would probably amount to about four pounds of washed wool, per head. But it is to be considered that these were chosen, or bred from those that were chosen with care out of a flock of two hundred that were themselves an improved stock. For it is an undoubted fact, that the merinoes of the national flock have greatly improved in France by care and attention; that they are larger and yield more wool (with the latter having deteriorated) than the merinoes of Spain. This is a very encouraging circumstance, and the rather as I can add, from my own experience, that the French merinoes improve here when well kept. That there is no error in my statement is clear from this circumstance. Mr. Booth purchased the wool, and weighed it a second time himself, after it had been weighed by my overseer, their accounts agreeing exactly.

Though the wool of the fourth bred sheep was only sold at five shillings, yet it was worth at least eight, since it was, in most of the fleeces, nearly as fine as that of the full bred sheep. But as this was the first time I had sold the wool, and Mr. Booth took all I had, I gave it to him at the price that he put upon that of the half blood sheep. I should mention here, that Mr. Dean informs me, that the five lambs he had of me have given him five pounds of washed wool per head, which he can sell to the hatters at eight shillings per pound, so that, had they been purchased only for the wool, they would have yielded about 30 per cent on the capital.

Though in the above statement I have credited the wool below its real value, and at the price at which I sold it, yet, even at these prices, the

contrast between the merino and the common sheep is sufficiently obvious to induce every intelligent farmer to change his stock as fast as he can do it with convenience, and without too much expence. Without speaking of the full blood, which it would be difficult as yet to procure, I will contrast the half bloods with the common sheep kept with them, and fed exactly alike. My half bloods gave in wool 11s. 10d. per head profit, after paying 12s. for their keeping; whereas the keeping of the common sheep amounting to a fraction more than 1s. 10d. per head beyond the value of their wool, making a difference of 13s. 3d. per head, between the profit of half bred merinoes and common sheep, supposing the lambs both equal in value, though, in fact, the difference in the value of the sheep must necessarily extend to the lambs, and render the contrast still more striking. Let any agriculturalist make the calculation upon a flock of one hundred wethers of each sort, and conviction must stare him in the face. One hundred common wethers would give, if well kept, 250lbs. of washed wool, worth 3s. per pound, 52l. 10s. The same number of half bred merinoes would yield at least 400lbs. worth 8s. or 160l. Deduct the keeping at 12s. and the merino flock affords a clear profit of 100l. while the loss upon the common sheep amounts to 7l. 10s. They are then a losing stock till sold to the butchers, and then, if killed at 3 years old, do not give 7s. a year profit per head. Thus if sold fat they are worth 300l.; from this must be deducted the annual loss for three years, 22l. 13s., leaving an ultimate clear profit of \$243 25, at the end of three years, during which time the owner has been paying an annual loss, with the interest of which the flock should be charged. While on the other hand the half blood merinoes will obtain the same price from the butcher at the end of three years, and will in the mean time have paid an annual profit of 100l. yearly for the interest of

which the flock should be credited, and if sold in the winter when their fleeces are grown. will give an additional profit of \$200, beyond the common sheep sold under similar circumstances.

Who is there that does not feel the difference between receiving 100l. yearly, and waiting 3 years before your capital produces any thing? It may be said the merinos are less profitable from want of size, as animals of the same species, generally speaking, eat in proportion to their size. I think then is no weight in this objection, if it was really founded. But this I can say, that I have no doubt that if my sheep of the full and mixed breed were weighed against any common flock of equal numbers, they would outweigh them. They are certainly heavier and better woolled than any other sheep that I have seen, except some of the best English breeds. We should add, the merino will yield a greater profit if kept seven years, whereas, every year that a common sheep is kept after he is fit for the butcher is so much loss, inasmuch as the wool does not pay for his keeping.

These observations, founded upon undeniable facts, are so striking, that I hope to see this useful breed of sheep as much encouraged as it deserves to be, and I deem it a very happy circumstance, that the introduction of them by col. Humphreys into Connecticut from Spain, and by myself from France in the same year, into this state, furnish the intelligent farmer with means for the gradual change of his flock, which may be effected by the purchase of three quarter and half blooded rams, whose fleeces alone will annually pay 30 per cent. upon the price they cost, so that, in fact, the change may be wrought without any expence, and for a trifling advance of money. I am satisfied that even the introduction of one quarter Spanish blood into a flock will improve the fleece to the value of 5s., so that instead of losing annually 1s. 10d. on

the wool of every sheep in the flock, 3s. 2d. will be gained; and a ram who will cost about 3l. more than a good common ram will add 12l. 10s. yearly to the value of a flock consisting of 50 ewes.

Clermont, July 2, 1807.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MELANGE.

NO. VIII.

Beauty destroyed by Affectation.

The brightest forms through Affectation fade

To strange new things, which nature never made:

Frown not, ye fair, so much your sex we prize,

We hate those arts which take you from our eyes.

In Albuca's native grace is seen,
What you, who labour at perfection, mean:

Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease;

Retain your gentle selves, and you must please.

YOUNG.

THE graces, all three sisters, all extremely pretty ladies, and maids of honour to the goddess Venus, the all-powerful queen of love, lived together, for a long time, in the strictest bonds of affection and friendship one towards another, which is somewhat extraordinary, indeed, as they were such near relations, such uncommon beauties, and such distinguished favourites at court.

In process of time, however, pride and ambition sowed the seeds of jealousy amongst them. Each began to plume herself on her own imaginary charms, and each insisted on her precedence, as having the most fire in her eyes, the most resistless arts of pleasing in conversation, and the surest and most enchanting ways of making captives

of her beholders. The contest, in short, grew so warm, that they entertained thoughts of making their appeal to their mistress Venus on so important and critical an affair.

"For my part," said miss Euphrosyne, with a smile of indifference and disdain, "I desire no better a judge, since no one will be more impartial; and we are all sensible that no one can possibly be better qualified to settle and adjust the merit and prize of beauty. Let us lay, I say, my dear sisters, all animosities aside, and at once, without more ado, agree to refer our cause to her decision. Let her declare which of us is in reality possessed of the most prevailing charms, the most resistless arts of pleasing; but, then, let us unanimously agree, likewise, to make no further appeals; let us acquiesce in, and subscribe to, her sentence, as final and conclusive."

"Subscribe to her yourself, if you please," replied miss Thalia, not a little nettled, and visibly chagrined at her sister's seeming confidence in the merit of her cause.

"Without any further words or dissention between us," said miss Aglae, "I highly approve of the proposal. I don't care, sisters, for my part, how soon our petty controversy is drawn to a final conclusion."

This emulation of their's soon reached the ears of their mistress Venus, who summoned them all immediately to make their personal appearance in court; and accordingly assumed the bed of justice with such a grace, and such an air of complacency, as is beyond the power of words to express; reflecting with a secret pleasure, how in time past, upon a dispute of the like nature, the golden apple was adjudged to herself by the shepherd Paris, in preference both to Juno and Minerva.

The court being set, and all the contending parties present, Venus directed each of them to exert her peculiar talents, and secret arts of

incantation, to which she laid a peculiar claim.

Each accordingly prepared to obey her orders: all of them equally fired with a fond desire and restless hope of being pronounced the best qualified charmer, with equal pleasure and cheerfulness practised their studied arts and stratagems to please before her. But those restless hopes, those fond desires of approbation, with which they were all embarrassed, perfectly baffled their ambitious views, and turned out to their equal disadvantage.

One screwed up her mouth in so prim a form, that she made the most frightful and disagreeable figure that could well be conceived; the second, through an inordinate ambition to show her fine row of teeth, distorted every feature of her face; and the last, proud of her black sparkling eyes, rolled them about to such a violent degree, that, in the eye of her female and impartial judge, she appeared perfectly to squint.

"Are these your arts?" said Venus. "Are those your studied charms?—Fie, ladies, fie!—I almost blush for you. How dare you put on such artful airs before me?—Get out of court: go home directly. Consult your respective mirrors with impartiality, and let me hear no more of your unnatural contentions. If you are desirous of resuming your former title, I mean that of the graces, and my favourite attendants; if you are actually eager and fond of pleasing, never study any of those killing airs, I beseech you. As the least thought of that nature is too much, never think of your charms at all; for it is a maxim with me, that will admit of no exception,—that she who is solicitous of pleasing over much, inevitably gives disgust. In a word,

"Affectation is the bane of Beauty."

Queen Mary.

Many curious MS. papers relative to Mary queen of Scots are to be

met with in the library of the Scots college at Paris. The last time David Hume was in that city, the learned and excellent principal of the college showed them to him, and asked him, why he had pretended to write her history in an unfavourable manner, without consulting them? David, on being told this, looked over some letters that the principal put into his hands, and, though not much used to the melting mood, burst into tears. Had Mary written the memoirs of her own life, how interesting must they have been; a queen, a beauty, a wit, a scholar, in distress, must have laid hold of the heart of every reader; and there is all the reason in the world to suppose, that she would have been candid and impartial. Mary, indeed, completely contradicted the observation made by the learned Selden in this Table-talk, "that men are not troubled to hear men dispraised, because they know that though one be naught, there is still worth in others; but women are mightily troubled to hear any of themselves spoken against, as if the sex itself were guilty of some unworthiness:" for when one of the Cecil family, minister to Scotland from England in Mary's reign, was speaking of the wisdom of his sovereign queen Elizabeth, Mary stopped him short, by saying, "Seigneur chevalier, ne me parlez jamais de la sagesse d'une femme; je connois bien mon sexe; la plus sage de nous toutes n'est qu'un peu moins sotte que les autres." The pictures in general supposed to be those of this unfortunate princess, differ very much from one another, and all of them from the gold medal struck of her and her husband Francis II at Paris, and which is now in Dr. Hunter's museum in Wind-mill street, London. This medal represents her as having a turned-up nose. Mary, however, was so graceful in her figure, that when, at one of the processions of the host at Paris, she was carrying the wafer in the pix, a woman burst through the croud

to touch her, to convince herself that she was not an angel.

Mary was so learned, that at the age of fifteen years she pronounced a latin oration of her own composition before the whole court of France at the Louvre.

A very curious account of her execution was published in France soon after that event, and it appears by that, that on her body's falling after decapitation, her favourite spaniel jumped out of her clothes. Immediately before her execution she repeated the following latin prayer, composed by herself; which has lately been set to a very solemn and affecting glee for three voices, by the ingenious Dr. Harrington, of Bath.

O Domine Deus, speravi in te!

O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me!

In durâ, catenâ, in miserâ pœnâ,
dessidero te!

Languendo, gemendo, & genuflectendo,

Adoro, imploro, ut liberet me!

Desultory Thoughts.

The old world and the new have been incessantly canvassing the question, "What makes man happy?" but I never heard that either disputed what meat would best gratify his palate: and yet it is as clear, that the same things will not make all men happy, as that the same meats will not please all palates.

Our law says, with great propriety, *To delay justice is injustice.* Not to have a right, and not to be able to come at it, differ but little.

When a piece strongly affects you, or raises exalted sentiments, never go about it to examine it by the rules of composition: those emotions are the best proof that it comes from a masterly hand.

False greatness is morose and inaccessible, as if, sensible of its unworthiness, it sought concealment; or just showing what may dazzle the world, but not its open face, for

fear of discovering its real sordidness. True greatness, on the contrary, is free, complaisant, familiar, popular, suffers itself to be touched and handled, loses nothing by a near view, but rather is the more admired the more it is known. It bends to inferiors, and with a natural greatness erects itself again. Sometimes it is all loose and negligent, lays aside all its advantages, yet never loses the power of resuming them and commanding reverence; it preserves dignity amid the sallies of laughter and jocularity; we approach it at once with freedom and awe; it is noble and humane, inspiring respect, but not destroying cheerfulness. Hence we view good princes, though exalted to the height of greatness, without any mortifying recurrence to the lowness of our own condition.

To feel the want of reason is next to having it: an idiot is not capable of this sensation. The best thing next to wit is a consciousness that it is not in us: without wit, a man might then know how to behave himself so as not to appear to be a fool or a coxcomb.

That men usually grow more covetous as they grow older, does not so much proceed from the increase of their affection for wealth, as from the decrease of their inclinations for any thing besides: their regard for money continues the same, but they meet with fewer temptations to part with it: their love of pleasures is lessened by satiety, their ambition by disappointments, their prodigality by experience, and their generosity by ingratitude.

Honour is but a fictitious kind of honesty; a mean, but a necessary substitute for it, in societies who have none: it is a sort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

Women are certainly not at all inferior to men in resolution, and perhaps much less in courage than is commonly imagined; the reason

why they appear so is, because women affect to be more afraid than they really are, and men pretend to be less.

For the Literary Magazine.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BEE.

THE skill and dexterity of the *honey-bees*, displayed in the construction of their combs or nests, have at all times called forth the admiration of mankind. They are composed of cells regularly applied to each other's sides. These cells are uniform hexagons or six-sided figures. In a bee-hive, every part is arranged with such symmetry, and so finely finished, that, if limited to the same materials, the most expert workman would find himself unqualified to construct a similar habitation, or rather a similar city.

In the formation of their combs, bees seem to resolve a problem which would be not a little puzzling to some geometers, namely, A quantity of wax being given, to make of it equal and similar cells of a determined capacity, but of the largest size in proportion to the quantity of matter employed, and disposed in such a manner as to occupy in the hive the least possible space. Every part of this problem is completely executed by the bees. By applying hexagonal cells to each other's sides, no void spaces are left between them; and, though the same end might be accomplished by other figures, yet they would necessarily require a greater quantity of wax. Besides, hexagonal cells are better fitted to receive the cylindrical bodies of these insects. A comb consists of two strata of cells applied to each other's ends. This arrangement both saves room in the hive, and give a double entry into the cells of which the comb is composed. As a farther saving of wax, and preventing void spaces, the bases of the cells in one stratum of a comb serve for bases to the opposite stratum.

In a word, the more minutely the construction of these cells are examined, the more will the admiration of the observer be excited. The walls of the cells are so extremely thin, that their mouths would be in danger of suffering by the frequent entering and issuing of the bees. To prevent this disaster, they make a kind of ring round the margin of each cell, and this ring is three or four times thicker than the walls.

It is difficult to perceive, even with the assistance of glass-hives, the manner in which bees operate when constructing their cells. They are so eager to afford mutual assistance, and, for this purpose, so many of them crowd together, and are perpetually succeeding each other, that their individual operations can seldom be distinctly observed. It has, however, been plainly discovered, that their two teeth are the only instruments they employ in modelling and polishing the wax. With a little patience and attention, we perceive cells just begun; we likewise remark the quickness with which a bee moves its teeth against a small portion of the cell. This portion the animal, by repeated strokes on each side, smooths, renders compact, and reduces to a proper thinness of consistence. While some of the hive are lengthening their hexagonal tubes, others are laying the foundations of new ones. In certain circumstances, when extremely hurried, they do not complete their new cells, but leave them imperfect till they have begun a number sufficient for their present exigencies. When a bee puts its head a little way into a cell, we easily perceive it scraping the walls with the points of its teeth, in order to detach such useless and irregular fragments as may have been left in the work. Of such fragments the bee forms a ball about the size of a pin-head, comes out of the cell, and carries this wax to another part of the work where it is needed. It no sooner leaves the cell than it is suc-

ceeded by another bee which performs the same office, and in this manner the work is successively carried on till the cell is completely polished.

The cells of bees are designed for different purposes. Some of them are employed for the accumulation and preservation of honey. In others the female deposits her eggs, and from these eggs worms are hatched, which remain in the cells till their final transformation into flies. The drones or males are larger than the common or working bees; and the queen, or mother of the hive, is much larger than either. A cell destined for the lodgment of a male or female worm must, therefore, be considerably larger than the cells of the smaller working bees. The number of cells destined for the reception of the working bees far exceeds those in which the males are lodged. The honey-cells are always made deeper and more capacious than the others. When the honey collected is so abundant that the vessels cannot contain it, the bees lengthen, and of course deepen the honey-cells.

Their mode of working, and the disposition and division of their labour, when put into an empty hive, do much honour to the sagacity of bees. They immediately begin to lay the foundations of their combs, which they execute with surprising quickness and alacrity. Soon after they begin to construct one comb, they divide into two or three companies, each of which, in different parts of the hive, is occupied with the same operations. By this division of labour, a greater number of bees have an opportunity of being employed at the same time, and, consequently, the common work is sooner finished. The combs are generally arranged in a direction parallel to each other. An interval or street between the combs is always left, that the bees may have a free passage, and an easy communication with the different combs in the hive. These streets are just wide enough to allow two bees to pass

one another. Beside these parallel streets, to shorten their journey when working, they have several round cross passages, which are always covered.

Hitherto we have chiefly taken notice of the manner in which bees construct and polish their cells, without treating of the materials they employ. We have not marked the difference between the crude matter collected from flowers and the true wax. Every body knows that bees carry into their hives, by means of their hind thighs, great quantities of the farina or dust of flowers. After many experiments made by Reaumur, with a view to discover whether this dust contained real wax, he was obliged to acknowledge, that he could never find that wax formed any part of its composition. He at length discovered, that wax was not a substance produced by the mixture of farina with any glutinous substance, nor by trituration, nor any mechanical operation. By long and attentive observation, he found that the bees actually eat the farina which they so industriously collect; and that this farina, by an animal process, is converted into wax. This digestive process, which is necessary to the formation of wax, is carried on in the second stomach, and perhaps in the intestines of bees. After knowing the place where this operation is performed, chymists will probably allow, that it is equally difficult to make real wax with the farina of flowers, as to make chyle with animal or vegetable substances, a work which is daily executed by our own stomach and intestines, and by those of other animals. Reaumur likewise discovered, that all the cells in a hive were not destined for the reception of honey, and for depositing the eggs of the female, but that some of them were employed as receptacles for the farina of flowers, a species of food that bees find necessary for the formation of wax, which is the great basis and raw material of all their curious operations. When a bee comes to the hive with

its thighs filled with farina, it is often met near the entrance by some of its companions, who first take off the load, and then devour the provisions so kindly brought to them. But, when none of the bees employed in the hive are hungry for this species of food, the carriers of the farina deposit their loads in cells prepared for that purpose. To these cells the bees resort, when the weather is so bad that they cannot venture to go to the fields in quest of fresh provisions. The carrying bees, however, commonly enter the hive loaded with farina. They walk along the combs, beating and making a noise with their wings. By these movements they seem to announce their arrival to their companions. No sooner has a loaded bee made these movements, than three or four of those within leave their work, come up to it, and first take off its load, and then eat the materials it has brought. As a farther evidence that the bees actually eat the farina of flowers, when the stomach and intestines are laid open, they are often found to be filled with this dust, the grains of which, when examined by the microscope, have the exact figure, colour, and consistence of farina, taken from the antherae of particular flowers. After the farina is digested, and converted into wax, the bees possess the power of bringing it from their stomachs to their mouths. The instrument they employ in furnishing materials for constructing their waxen cells is their tongue. This tongue is situated below the two teeth or fangs. When at work, the tongue may be seen by the assistance of a lens and a glass-hive. It is then in perpetual motion, and its motions are extremely rapid. Its figure continually varies. Sometimes it is more sharp, at others it is flatter, and sometimes it is more or less concave, and partly covered with a moist paste or wax. By the different movements of its tongue the bee continues to supply fresh wax to the two teeth, which are employed in raising and fashioning the walls of

its cell, till they have acquired a sufficient height. As soon as the moist paste or wax dries, which it does almost instantaneously, it then assumes all the appearances and qualities of common wax. There is a still stronger proof that wax is the result of an animal process. When bees are removed into a new hive, and closely confined from the morning to the evening, if the hive chances to please them, in the course of this day several waxen cells will be formed, without the possibility of a single bee's having had access to the fields. Besides, the rude materials, or the farina of plants, carried into the hive, are of various colours. The farina of some plants employed by the bees is whitish; in others it is of a fine yellow colour; in others it is almost entirely red; and in others it is green. The combs constructed with these differently coloured materials are, however, uniformly of the same colour. Every comb, especially when it is newly made, is of a pure white colour, which is more or less tarnished by age, the operation of the air, or by other accidental circumstances. To bleach wax, therefore, requires only the art of extracting such foreign bodies as may have insinuated themselves into its substance, and changed its original colour.

Bees, from the nature of their constitution, require a warm habitation. They are likewise extremely solicitous to prevent insects of any kind from getting admittance into their hives. To accomplish both these purposes, when they take possession of a new hive, they carefully examine every part of it, and, if they discover any small holes or chinks, they immediately paste them firmly up with a resinous substance which differs considerably from wax. This substance was not unknown to the ancients. Pliny mentions it under the name of *pro-polis*, or bee-glue. Bees use the propolis for rendering their hives more close and perfect, in preference to wax, because the former is more durable, and more powerfully re-

sists the vicissitudes of weather than the latter. This glue is not, like wax, procured by an animal process. The bees collect it from different trees, as the poplars, the birches, and the willows. It is a complete production of Nature, and requires no addition or manufacture from the animals by which it is employed. After a bee has procured a quantity sufficient to fill the cavities in its two hind thighs, it repairs to the hive. Two of its companions instantly draw out the propolis, and apply it to fill up such chinks, holes, or other deficiencies, as they find in their habitation. But this is not the only use to which bees apply the propolis. They are extremely solicitous to remove such insects or foreign bodies as happen to get admission into the hive. When so light as not to exceed their powers, they first kill the insect with their stings, and then drag it out with their teeth. But it sometimes happens that an ill-fated snail creeps into the hive. It is no sooner perceived than it is attacked on all sides, and stung to death. But how are the bees to carry out a burden of such weight? This labour they know would be in vain. They are perhaps apprehensive that a body so large would diffuse, in the course of its putrefaction, a disagreeable or noxious odour through the hive. To prevent such hurtful consequences, immediately after the animal's death, they embalm it by covering every part of its body with propolis, through which no effluvia can escape. When a snail with a shell gets entrance, to dispose of it gives much less trouble and expence to the bees. As soon as this kind of snail receives the first wound from a sting, it naturally retires within its shell. In this case, the bees, instead of pasting it all over with propolis, content themselves with glueing all round the margin of the shell, which is sufficient to render the animal for ever immoveably fixed.

But propolis, and the materials for making wax, are not the on-

ly substances these industrious animals have to collect. As formerly remarked, beside the whole winter, there are many days in summer in which the bees are prevented by the weather from going abroad in quest of provisions. They are, therefore, under the necessity of collecting, and amassing in cells destined for that purpose, large quantities of honey. This sweet and balsamic liquor they extract, by means of their proboscis or trunk, from the nectariferous glands of flowers. The trunk of a bee is a kind of rough cartilaginous tongue. After collecting a few small drops of honey, the animal with its proboscis conveys them to its mouth and swallows them. From the œsophagus or gullet, it passes into the first stomach, which is more or less swelled in proportion to the quantity of honey it contains. When empty, it has the appearance of a fine white thread: but, when filled with honey, it assumes the figure of an oblong bladder, the membrane of which is so thin and transparent, that it allows the colour of the liquor it contains to be distinctly seen. This bladder is well known to children who live in the country. They cruelly amuse themselves with catching bees, and tearing them asunder, in order to suck the honey. A single flower furnishes but a small quantity of honey. The bees are, therefore, obliged to fly from one flower to another till they fill their first stomachs. When they have accomplished this purpose, they return directly to the hive, and discharge in a cell the whole honey they have collected. It not unfrequently happens, however, that, when on its way to the hive, it is accosted by a hungry companion. How the one can communicate its necessity to the other, it is perhaps impossible to discover. But the fact is certain that, when two bees meet in this situation, they mutually stop, and the one whose stomach is full of honey extends its trunk, opens its mouth, which lies a little beyond the teeth, and, like ruminating ani-

mals, forces up the honey into that cavity. The hungry bee knows how to take advantage of this hospitable invitation. With the point of its trunk it sucks the honey from the other's mouth. When not stopped on the road, the bee proceeds to the hive, and in the same manner offers its honey to those who are at work, as if it meant to prevent the necessity of quitting their labour in order to go in quest of food. In bad weather, the bees feed upon the honey laid up in open cells; but they never touch these reservoirs when their companions are enabled to supply them with fresh honey from the fields. But the mouths of those cells which are destined for preserving honey during winter, they always cover with a lid or thin plate of wax.

We shall now give some account of the ingenious Mr. Debrow's discoveries concerning the sex of bees, and the manner in which their species is multiplied*. It was almost universally believed, both by ancients and moderns, that bees, like other animals, propagated by an actual intercourse of the male and female, though it never could be perceived by the most attentive observers. Pliny remarks, that *apium coitus visus est nunquam*; and even the indefatigable Reaumur, notwithstanding the many minute researches and experiments he made concerning every part of the economy of bees, and though he represents the mother, or queen-bee, as a perfect Messalina, could never detect an actual intercourse. From this singular circumstance, Miraldi, in his observations upon bees†, conjectured that the eggs of bees, like those of fishes, were impregnated after they were deposited in the cells by the mother. He was farther confirmed in this opinion, by uniformly observing that a whitish liquid substance surrounded each egg

which turned out to be fertile; but that those eggs round which no substance was to be found were always barren. The working bees, or those which collect from flowers the materials of wax, have generally been considered as belonging to neither sex. But Mr. Schirach, a German naturalist, in his *History of the Queen of the Bees*, maintains, that all the common bees are females, in a disguised or barren state; that the organs which distinguish the sex, and particularly the ovaria, are either obliterated, or, on account of their minuteness, have not hitherto been discovered; that, in the early period of its existence, every one of these bees is capable of becoming a queen bee, if the community choose to nurse it in a certain manner, and to raise it to that distinguished rank; and that the queen bee lays only two kinds of eggs, namely, those that are to produce drones or males, and those from which the working bees are to proceed.

The conjecture of Maraldi concerning the impregnation of the eggs after they are deposited in the cells, as well as the observations of Mr. Schirach concerning the sex of the working bees, have been completely verified by the experiments of Mr. Debrow. Both Maraldi and Reaumur had long ago discovered, that, in every hive, beside the large drones, there are males or drones as small as the working bees. By means of glass-hives, Mr Debrow observed, that the queen bee begins to deposit her eggs in the cells on the fourth or fifth day after the bees begin to work. On the first or second day after the eggs are placed in the cells, he perceived several bees sinking the posterior parts of their bodies into each cell, where they continued but a short time. After they had retired, he saw plainly with the naked eye a small quantity of whitish liquor left in the bottom of each cell that contained an egg. Next day he found that this liquor was absorbed into the egg, which, on the fourth day, is

* See Philosophical Transactions, ann. 1777, part I, page 15.

† Hist. de l'Acad. de Scien. ann. 1712.

hatched. When the worms escape from the eggs, they are fed for eight or ten days with honey by the working bees. After that period they shut up the mouths of the cells, where the worms continue inclosed for ten days more, during which time they undergo their different transformations.

"I immersed," says Mr. Debraw, "all the bees in water; and, when they appeared to be in a senseless state, I gently pressed every one of them between my fingers, in order to distinguish those armed with stings from those that had none, which last I might suspect to be males. Of these I found sixty-seven, exactly of the size of common bees, yielding a little whitish liquor on being pressed between the fingers. I killed every one, and replaced the swarm in a glass hive, where they immediately applied again to the work of making cells; and, on the fourth or fifth day, very early in the morning, I had the pleasure to see the queen bee depositing her eggs in those cells, which she did by placing the posterior part of her body in each of them. I continued to watch most part of the ensuing days, but could discover nothing of what I had seen before. The eggs, after the fourth day, instead of changing in the manner of caterpillars, were found in the same state they were in the first day." The next day about noon, the whole swarm forsook the hive, probably because the animals perceived that, without the assistance of males, they were unqualified to multiply their species. To show the necessity of the eggs being fecundated by the male influence, Mr. Debraw relates an experiment still more decisive.

"I took," says he, "the brood-comb, which, as I observed before, had not been impregnated; I divided it into two parts; one I placed under a glass bell, No. 1, with honey-comb for the bees' food; I took care to leave a queen, but no drones, among the common bees I confined in it. The other piece of brood-

comb I placed under another glass bell, No. 2, with a few drones, a queen, and a number of common bees proportioned to the size of the glass. The result was, that, in the glass No. 1 no impregnation happened; the eggs remained in the same state they were in when put into the glass; and, upon giving the bees their liberty on the seventh day, they all flew away, as was found to be the case in the former experiment; whereas, in the glass No. 2, I saw, the very day after the bees had been put under it, the impregnation of the eggs by the drones in every cell containing eggs; the bees did not leave their hive on receiving their liberty; and, in the course of twenty days, every egg underwent all the above mentioned necessary changes, and formed a pretty numerous young colony, in which I was not a little startled to find *two* queens."

The appearance of a new queen in a hive where there was no large or royal cell, made Mr. Debraw conjecture that the bees are capable, by some particular means, of transforming a common subject into a queen. To ascertain the truth of this conjecture, he provided himself with four glass hives, into each of which he put a piece of brood-comb taken from an old hive. These pieces of brood-comb contained eggs, worms, and nymphs. In each hive he confined a sufficient number of common bees, and some drones or males, but took care that there should be no queen.

"The bees," Mr. Debraw remarks, "finding themselves without a queen, made a strange buzzing noise, which lasted near two days, at the end of which they settled, and betook themselves to work. On the fourth day, I perceived in each hive the beginning of a royal cell, a *certain indication that one of the inclosed worms would soon be converted into a queen*. The construction of the royal cell being nearly accomplished, I ventured to leave an opening for the bees to get out, and found that they returned as re-

gularly as they do in common hives, and showed no inclination to leave their habitation. But, to be brief, at the end of twenty days, I observed four young queens among the new progeny."

To these experiments of Mr. De-braw, it was objected, that the queen-bee, beside the eggs which she deposits in the royal cells, might likewise have laid royal or female eggs in the common cells; and that the pieces of brood-comb so successfully employed in his experiments for the production of a queen, had always happened to contain one of these royal eggs, or rather one of the worms proceeding from them. But this objection was afterwards removed by many other accurate experiments, the results of which were uniformly the same; and the objectors to Mr. De-braw's discovery candidly admit, that, when the community stands in need of a queen, the working bees possess the power of raising a common subject to the throne; and that every worm of the hive is capable, under a certain course of management, of becoming the mother of a numerous progeny. This metamorphosis seems to be chiefly accomplished by a peculiar nourishment carefully administered to the worm by the working-bees, by which, and perhaps by other unknown means, the female organs, the germs of which previously existed in the embryo, are expanded, and all those differences in form and size, that so remarkably distinguish the queen from the working-bees, are produced.

It is always a fortunate circumstance when discoveries, which at first seem calculated solely to gratify curiosity, are capable of being turned to the advantage of society. Mr. De-braw, accordingly, has not failed to point out the advantages that may be derived from his researches into the economy and nature of bees. By his discovery, we are taught an easy mode of multiplying, without end, swarms, or new colonies, of these useful insects.

The practice of this new art, Mr. Schirach informs us, has already extended itself through Upper Lusatia, the Palatinate, Bohemia, Bavaria, Silesia, and Poland. In some of these countries, it has excited the attention, and acquired the patronage of government. The late empress of Russia, who never lost sight of a single article by which the industry, and, of course, the happiness of her subjects could be augmented, sent a proper person to Klein Bautzen, to be instructed in the general principles, and to learn all the minutiae of this new and important art.

For the Literary Magazine.

OMAR AND FATIMA; OR, THE
APOTHECARY OF ISPAHAN.

A Persian Tale.

(Continued from page 64.)

WE have just seen the venerable faquir Ismael, who, when dressed in the Persian robes, appeared a beautiful youth of about eighteen, settled in the house of the sage Nadir. It will easily be conjectured that the day was too short to supply him with all the necessities which his situation required, and that he was obliged to borrow many hours of the succeeding ones for his excursions among the shops. In these he was accompanied sometimes by the apothecary, his host, and sometimes by Tamira, as he wanted their judgments in his different purchases.

Since the house in which he resided had been erected, it had never been so frequented. What with porters and tradesmen bringing articles, either purchased or for inspection, the shop was scarcely ever empty.

Nadir, in whose bosom frugality was hereditary, and which poverty had nurtured into a habit, discerned, or imagined that he discerned,

among the purchases of the youth, many which he could not deem of the first necessity, and others which in his best judgment he thought mere superfluities: he therefore one day, when a large cargo of the most beautiful porcelain arrived, under the auspices of Tamira, took the liberty to address him in the following words:

"Son Ismael! (for, as you no longer appear in that holy character which you assumed when first we met, I shall address you by that title) it has been frequently stated by the sage of Zulpha, that the happiness (or, more correctly speaking, the distinction) of persons of elevated rank, seems to consist in those (its possessors) being surrounded by a variety of appendages, useless to the world, and perhaps burthensome to themselves. From the progress which you have made in collecting a number of articles which, though perhaps curious, are frivolous, and, although costly, effeminate, I should judge that you were a young man of a light mind; and from your fondness for toys, trinkets, and other fashionable superfluities, that your birth was more elevated than you have stated it to be.

"With respect to the first of these positions, your conversation convinces me to the contrary; and regarding the latter, it strikes me, that perhaps your passion for show is intuitive, and may have arisen from your fondness for the professional productions of your father. But you must consider, that the inhabitants of this city are a grave people, and my profession of the gravest cast. I must, therefore, repress your desire for splendid trifles; and, to restrain this idle waste of money, remind you, that the mines of Golconda, however deep, may be exhausted. You now seem to have every thing you want."

"No!" replied Ismael, "there are three articles more."

"Three articles more! What are those?"

"Three slaves," continued Ismael.

"To these," added Nadir, "if they were useful, I should have no great objection. However, as you best know the stile of life to which you have been used, and the kind of attendance which you require, I shall in this trust to your discretion."

These slaves, two male and one female, were consequently procured. Tamira, who had become the chief confidante of Ismael, was pleased to be eased of a considerable deal of labour. Nor was the apothecary, however he might have objected at first, in the end dissatisfied, as they were directed to be equally observant of him as of their master.

It seemed as if good fortune followed the footsteps of Ismael; for since he had been an inmate the business of Nadir had exceedingly increased.

The appearance of this young Golcondian became every day more splendid; his taste appeared every day more refined; and his person, which was a perfect model of male beauty, became every day more fascinating. Under the auspices of Nadir, he took a delight in visiting all the places of public resort in Ispahan. His curiosity extended still further; for he became tinctured with the ideas of the company to which his host introduced him, and consequently an antiquarian and connoisseur. Arduous in every thing, in the first of these characters he explored all the vestiges of the magnificence of the ancient sophys, at least from Darius downward; and in the second, collected such a number of specimens of the arts and literature, that the honest apothecary, at every excursion, trembled as much for the tomons of his guest as he did for the safety of the edifice that was to contain their product. He therefore frequently exclaimed, "If this young man is not the possessor of one of his native mines, it is easy to foresee the end of all this magnificence, erudition, and *virtu*. However, he restrained himself, till black Absalom, the jeweller, one day brought home a

sabre, the hilt of which was set with diamonds, and the belt ornamented with the same brilliant materials.

There was no bearing this extravagant splendour; all the frugal ideas of this sober son of Esculapius recurred to his mind. He looked around at the still meagre, though improved, appearance of his own shelves, and exclaimed, "This brilliant article alone would furnish a house and shop superb as those of the sage Job Ben Abram, who has the supreme happiness to administer potions and lotions to our sovereign lord the sublime and immortal sophy!"

Taking this sabre for the text, he had just prepared a lecture upon extravagance and profusion, when the gay, but good-natured, Ismael, for whose service it was intended, came to receive the benefit of it. Presuming this well studied discourse would have a wonderful effect, he began, "One of the greatest and most contaminating vices that can inhabit the human mind, son Ismael, is vanity. I aver and will maintain this proposition against Hassen, at the head of all the disciples of Zo-roaster, against Ki, and all the followers of Confucius, and also the universities of Ispahan and Delhi, if they were disposed to controvert it. Upon this point I fix myself; and repeat, that vanity is——"

At this instant, to the relief of Ismael and our mortification, a eunuch, whose complexion was as black as his habit, entered the shop, and said, "Sage Nadir! whose philosophy and medical skill, I have this day heard from a lady destined to have the happiness of becoming your patient, are not only the admiration of Ispahan but of the world, the daughter of the omrah Mirza now languishes on the couch of sickness, and earnestly demands your assistance in preference to a host of physicians sent for by her father."

The apothecary, in his astonishment at this young lady's understanding, forgot his lecture upon vanity; while Ismael availed him-

self of this opportunity to retire to his own chamber.

"What," said Nadir, "is the disorder of the daughter of Mirza?"

"Impatience!" returned the eunuch.

"This, though a complaint common enough to young ladies, is, I fear, beyond the reach of my medical skill. How has she been treated by the physicians?"

"You should rather ask," replied the eunuch, "how they have been treated by her. I am sure they have hitherto been the *patients*. She has refused every medicine that they have administered."

"Then I do not wonder that she is ill," replied Nadir.

"She remained totally silent for some time, and would not answer their enquiries. Her father, whose darling child and only daughter she is, indulges her in every thing, and forces every one to comply with her perverse humours: so that, in the end, she has had all those venerable persons turned out of doors."

"Monstrous obstinacy! strange perversion of the human mind!" exclaimed Nadir.

"And what is more extraordinary," continued the eunuch, "she now declares that no one shall prescribe to her but yourself. How, immured as she has till lately been, she could even hear of your name, has been——"

"Hear of my name!" cried the apothecary, interrupting him, "there is nothing so very singular in that! my name, Mr. eunuch, is pretty well known!"

"I believe that she is mad," said the eunuch.

"I should be of the same opinion," returned Nadir, "had not her sending for me in preference to any of my learned brethren been so decisive a proof of her mental sanity: therefore, Tamira, help me to my black silk caftan and bolster turban; I will wait on her immediately."

The palace of the omrah Mirza was near the imperial seat of Ispahan, and consequently at no great

distance from the residence of Nadir. However, the apothecary's impatience was almost equal to that of his patient before he arrived at the gate, as the old eunuch marched with a slow and stately pace, and seemed to devote much time to deliberation, consideration, and conversation. In the course of this walk, he had made his companion acquainted not only with the immense riches of his lord, the valour of his son, and his absence with the army, but also with the beauty of Zulima, his daughter, her former affability and good humour, and the total change that had lately taken place in her temper and disposition.

"This kind of change, this fluctuation in the female mind," said Nadir, "can only be clearly explained by recurring to two principles, which we will take this opportunity to examine; and first—but though I like your attention, you need not stop!"—

"We are," said the eunuch, "at the private door of the palace of Mirza."

"What a pity," cried the apothecary, as he entered a marble vestibule, "that I could not have explained to you the causes which combine to produce those fluctuations of temper, those changes of disposition, sometimes observable in the female system!"

"The father of Zulima, to whom I must introduce you," said the eunuch, "will probably be more edified."

"This, my lord," he continued, when he ushered the sage into an apartment splendid as the habitations of the faithful in the seventh paradise, "is the venerable and learned Nadir, whom the beautiful Zulima now desires to see."

"I am happy," said Mirza, "to behold a man, whom the result of this morning's enquiry informs me is another instance, added to many, that fortune is frequently at variance with talents and virtue. I wish, sage Nadir, that your worldly were equal to your mental posses-

sions. Perform the cure which I expect from you; rescue my darling, the thread of my existence, my Zulima, from distraction; and be it my care to make those through your future life run more parallel."

"Of what, oh noble Mirza!" said Nadir, "does the lovely Zulima complain?"

"Of every thing and every person: to her slaves she is intolerable; to the prudent Tangra, who was her nurse, who has been to her a mother, she is haughty and intemperate; nay, she scarcely spares me: she has tired all the faculty."

"The faculty," cried Nadir, "should never be tired! Let me see my lovely patient, and I will exert my utmost skill to justify the good opinion she already entertains of me."

Zulima, who was indeed beauty itself personified, was reclined upon a sofa of crimson satin, highly ornamented, but the reflection from which scarcely overcame the paleness of her countenance. The redundancy of her tresses, which wandered unrestrained over her neck and bosom; and the disorder of her dress, betrayed evident symptoms of her disordered mind.

The arrival of the sage was, with the utmost caution, announced to her; yet she started. "Is Nadir come?" she cried, with precipitation: "I once thought that he would never have arrived. I have since altered that opinion, and think that he has flown on the wings of a butterfly—Alla protect me! this is not Nadir!"

"Certainly it is," said the nurse. "Would the eunuch Tamas have deceived you?"

"I say, and repeat it, this is not Nadir!" cried Zulima.

"How should you know," said Tangra, "having never seen him before?"

"I had forgotten that circumstance," added Zulima.

"I aver," cried the sage, advancing, "that I am Nadir the apothecary, the only son of Nadir the doctor; that there is no other of

my name and profession in Ispahan ; and further, that if any person has assumed them, let him be old or young, he is a counterfeit, and means to impose on the loveliest of her sex."

"I am now convinced," said Zulima, recovering herself; "you are perfectly right, most learned Nadir! and I entreat your pardon."

"She seems more collected since you have arrived," said Tangra.

"No doubt!" returned Nadir. "I think, from the few observations that I have already made, that I can answer for her cure."

"Let all, except Nadir, leave the room," said Zulima, whose penetrating eyes had for some time been fixed upon the sage.

"All!" cried Tangra; "you will surely suffer me to attend you."

"By no means!" returned Zulima, whose keen and animated glances seemed now again to indicate intellectual commotion.

"You must suffer her to have her way!" said Nadir.

"I will! I will!" exclaimed the young lady. "No one shall controul me!"

"No one will attempt it, most lovely and interesting Zulima! you waved your hand, and your attendants have all retired. Alla protect us! What do I see? the daughter of Mirza in tears!"

"What do you see? Oh, Nadir! you see before you a vile hypocrite!"

"A vile hypocrite!" repeated Nadir. "What strange turns there are in this disorder!"

"An abominable wretch!"

"Wretch!" said the apothecary, fixing her, eyes upon her while she continued, "who has deceived her father, set at defiance the injunctions of her religion and the laws of her country, and dared to suffer a passion for a youth of the name of Nadir to take possession of her heart!"

"Is that all?" said the apothecary.

"All!" returned the lady.

"Yes?" he continued; "because though not so very a youth as you

are inclined to think, certainly not of an age to be insensible to attractions such as are now before me: therefore, if your cure depends upon me——"

"You!" exclaimed Zulima: "You are not the person I allude to!"

"Believe me, lovely Zulima, I am the only Nadir in Ispahan."

"Then I am more wretched than I even imagined. How have I been deceived?"

"Deceived!" said Nadir: "I thought just now that her senses had returned; but I perceive she again wanders."

"Yet," continued Zulima, "the gravity of your appearance; your age——"

"My age!" cried the Apothecary.

"The mild benevolence of your aspect——"

"The fit seems to have passed over," said Nadir.

"Inclines me to make you my confidant: therefore, most venerable Nadir! listen to me."

"Venerable!" said the sage to himself; "I am afraid it will be difficult to effect this cure."

"Well, listen to me."

"I could for ever listen to you, most lovely Zulima!"

"Come sit by me: now be all attention," she continued, holding up her finger. "The care of the matron whom you just now saw, Tangra, my nurse (for I still call her by that fond epithet), could only be equalled by the indulgence of my father and the love of my brother. I never knew my mother. Within the walls of this Haram, every object that could form the taste, improve the mind, or amuse and gratify the senses, was collected. I had no wish to wander beyond the bounds of its extensive gardens, until my father presented to me a Grecian slave of the name of Lesbia.

"Touched with her condition, I freely conversed with her, and found her genius as great as had been her misfortunes. The education she had received bespoke her

former rank in society. To her I became attached (nay, from my warmth of temper, I may say, devoted); but from her I one day heard a word then as much a stranger to my ears as the idea which it inspired was to my mind: this word was *liberty*!"

"A pretty important one," said Nadir.

"I found it so," returned Zulima, "from the ideas which it inspired; for, not satisfied with the histories which Lesbia constantly recited of the unconstrained piety of the Grecian matrons, and the unconstrained chastity of the Grecian virgins, they seemed to desire to take a still wider range, and, freed from the shackles in which my country's customs had confined the female mind and the female body, explore those places which I had only observed through the lattices of the carriage which conveyed me from the black marble palace, our winter, to the white marble palace, our summer residence. This desire I communicated to Tangra. She was amazed. My father was still more astonished; but, accustomed to indulge me in every thing, he permitted me to go abroad sometimes, attended only by the eunuchs and Lesbia. In the course of these excursions, it was my delight to visit the shops; which, I need not inform you, oh Nadir! exhibit so brilliant and magnificent a spectacle in this imperial city. A few days since, we, among others, called at that of an eminent Jew."

"What! Black Absalom?" said Nadir.

"The same," returned Zulima. "He was showing us his superb assemblage of jewels and tasteful trinkets, when a young man entered. Our veils were down; therefore we continued in the shop, struck with admiration——"

"Of the young man, or the trinkets?" said Nadir.

"As," continued Zulima, "I mean to unbosom myself to you with the utmost sincerity, I will freely confess that the sight of this youth

at once obliterated from my mind all that Absalom had said respecting the trinkets, nay, the trinkets themselves. Never had I seen a man so perfectly beautiful. My brother, although he has been esteemed a model of perfection, is, in features and form, much his inferior. He was examining a brilliant sabre, therefore I had time to contemplate him, but without exchanging a word I left the shop. The next day I sent Lesbia to enquire his name. How, or from what source, she derived her intelligence, I have never asked; but she informed me, that his name was Nadir, an apothecary, living in the Meydan.

"She did me a great deal of honour," said Nadir; "but although, for a little man, not absolutely despicable, she must have wanted eyes if she had mistaken me for my guest, who is, without exception, I think, the most beautiful youth in the kingdom."

"Is he a Persian?"

"He is from the capital of Golconda," said Nadir.

"His birth is unquestionably noble?"

"Brilliant," he continued, "it certainly is; for his father is an eminent jeweller and diamond merchant in—— But I dare say no more. In fact, I have said all I know, except that some domestic disagreement obliged him to travel; and I hope that some pleasing circumstance will induce him to reside with me; for since his arrival every thing has prospered in my house; and then he is so affable, so even tempered, so generous, so truly benevolent—— Merciful Alla!—Nurse!—Lesbia!—Slaves!—Attend! your lady faints!"

This exclamation of Nadir's soon filled the apartment with attendants, some of whom immediately communicated the event that caused it to Mirza, who sent for Nadir in an instant.

"How do you find your patient?" cried the afflicted father.

"Better than I expected!" returned the apothecary.

"Better! why I hear that she is now in a fit."

"I mean worse," said Nadir, "for the present; but she will be better hereafter."

"Heaven and earth! how you answer me! Are these fits the effects of her disorder?"

"Yes!"

"Then you think she is far gone?"

"Very far gone indeed," returned Nadir.

"You do not," said Mirza, "deem her incurable?"

"No? I have a medicine at home that I think will cure her!"

"Then," cried Mirza, "fly for it instantly!"

"I cannot," continued Nadir, "fly, nor can I very speedily produce it: I must first see what turn her disorder has taken, as her favourite maid has just whispered me, that she has in some degree recovered from her fit."

"Be sure you prescribe that medicine——"

"I will, if I should deem it prudent."

"And," continued Mirza, "see her take it yourself; for she threw the last prescription out of the window."

"She will not throw my medicine out of the window, I'll engage."

"No!" said Lesbia, who just entered, "my lady has too great a regard for whatsoever comes from the house of the sage Nadir; for she says, oh noble Mirza! that he is not only the tenderest, the most sagacious, but the very best physician that she ever had in her life; and that she will follow his advice in every thing; and has no doubt but, through his scientific influence, her cure will soon be complete."

"This," said Mirza, "is indeed surprising!"

"Not at all, oh Mirza!" replied Nadir: "when a patient is properly treated, these turns are common. This young lady seems so perfectly to have recovered her senses, that I will only look in upon her to take my leave for the present. Tamas the

eunuch is to call on me this evening. To-morrow I will see her again." * * *

"I just return, noble Mirza, to tell you I have seen her, and we seem to be in a good way."

"Rest"—"Light food"—"Gentle exercise"—"Air"—"The mind to be unbent with moderate amusement."—"Music"—"Reading"—and—hem—a hem—"I have no doubt but all will go well."

(To be continued.)

For the Literary Magazine.

NEW RELIGIOUS SECT.

A SECT has lately been discovered in Silesia, which, though they have existed upwards of a century, have not attracted the public attention till lately. This concealment has been chiefly occasioned by their peculiar and fundamental maxims, which enjoin them to conform outwardly to the rites and ceremonies of other sects, when required to do so by considerations of personal ease and safety; to abstain from attempting to make any converts from the followers of a different faith, and to communicate their tenets only in the way of education, to their own children, or to infants consigned by poverty or death of natural protectors to their care. In their modes of worship they interpret strictly that injunction in scripture, *When you pray, go into your closets, and pray in secret*, &c. Worship, according to them, is acceptable, when offered in sincerity, by whomsoever and in whatsoever manner offered, but the precept of Christ, rightly understood, enjoins solitary and secret prayer. Accordingly, they abjure all assemblies and churches for religious worship. Their forms of devotion are a set of hymns in Latin, composed by their founder, in which the topics mentioned in the *Lord's prayer* are strictly adhered to; but these hymns

are regarded by them as convenient, but not obligatory, and they hold themselves at liberty to follow any other mode, or merely to muse in silence, provided the topics of their meditation are those included in the *Lord's prayer*, and provided it be done in secret. This method including their whole practical religion, they, of course, reject all festivals, solemn days, consecrated places, and all rites, including baptism and the eucharist. The latter they consider themselves as celebrating whenever they eat and drink with recollections of Christ, this being, according to them, the true meaning of the command, *Do this in remembrance of me*. In their dress, language, manners, and social conduct, they conform to the prevailing customs of their country. Their system enjoins no forms of burial, marriage, &c., peculiar to themselves. These are points indifferent in themselves, and duty prescribes to conform to custom, because it is the custom, and because a departure from it would only occasion trouble and suspicion. In their moral and social conduct they are generally distinguished by good sense, industry, and benevolence. Their belief on doctrinal points, such as the nature of Christ, and the state of souls after death, is not well understood, but they represent these points as disconnected with any practical consequences: as mere questions in history and metaphysics, about which a man is concerned to enquire for the sake of truth, but not for the sake of any mode of external conduct to be engrafted on it. Good behaviour in private life, and a sincere belief, whatever its objects be, they deem sufficient to insure the approbation of the Deity.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE STOMACH OF THE
CAMEL.

MR. EVERARD HOME lately
laid before the Royal Society of Lon-

don, observations on the camel's stomach, respecting the water it contains, and the reservoirs in which that fluid is enclosed.

The camel, the subject of these observations, was a female brought from Arabia; it was 28 years old, and said to have been 20 years in England. The animal was worn out, and in a state of great debility, before it came into the hands of the college of surgeons, and they put an end to its miseries by means of a narrow double-edged poniard passed in between the skull and first vertebra of the neck: in this way the medulla oblongata was divided, and the animal instantaneously deprived of sensibility.

In the common mode of *fitting* an animal, the medulla spinalis only is cut through, and the head remains alive, which renders it the most cruel mode of killing an animal that could be invented.

The stomachs of this animal were the first things examined, and, on measuring the capacities of these different reservoirs in the dead body, the anterior cells of the first stomach were found capable of containing one quart of water, when poured into them. The posterior cells, three quarts. One of the largest cells held two ounces and a half, and the second stomach four quarts. This is much short of what those cavities can contain in the living animal, since there are large muscles covering the bottom of the cellular structure, to force out the water, which must have been contracted immediately after death, and by that means had diminished the cavities. The camel, when it drinks, conducts the water in a pure state into the second stomach; part of it is retained there, and the rest runs over into the cellular structure of the first, acquiring a yellow colour. That the second stomach in the camel contained water, had been generally asserted; but by what means the water was kept separate from the food had never been explained, nor had any other part been discovered by which the common offices of a

second stomach could be performed. To this Mr. Hunter did not give credit, but considered the second stomach of the camel to correspond in its use with that of other ruminants. This difference of opinion led Mr. Home to examine accurately the camel's stomach, and also the stomachs of those ruminants which have horns, in order to determine the peculiar offices belonging to their different cavities.

The best mode of conducting this enquiry is to describe the different stomachs of the bullock, and then those of the camel, and afterwards to point out the peculiarities by which this animal is enabled to go a longer time without drink than others, and thereby fitted to live in those sandy deserts of which it is the natural inhabitant.

When the first stomach of the bullock is laid open, and the solid contents removed, the cavity appears to be made up of two large compartments, separated from each other by two transverse bands of considerable thickness, and the second stomach forms a pouch or lesser compartment, on the anterior part of it, somewhat to the right of the œsophagus, so that the first and second stomach are both included in one general cavity, and lined with a cuticle. The œsophagus appears to open into the first stomach, but on each side of its termination there is a muscular ridge, projecting from the coats of the first stomach, so as to form a channel into the second. These muscular bands are continued on to the orifice of the third stomach, in which they are lost. The food can readily pass from the œsophagus, either into the general cavity of the first stomach or into the second, which last is peculiarly fitted by its situation, and the muscular power of its coats, both to throw up its contents into the mouth, and to receive a supply from the general cavity of the first stomach, at the will of the animal. The second stomach contains the same food as the first, only more moist; it must therefore be considered as a

shelf from which the food may be regurgitated along the canal, continued from the œsophagus. There is indeed no other mode by which this can be effected, since it is hardly possible for the animal to separate small portions from the surface of the mass of dry food in the first stomach, and force it up into the mouth. It is also ascertained that water is received into the second stomach while the animal is drinking, and is thus enabled to have its contents always in a proper state of moisture to admit of its being readily thrown up into the mouth for rumination, which seems to be the true office of this stomach, and not to receive the food after that process has been gone through.

When the food is swallowed the second time, the orifice of the third stomach is brought forward by the muscular bands which terminate in it, so as to oppose the end of the œsophagus, and receive the morsel without the smallest risk of its dropping into the second stomach. The third stomach of the bullock is a cavity, in the form of a crescent, containing 24 septa, 7 inches broad; about 23, 4 inches broad; and about 48 of 1½ inch at their broadest part. These are thus arranged: one broad one, with one of the narrowest next it; then a narrow one, with one of the narrowest next it; then a broad one and so on. The septa are thin membranes, and have their origin in the orifice leading from the œsophagus, so that whatever passes into the cavity must fall between these septa, and describe three-fourths of a circle, before it can arrive at the orifice leading to the true stomach, which is so near the other, that the distance between them does not exceed three inches: and therefore the direct line from the termination of the œsophagus to the orifice of the fourth stomach is only of that length. While the young calf is fed on milk, that liquor, which does not require to be ruminated, is conveyed directly to the fourth stomach, not passing through the plicæ of the third; and after-

wards the solid food is directed into that cavity, by the plicæ separated from each other. The third stomach opens into the fourth by a projecting valvular orifice, and the cuticular lining terminates exactly on the edge of this valve, covering only that half of it which belongs to the third. The fourth or true digesting stomach is about 2 feet 9 inches long; its internal membrane has 18 plicæ, beginning at its orifice, and continued down, increasing to a great degree its internal surface: beyond these the internal membrane is thrown into rugæ which follow a very serpentine direction, and close to the pylorus there is a glandular projection, one end of which is opposed to the orifice, and closes it up, when in a collapsed state.

The camel's stomach anteriorly forms one large bag, but when laid open is forced to be divided into two compartments on its posterior part, by a strong ridge which passes down from the right side of the orifice of the œsophagus in a longitudinal direction. On the left side of the termination of the œsophagus, a broad muscular band has its origin, from the coats of the first stomach, and passes down in the form of a solid parallel to the great ridge, till it enters the orifice of the second stomach. This band on one side, and the great ridge on the other, form a canal, which leads from the œsophagus down to the cellular structure in the lower part of the first stomach. The orifice of the second stomach, when this muscle is not in action, is nearly shut, and at right angles to the side of the first. Its cavity is a pendulous bag with rows of cells, above which, between them and the muscle which passes along the upper part of the stomach, is a smooth surface extending from the orifice of this stomach to the termination of the third. Hence it is evident that the second stomach neither receives the solid food in the first instance as the bullock, nor does it afterwards pass into its cavity or cellular structure. The food first passes into the general cavity of the first

stomach, and that portion of it which lies in the recess immediately below the entrance of the œsophagus under which the cells are situated, is kept moist, and is readily returned into the mouth, so that the cellular portion of the first stomach in the camel performs the same office as the second in the ruminants with horns. While the camel is drinking, the action of the muscular band opens the orifice of the second stomach, at the same time that it directs the water into it; and when the cells of that cavity are full, the rest runs off into the cellular structure of the first stomach immediately below, and afterwards into the general cavity: it seems that camels, when accustomed to go long journeys, in which they are kept without water, acquire the power of dilating the cells, so as to make make them contain a more than ordinary quantity as a supply for their journey. When the cud has been chewed, it has to pass along the upper part of the second stomach before it can reach the third; which is thus managed: at the time that the cud is to pass from the mouth, the muscular band contracts with so much force, that it not only opens the orifice of the second stomach, but acting on the mouth of the third, brings it forwards into the second, by which means the muscular ridges that separate the rows of cells are brought close together, so as to exclude these cavities from the canal, through which the end passes. It is this beautiful and very curious mechanism which forms the peculiar character of the stomach of the camel, dromedary, and lama, fitting them to live in the sandy deserts, where the supplies of water are so precarious.

In the bullock are three stomachs for the preparation of food, and one for digestion. In the camel there is one stomach fitted to answer the purposes of two of the bullock; a second is employed as a reservoir for water, having nothing to do with the preparation of the food; a third is so small and simple in its struc-

ture, that it is not easy to ascertain its particular office.

The following are the gradations of animals with ruminating stomachs: the ruminants with horns, as the ox, sheep, &c., have two preparatory stomachs for food previously to rumination, and one for the food after rumination before it is digested. The ruminants without horns, as the camel, dromedary, &c., have one preparatory stomach before rumination, and one in which the cud can be afterwards retained before it goes into the digesting stomach. Those animals who eat the same kind of food with the ruminants, and yet do not ruminate, as the horse and ass, have only one stomach, but part of it is lined with a cuticle, in which the food is first deposited, and by remaining there some time is rendered more digestible, when received into the digesting portion.

The ruminants with horns have molares in both jaws, and incisores only in the lower jaw. The ruminants without horns, have, in addition to these, what may be called fighting-teeth, or a substitute for horns. These are tusks in both jaws, intermediate teeth between the molares and tusks, and in the upper jaw two small teeth anterior to the tusks; none of which can be of any use in eating. The *camelopardis* forms an intermediate link in these respects. It has short horns, and no tusks.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF A DIVING BOAT.

CITIZEN St. Aubin, a man of letters at Paris, and member of the tribunate, has given the following account of the *bateau plongeur*, a diving boat, lately discovered by Mr. Robert Fulton, the inventor of the torpedo and steam boat.

I have, says he, just been to inspect the plan and section of a nautilus, or diving boat, invented by

Mr. Fulton, similar to that with which he lately made his curious and interesting experiment, at Havre and Brest.

The diving boat, in the construction of which he is now employed, will be capacious enough to contain eight men, and provisions enough for twenty days, and will be of sufficient strength and power to enable him to plunge 100 feet under water, if necessary. He has contrived a reservoir for air, which will enable eight men to remain under water for eight hours. When the boat is above water, it has two sails, and looks just like a common boat. When she is to dive, the masts and sails are struck.

In making his experiments at Havre, Mr. Fulton not only remained a whole hour under water with three of his companions, but kept his boat parallel to the horizon at any given depth. He proved that the compass points as correctly under water as on the surface, and that, while under water, the boat made way at the rate of half a league an hour, by means contrived for that purpose.

It is not twenty years since all Europe was astonished at the first ascension of men in balloons: perhaps in a few years they will not be less surprised to see a flotilla of diving boats, which, on a given signal, shall, to avoid the pursuit of an enemy, plunge under water, and rise again several leagues from the place where they descended.

The invention of balloons has hitherto been of no advantage, because no means have been found to direct their course. But if such means could be discovered, what would become of camps, cannon, fortresses, and the whole art of war?

But if we have not succeeded in steering the balloon, and even were it impossible to attain that object, the case is different with the diving boat, which can be conducted under water in the same manner as upon the surface. It has the advantage of sailing like a common boat, and

also of diving when it is pursued. With these qualities it is fit for carrying secret orders, to succour a blockaded port, and to examine the force and position of an enemy in their own harbours. These are sure and evident benefits, which the diving boat at present promises. But who can see all the consequences of this discovery, or the improvements of which it susceptible? Mr. Fulton has already added to his boat a machine, by means of which he blew up a large boat in the port of Brest; and if, by future experiments, the same effect could be produced on frigates or ships of the line, what will become of maritime wars, and where will sailors be found to man ships of war, when it is a physical certainty, that they may every moment be blown into the air by means of a diving boat, against which no human foresight can guard them?

For the Literary Magazine.

SHOWERS OF BLOOD.

AMONG many other prodigies which have terrified nations, *showers of blood* have been enumerated by historians. These showers of blood were supposed to portend great and calamitous events, as wars, the destruction of cities, and the overthrow of empires. About the beginning of July, in the year 1608, one of these pretended showers of blood fell in the suburbs of Aix, and for several miles round. This supposed shower of blood would probably have been transmitted to us as a great and real prodigy, if Aix had not then been possessed of a philosopher, who, amidst other species of knowledge, did not neglect the operations and economy of insects. This philosopher was M. de Peiresc, whose life is written by Gassendi. This life contains a number of curious facts and observations. Among others, M. de Peiresc discovered the cause

of the pretended shower of blood at Aix, which had created so general an alarm. About the beginning of July, the walls of a church-yard adjacent to the city, and particularly the walls of the small villages in the neighbourhood, were observed to be spotted with large drops of a blood-coloured liquid. The people, as well as some theologians, considered those drops as the operation of sorcerers, or of the devil himself. M. de Peiresc, about that time, had picked up a large and beautiful chrysalis, which he laid in a box. Immediately after its transformation into the butterfly state, M. de Peiresc remarked, that it had left a drop of blood-coloured liquor on the bottom of the box, and that this drop, or stain, was as large as a French sou. The red stains on the walls, on stones near the highways, and in the fields, were found to be perfectly similar to that on the bottom of M. de Peiresc's box. He now no longer hesitated to pronounce, that all those blood-coloured stains, wherever they appeared, proceeded from the same cause. The prodigious number of butterflies which he, at the same time, saw flying in the air, confirmed his original idea. He likewise observed, that the drops of the miraculous rain were never found in the middle of the city; that they appeared only in places bordering upon the country; and that they never fell upon the tops of houses, or upon walls more elevated than the height to which butterflies generally rise. What M. de Peiresc saw himself, he showed to many persons of knowledge, or of curiosity, and established it as an incontestible fact, that the pretended drops of blood were, in reality, drops of a red liquor deposited by butterflies.

To the same cause M. de Peiresc attributes some other showers of blood related by historians; and it is worthy of remark, that all of them happened in the warm seasons of the year, when butterflies are most numerous. Among others, Gregory of Tours mentions a show-

er of blood which fell, in the time of Childebert, in different parts of Paris, and upon a certain house in the territory of Senlis; and, about the end of the month of June, another likewise fell, under the reign of King Robert.

It has been remarked, that almost all the butterflies which proceed from certain species of hairy caterpillars void large drops of excrement, which have the colour of blood. The hairy caterpillar that feeds upon the leaves of the elm-tree, after its transformation, emits drops, the colour of which is of a more deep red than that of blood; and, after being dried, their colour approaches to that of carmine. From another caterpillar of the elm, which is much larger, and much more common than the former, proceeds a butterfly, that, immediately after its transformation, emits a great quantity of red excrement. This species of caterpillar, in particular years, is so numerous, that it lays bare the whole trees in certain districts. Myriads of them are transformed into chrysalids about the end of May or beginning of June. When about to undergo their metamorphosis, they often attach themselves to the walls, and even enter into the country houses. If these butterflies were all brought forth at the same time, and flew in the same direction, their number would be sufficient to form small clouds, to cover the stones, &c., of particular districts with blood-coloured spots, and to convince those who wish to fright themselves, and to see prodigies, that a shower of blood had fallen during the night. Some of those hairy caterpillars which live in society upon nettles, likewise emit an excrementitious matter of a red colour. A thousand examples of the same kind might be enumerated. Hence the notion of miraculous or portentous showers of blood should be for ever banished from the minds of men.

We not only read of showers, but, what seems to be more unaccountable, of fountains running occasion-

ally with blood instead of water. Sir David Dalrymple, one of the senators of the college of justice in Scotland, a gentleman not more distinguished by his learning and deep research, than by his scrupulous integrity and propriety of conduct, relates, in his *Annals of Scotland**, upon the authority of Hoveden and Benedictus Abbas, that in the year 1184, "a fountain near Kilwinning†, in the shire of Air, ran blood for eight days and eight nights without intermission. This portent had frequently appeared, but never for so long a space. In the opinion of the people of the country, it prognosticated the effusion of blood. Benedictus Abbas, and R. Moveden, relate the story of this portent with perfect credulity. Benedictus Abbas improves a little upon his brother; for he is positive that the fountain flowed with *pure blood*." If Kilwinning, like Aix, had possessed such a philosopher as Peiresc, the redness of the water, if ever it did appear, would have received a most satisfactory explanation.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE LIFE OF DR. ARMSTRONG.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D., a poet and physician, was born, about 1709, at Castleton, in Roxburghshire, Scotland, where his father was minister. In his principal poem he has very pleasingly celebrated his native place, and the rivulet with which it is beautified.

Such the stream
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew
air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric
lays,
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-
sick swains,
Unknown in song; though not a pur-
er stream."

* Vol. I. page 298.

† A Scottish village.

Through meads more flow'ry, or
more romantic groves,
Rolls towards the western main, &c.
ART OF HEALTH, BOOK III.

He was designed for the medical profession, and studied for that purpose in the university of Edinburgh, where he took his degree with reputation, in 1732. The subject of his inaugural thesis, was, *De Tabæ Purulenta*. He settled in London, where he appeared in the double capacity of author and physician; but his success in the former, as has frequently been the case, seems to have impeded his progress in the latter. His first publication, in 1735, was a humorous attack upon empirics, in the manner of Lucian, entitled "An Essay for abridging the Study of Physic; to which is added, a Dialogue between Hygeia, Mercury, and Pluto, relating to the practice of Physic, as it is managed by a certain illustrious Society; and an Epistle from Usbeck the Persian to Joshua Ward, Esq." In 1737 he published a serious professional piece "On the Venereal Disease;" and soon after it, a poem, entitled "The Economy of Love," which met with a success which was, probably, in the end, a source neither of satisfaction nor advantage to the author. It is an elegant and vigorous performance; but so warm in some of its descriptions, as to have incurred the general censure of licentiousness, which has excluded it from the most reputable collections of poetry. The author himself considerably pruned its luxuriances, in an edition printed in 1768.

In 1744, his capital work, the didactic poem on "the Art of Preserving Health," appeared, and raised his literary reputation to a height which his after-performances scarcely sustained. A poem "On Benevolence," in 1751, and another entitled "Taste, an Epistle to a young Critic," in 1753, showed that he continued to cultivate the muses, though with no extraordinary success. His volume, in prose, of "Sketches or Essays on various

Subjects," under the name of Launcelot Temple, Esq.; in 1758, was better received by the public, who admired the humour and knowledge of the world which it displayed. The celebrated Mr. Wilkes, then his intimate acquaintance, was supposed to have contributed a share to this volume.

Dr. Armstrong had professional interest enough, in 1760 to obtain the appointment of physician to the army in Germany. From that country he wrote, "Day: an epistle to John Wilkes, Esq." A reflection upon Churchill in this latter piece drew upon him a severe retaliation from that irritable bard in his "Journey." Party now ran so high, especially that of the worst kind, national animosity, that a native of Scotland could scarcely keep up a friendly intercourse with an English oppositist: accordingly, we find that the intimacy between Dr. Armstrong and Mr. Wilkes was dissolved about this time. At the peace of 1763, Armstrong returned to London, and resumed the practice of physick; but his habits and manners opposed an insurmountable bar against popular success. His mind was too lofty to stoop to intrigue; his manner was stiff and reserved; and his disposition was indolent. He continued occasionally rather to amuse than exert himself in literary productions, serious and humorous; sometimes, in the latter, mistaking oddity for wit, and indulging an unpleasant veil of vulgarity in expression and misanthropy in sentiment. These latter effusions are scarcely worth particularizing. In 1771, he made a journey to France and Italy, accompanied by the celebrated painter, Mr. Fuseli, who warmly attests the benevolence of his character. On this tour he took a last farewell, in Italy, of his friend Smollett, to whom he was much attached. He published a short account of this ramble, under the name of Launcelot Temple. His last publication, a pamphlet, in 1773, entitled, "Medical Essays," accounts, in a

splenetic manner, for the limited, practice he attained, and complains of his literary critics. He died in September 1779, leaving considerable savings from a very moderate income.

Armstrong was a man much beloved and respected by his intimates, and seems to have possessed great goodness of heart, as well as extensive knowledge and abilities; but a kind of morbid sensibility preyed on his temper, and a languid listlessness damped his intellectual efforts. The following lines in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" are said to have been meant for his portraiture:—

With him was sometimes join'd, in
silent walk
(Profoundly silent—for they never
spoke),
One shyer still, who quite detested
talk;
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he
broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'er-
shadowing oak,
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all
alone,
And on himself his pensive fury
wroke:
He never utter'd word, save when
first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank
Heav'n! the day is done."

It should not be forgotten, that Armstrong contributed to this excellent poem the fine stanzas descriptive of the diseases to which the votaries of indolence finally become martyrs.

His reputation as a poet is almost solely founded on his "Art of Preserving Health;" for his other pieces scarcely rise above mediocrity. This may well rank among the first didactic poems in the English language; and though that class of poetry is not of the highest order, yet the variety incident to his subject has given him the opportunity of displaying his powers on some of the most elevated and interesting topics, and they are found fully adequate to the occasion. The work is adopted into the body of English

classics, and has often been printed, both separately and in collections.

The following character of Armstrong's style and manner is given in an essay prefixed to an ornamented edition of the poem, printed for Cadell and Davies, 1799:—"It is distinguished by its simplicity, by a free use of words, which owe their strength to their plainness, by the rejection of ambitious ornaments, and a near approach to common phraseology. His sentences are generally short and easy; his sense clear and obvious. The full extent of his conceptions is taken in at the first glance; and there are no lofty mysteries to be unravelled by a repeated perusal. What keeps his language from being prosaic is the vigour of his sentiments. He thinks boldly, feels strongly, and therefore expresses himself poetically. Where the subject sinks, his style sinks with it; but he has for the most part excluded topics incapable either of vivid description or of the oratory of sentiment. He had from Nature a musical ear, whence his lines are scarcely ever harsh, though apparently without much study to render them smooth. On the whole, it may not be too much to assert, that no writer in blank verse can be found more free from stiffness and affectation, more energetic without harshness, and more dignified without formality."

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE have had occasion lately to announce the introduction of several important branches of manufactures in our country, in addition to the great number which have been gradually and almost imperceptibly progressing since the revolution, but we know of none which, as a collateral branch, affords us more real satisfaction, than the recent suc-

cessful effort of Mr. John Harrison, of this city, in the manufacture of oil of vitriol; after many unsuccessful attempts in other parts of the union, and, indeed, knowing as we do that many parts of the continent of Europe are still tributary to Great Britain for this important aid to their general manufactures, we think it no common cause of congratulation. The progress of science and the arts is eminently promoted by it: not a dyer, clothier, bleacher, calico printer, hatter, brass founder or paper maker, with many other artists, that do not require its aid in a greater or lesser degree; the science of medicine, the pursuits of the mineralogist and chemist, are all assisted by this important article. We therefore repeat, we think it no common cause of congratulation, that a native American, by a series of laborious exertions, has succeeded in rendering us independent of Britain, in one of the most useful aids to our infant manufactures. Connected with this branch, are others but little inferior in usefulness to the manufacturer; the muriatic acid, aquafortis, blue vitriol, or sulphate of copper, are all necessary to the dyer and calico printer, to the paper stainer and colour maker. The preparation of some important chemical medicines, for a supply of which we have heretofore been dependent upon foreign countries, renders the establishment still more interesting. Upon the whole, we know of no undertaking which embraces so many useful objects, or deserves the applause and support of the American people more than this.

Since the adoption and establishment of the federal government, great and numerous works of public utility have been undertaken and completed in the United States, works which depended on a laudable spirit of enterprise, as well as the expense of large sums of money. At the period mentioned, the river Connecticut, from its head to its

mouth (excepting at fording places, at low water, in midsummer and autumn), was passable only by ferry boats, and those for the most part miserably attended. As a specimen of the progress of improvements in New-England, we give the following list of bridges, built within a few years, over Connecticut river, viz.

New Hampshire	Vermont
Between the towns of	
Northumberland and Guildhall	1
Lancaster	Guildhall 1
Haverhill	Newbury 3
Orford	Fairlee 1
Hanover	Norwich 1
Lebanon	Hartford 1
Cornish	Windsor 1
Charlestown	Springfield 1
Walpole	Rockingham 1
Chesterfield	Brattleboro' 1

In Massachusetts—between
Greenfield and Montague 1
Springfield W. Springfield 1
A bridge between Hatfield and Hadley will, we are informed, be finished during the present season, as much the heaviest part of the work is already accomplished.—When this shall be completed, we may reckon 15 useful edifices, many of which combine strength and beauty.

A singular circumstance was discovered on Friday evening last, in Mr. John Bowman's barn, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania. About 8 o'clock of that evening, a young man belonging to the family went, in order to put up a horse in the stable; above, in the foddering gang, he observed something that appeared to him like a man, with fiery eyes, which he thought was a spirit; but fixing a resolution upon himself, with a view to see what it really was, he found, upon approaching the place, that it was absolutely fire, issuing through a small aperture in the loft of the stable, which was afterwards found to be made by the fire (as the loft was otherwise closely laid with boards). Upon further examination, a large quantity of hay, near the centre of the

mow, was found to be in a highly inflammable state, resembling that of a coal pit on fire, which, as soon as exposed to the external air, instantly burst into a flame; but, by the vigilance and good management of Mr. Bowman's family, and a few neighbours, the flame was kept under, by throwing water on the hay, and confining it from air, as much as possible, until morning; by which time they had collected more assistance. They then undertook to remove the inflammable hay, which was effected by hauling it out on waggons into the adjoining fields; this, however, was done with much difficulty, as it burned with great rapidity, when exposed to the air, in spite of every precaution they were able to take. They were even obliged to overset the waggons once or twice, to prevent them from being burned.

About the middle of June, Mr. Bowman had put into the mow of his barn about 80 tons of hay, principally clover. The weather not being very favourable for hay-making when endeavouring to cure it, they ventured to put it in pretty green, on the supposition of salt doing what remained to be done by the sun. To effect this, he put about half a bushel of salt to every load; but all did not do: a strong fermentation took place, which was certainly the cause of its taking fire.

It is an incontrovertible proof, that many barns, supposed to be set on fire by mischievous persons, take fire from the very same cause, and in the same manner Mr. Bowman's would have done, had they not been fortunate in discovering the fire in the time they did. Farmers should therefore be very careful in curing their grain and hay, before packed into their barns, as it may otherwise be attended with dangerous consequences. It appears to many to be absolutely impossible for hay or grain to heat to that degree as to take fire. But the above circumstance puts every doubt on that subject completely at defiance.

The Copleyan medal has been adjudged by the Royal Philosophical Society of London to T. A. Knight, Esq., for his numerous discoveries in vegetable physiology. Sir Joseph Banks, upon presenting Mr. Knight with the reward of his labours and high merit, pronounced a most able discourse on the pursuits of this gentleman. He noticed his researches and observations on the albuminous juices of plants, in its *ascent* elaborating the buds and leaves, and in its *descent* forming wood; and of his discovery of the natural decay of apple-trees, and of the grafts, which decline and become unproductive at the same time with the parent stock. The learned president referred next to the experiments, which went to prove that all vegetables radiate by gravitation only, and not by any instinctive energy; that new and superior species of apples may be produced from seed; and that impregnating the pollen was found to be an advantageous substitute for grafting. He then alluded to the new and very valuable species of pears produced by Mr. Knight, and to a new species of vines, which bear grapes not only superior in flavour to others hitherto known, but which are capable of arriving at perfection, even in the most adverse seasons, in our climate. For these, and other discoveries, ably enumerated by the learned president, the Copleyan medal was adjudged to Mr. Knight, whose successful labours in this branch of natural history have probably surpassed those of any other philosopher in developing the economy of vegetation, and the laws of vegetable life.

Dr. Carradori, in opposition to the experiments and conclusions of Messrs. Humboldt and Gay Lussac, affirms that ebullition is not sufficient to free water from all the oxygen that it contains; and that nothing but congelation, and the res-

piration of fishes, can entirely clear water of its oxygen. These, he says, are the only means that complete the separation from water of all the oxygen it contains interposed between its globules. Fishes he conceives to be the endimeters of water; and one of these, shut up in a body of water, is capable of separating, by means of its respiration, in several hours, all the oxygen from the water, and to exhaust it entirely from this principle. By several ingenious, but cruel, experiments on fish, this philosopher proves that melted snow, as well as water that has been congealed, is deprived of all its oxygen.

forms a support and axis on which the globes turn. When the lower globe, which is half filled with water, has, in changing its position, become uppermost, the water will run out into the other, and will form, by the pressure, a current of air in the pipe, which, being stopped by the valve at the extremity of the same pipe, will be forced to pass through the horizontal pipe; the mouth of which being directed towards the flame, will produce the effect desired: when the water has descended into the lower ball, the position must be changed, and the action of the machine will recommence.

Leroi, who has made many successful experiments in agriculture, advises persons by no means to procure grain for sowing from a soil north of their own land, but from a country south of it; because he says it is a general rule, that the product of seed improves in going from south to north, and that it decreases in virtue in going from north to south. He recommends boiled carrots, as an excellent and cheap food for the fattening of pigs; and he adds, that by steeping raw carrots in water to deprive them of their acrid principle, then by boiling them, and causing them to ferment, an ardent spirit may be drawn from them, more wholesome than brandy distilled from rye.

Theodore Pierre Bertin has invented a new syphon, capable of raising water thirty feet high without human help. This instrument is, we are told, applicable to different purposes: as a syphon, it may be used to raise water above its source, in any situation; as a pump, it may serve as a pneumatic chemical apparatus, by the help of which may be made acidulated waters. The effects of this pump are in proportion to the superior length of the descending limb over that of the ascending one: it is therefore convenient for conveying perfumed air, such as that of an orangerie, for example, into rooms: it may also be rendered useful for mild suction, and might be employed in surgical operations where the sucking-pump is employed.

M. L. Abbe Melograni has invented a new blow-pipe: it consists of two hollow glass globes, of a size proportioned to the effects required, which are united by two metallic tubes placed one against the other; each of these pipes has a valve attached at each of its extremities: a third pipe placed horizontally, and at right angles with the two first, is symmetrically fixed to the pipes which unite the two globes. This horizontal pipe, besides serving to direct the air upon the flame of the lamp, likewise

Two species of bears at present unknown have been found by M. Cuvier, buried with tygers, hyenas, and other carnivorous animals, in a great number of caverns, in the mountains of Hungary and Germany.

M. Seguin, from the remarkable quantity of albumen found in vegetable juices which ferment without yeast, and afford a vinous

liquor, has been led to enquire whether the albumen might not be of essential consequence to this intestine motion. Having deprived these juices of albumen, they became incapable of fermenting; and then having supplied this principle, such as white of egg to saccharine matter, the fermentation took place, and a matter similar to yeast was deposited, which appeared to be only the albumen, which was so altered as to be nearly insoluble, without having lost its fermentescible action. Hence he concludes, that albumen, whether animal or vegetable, is the true ferment.

M. Oliver has lately presented to the National Institute an account of the topography of Persia; in which he has described the chains of mountains, the courses of streams, and the productions peculiar to climate. The great and prevailing drought is the cause why not more than a twentieth part of that vast empire is cultivated. Entire provinces have not a single tree which is not planted and watered by the hands of man. This evil is constantly increasing, by the destruction of these canals by which the water from the mountains was formerly conducted to the lands.

Freylinio has extracted a large quantity of saccharine matter from the black mulberry tree, which may be obtained in a state of syrup or concrete sugar. The syrup may be had by extracting the juice, clarifying it with the whites of eggs, and afterwards evaporating it to a proper consistence.

M. Gogo has obtained from the common hazel-nut a sweet and agreeable oil.

Count Rumford, who is now at Paris, has ascertained that light loses little of its intensity by passing

through ground glass; he recommends, therefore, the performance of ground glasses for Argand's lamp, as a means of preventing the glare, so offensive to the eye.

Dr. Gautieri, physician at Angogna, in the Milanese, has published a treatise on the animal gelatine as a cure for intermittents. The National Institute have delegated a committee to inquire into the effects of this new remedy, and they found that the common glue of the joiners cured intermittents. A great many Italian physicians have tried this remedy, and found it safe and effectual. They tried it in the *febris tertiana duplicata*, some also in the quartan, which had not yielded to bark, &c., likewise in the quotidian remittents. Several patients were restored even by the simple jelly of beef. They observed that the sthenical intermittents cured by the glue went over into a *febris continua*, and even in asthenical ones; but this continuity lasted at most only one or two days. The glue is to be given a short time before the paroxysm. Its principal effect consists in taking away the atony of the stomach and the skin. When that is done, it is advisable to give some doses at several other hours of the day. It ought not to be diluted too much with water. When the solution, made from eleven or twelve drachms of glue in two ounces of water, coagulates and thickens again, it may easily be made potable, by putting the glass on hot ashes*. Others gave the doses every quarter, or every half hour, with equally good effect. The patient should not drink much after having taken the medicine, and especially no acid beverage. Two or three hours after he may drink or eat. The glue operates at the

* Gluten, prepared in a Papinian digester, from bones, beef, &c., would produce the same effect, be equally cheap, and without the nauseous taste of the joiner's glue.

same time as a sudorific. The patient ought to remain two days in bed after the fever has ceased, and to avoid the air (especially if it be cold and moist) for four or five days. At Berlin these cures have been reiterated in the *Charité*, and found of indubitable effect.

De Sacco, at Milan, has made experiments, which prove that the lymph of the malanders, or rather the grease of horses (Italian, *giardoni*, German, *mauke*, French, *caux aux jambes*), has the same effect, when inoculated, as the vaccine virus. These experiments have been repeated several times at Berlin, by Dr. and counsellor Bremer, who got re-produced lymph from Vienna. He transplanted the lymph by four generations, and it remained effective. All necessary means have been employed to ascertain that true cow-pock was produced. Every child inoculated with this matter was re-inoculated with the natural small-pox, but did not take it.

The secret of the invisible girl has lately been supposed to have been discovered, from which it should seem, that the whole deception consists in a very trifling addition to the mechanism of the *speaking bust*; which consists of a tube from the mouth of the bust, leading to a confederate in an adjoining room, and another tube to the same place, ending in the ear of the figure. By the last of these, a sound whispered to the ear of the bust is immediately carried to the confederate, who instantly returns an answer by the other tube ending in the mouth of the figure, who seems to utter it: and the invisible girl only differs in this circumstance, that an artificial echo is produced by means of certain trumpets; and thus the sound does not proceed in its original direction, but is completely reversed.

VOL. VIII. NO. XLVIII.

The London Medical Society propose to confer the Fothergillian gold medal on the authors of the best essays on the following subjects:

Question for the year 1807.—

The best account of the epidemic fevers which have prevailed at several times in North America, Spain, and Gibraltar, since the year 1793, and whether they are the same or different diseases.

For the year 1808.—What are the best methods of preventing and of curing epidemic dysentery?

For the year 1809.—What are the criteria by which epidemic disorders that are not infectious may be distinguished from those that are?

For the year 1810.—What are the qualities in the atmosphere most to be desired under the various circumstances of pulmonary consumption?

It has been lately recommended that, excepting the lancet employed in vaccination, all the instruments of surgery ought to be dipped into oil at the moment when they are going to be used; by which method the pain of the subject operated upon will always be diminished. It is recommended to make all instruments of a blood-heat a little before the operation.

Mr. Hermstadt, of Berlin, gives the following as a cheap method of obtaining the sugar of the beet-root: Let the beet-roots be pounded in a mortar, and then subjected to the press; the juice is next to be clarified with lime, like that of the sugar-cane, and then by evaporation bring it to the consistence of syrup. From 100 lbs. of raw sugar thus obtained, 80 lbs. may be had, by the first refining, of well-crystallized sugar, inferior neither in quality nor whiteness to that of the West-Indies. Two days are sufficient to complete the operation.

An article in the foreign papers, dated St. Petersburg, May 4, says: "His imperial majesty has been pleased to grant a very remarkable charter to the colony of Scotsmen who have been settled for the last four years in the mountain of Caucasus. The right and privileges accorded to the Scotsmen, who form a detached settlement in a district so thinly peopled, and bordering on the territories of so many uncivilized tribes of mahometans and heathens, are intended to increase their activity in extending trade and manufactures, and to place them, in respect to their immunities, on the same footing with the Evangelical Society of Sarepta.

"They are to have the requisite additional allotments of land as near as possible to the village which they have already founded. Of these his majesty secures to them the perpetual possession, promising that no part of the tract allotted to their community shall ever pass, by sale, mortgage, or bill of pre-emption, or any other pretence, into the occupation of strangers. They are exempted from all imposts or burthens for thirty years; at the end of which period they are, instead of a poll tax, to pay their proportion of the land tax, but to remain exempt from all other imposts, from the civil and military service of the state, and from the billeting of soldiers in any of their villages.

"The free exercise of their religion is confirmed to them, and the internal affairs and police of the settlement shall for ever be administered by a magistrate chosen from among themselves. His passports will be a sufficient authority for them to travel and traffic in every part of the empire, but not for leaving the country.

"The chief magistrate is not, without special permission, to admit to the privileges of a colonist any Russian subject, but is at liberty to receive as settlers Kabardans, Circassians, and every other description of mahometans and heathens, being

freemen, and taking the oath of allegiance to his majesty. They may also become converts to the religion of the colony. The colonists may also buy and keep Kabardan, Circassian, and other mahometan and heathen slaves.

"They may freely exercise every sort of trade, art, or manufacture, and within their own limits distill and vend their spiritous liquors. The colony is placed under the special protection of the civil government of Caucasus."

The oriental library of the late Tippoo Sultan, which, on the capture of Seringapatam, was preserved entire, and consists of 2000 volumes of Arabic, Persian, and Hindustane manuscripts, was shortly after that event conveyed to Calcutta, and deposited in the college of Fort William, where it much facilitated the labours and pursuits of the professors and students of those languages. This library was, in the year 1805, minutely examined, by the assistant Persian professor, captain Charles Stewart, and a descriptive catalogue, explaining the subject of each volume, memoirs of the author, &c., formed of its contents. Since that gentleman's arrival in England, and appointment to the East India Company's college at Hartford, he has revised the work, and added an appendix, containing specimens of the Persian language (accompanied by translations), from the principal authors quoted in the catalogue, rendering it not only a useful book to the oriental student, but desirable by every person wishing for information on such subjects, or curious of knowing the nature and extent of mahometan literature, which, it must be remembered, had arrived at a great degree of splendour, when Europe was overcast with ignorance and barbarism. For the convenience of foreigners, to whom the English letters may not give the exact pronunciation of an oriental word, the titles of the books will be also inscribed in the Arabic character.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

FRIENDSHIP.

THOUGH, chilling as the wintry
wind,
A weight of woes depress the mind,
To depths below the tomb,
Soft Friendship's voice, pure from the
soul,
Would warm beneath the northern
pole,
And dissipate the gloom.

The soul-reviving balm it bears
Would chase a hydra troop of cares
From the perturbed heart ;
The happy few who prove its pow'r
Well know it cheers the gloomiest
hour
Affliction can impart.

Unlike to Love's despotic reign,
Who binds with barb'rous, servile
chain,
The instant when he smiles ;
Whose joys would ne'er repay for
sighs,
For tear-bedewed, bedimmed eyes
Of those who've prov'd his wiles.

'Tis not to age or sex confin'd,
Nor dwells it in the vicious mind,
For vice can never know
The bliss supreme which doth attend
When virtuous hearts united blend,
Weeping each other's woe.

Yet Julius says, 'twould not be found,
Though we should search the earth
around ;
He holds deception's most.
But why need Julius now be told
Friendship's engrav'd on every fold
Of his Maria's heart.

Though bless'd in him her heart re-
veres,
Her couch is oft suffus'd with tears,
For sorrows not her own.
While he lies wrapt in balmy sleep,
She wakes at midnight, wakes to
weep,
And breathe the heavy groan.

The paltry world, the common guide,
She nobly dares to spurn aside,
While, true to Friendship's call,
She passes the gay, splendid dome,
Pursues pale Mis'ry to its home,
To share its cup of gall ;

Forgets the bliss she left behind,
Anxious to raise the drooping mind,
And bind the broken heart ;
And pledges with a tear the cup,
Eager to drink the mixture up,
Nor leave the wretch a part.

Here Friendship makes a sacred claim:
'Tis not a less ennobled name,
Say Julius what he may,
Nought else would stand the test of
years,
Even Pity sheds but transient tears,
Which dries as dew away.

Then, Julius, come, that mist dispel,
Though Friendship, some have said,
can't dwell
But in equality,
I'll prove, though you should truth
resist,
Without the pale it can exist,
By the reality.

And well as Julius knows the heart,
He must mistake his own in part,
For Friendship triumphs there ;
The mould that form'd Maria's mind,
Form'd his as gentle, good, and kind,
And Friendship claims the pair.

Yet, Julius, man's but simple man,
Say in his praise what mortal can ;
By one false friend deceiv'd,
You droop, and Friendship's sweets
resign,
While I bow still before its shrine,
Though oh ! how oft bereav'd !

SABINA.

For the Literary Magazine.

SONG.

THE tears I shed must ever fall.
I mourn not for an absent swain ;

For thoughts may past delights recal,
And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows
o'er;

And those they lov'd their steps shall
tread,

And death shall join to part no
more.

Tho' boundless oceans roll'd between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each
scene;

Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
Even when, by death's cold hand re-
moved,

We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think that e'en in death he loved,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who'slighted love bewails,
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.

Here are the pangs of wounded
pride,

Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy;
The flattering veil is rent aside,
The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The hours once ting'd in trans-
port's dye;

The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the past to agony;

Even time itself despairs to cure
Those pangs to ev'ry feeling due;

Ungenerous youth! thy boast how
poor,

To win a heart, and break it too.

No cold approach, no altered mien,
Just what would make suspicion
start,

No pause the dire extremes between;
He made me blest, and broke my
heart.

From hope, the wretched's anchor
torn,

Neglected, and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,

The tears I shed must ever fall!

ELIZA.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE SCOLD.

A Song.

SOME women take delight in dress,
And some in cards take pleasure;
Whilst others place their happiness
In heaping hoards of treasure;
In private some delight to kiss,
Their hidden charms unfolding;
But all mistake the sovereign bliss,
There's no such joy as scolding.

The instant that I ope my eyes,
Adieu all day to silence;
Before my neighbours they can rise,
They hear my tongue a mile hence:
When at the board I take my seat,
'Tis one continu'd riot;
I eat and scold, and scold and eat,
My clack is ne'er at quiet.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
I ever am complaining;
Too raw, too roast, too young, too old,
Each guest at table paining;
Let it be fowl, or flesh, or fish,
Tho' of my own providing,
I still find fault with every dish,
Still every servant chiding.

But when to bed I go at night,
I surely fall a weeping;
For then I lose my great delight,
How can I scold when sleeping?
But this my pain doth mitigate,
And soon disperses sorrow;
Altho' to-night it be too late,
I'll pay it off to-morrow.

For the Literary Magazine.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE,

*On the author's being cured of a fit of
the head-ache by dancing with Miss*

QUACK doctors too oft their patients
deceive,

By boasted pretensions to skill;
And whilst they the present disorder
relieve,

Fix some more incurable ill.

Thus Celia by dancing my head-ach
 relief'd,
 And I vainly applauded her art;
 Till at last the fair mountebank's cheat
 I perceiv'd,
 For the pain is now fix'd in my
 heart.

c.

Ah! then I see thee o'er her charms
 A look of fond'affection cast;
 I see thee clasp her in thine arms,
 And in the present lose the past.

But soon the dear illusion flies;
 The sad reality returns:
 My crimes again to memory rise,
 And, ah! in vain my orphan
 mourns:

For the Literary Magazine.

THE DYING DAUGHTER TO HER
 MOTHER.

By Mrs. Opie.

MOTHER! when these unsteady
 lines

Thy long averted eye shall see,
 This hand that writes, this heart that
 pines,
 Will cold, quite cold, and tran-
 quil be.

That guilty child, so long disowned,
 Can then, blest thought! no more
 offend;
 And, shouldst thou deem my crimes
 atoned,
 O, deign my orphan to befriend:

That orphan, who, with trembling
 hand,
 To thee will give my dying prayer;
 Canst thou my dying prayer withstand,
 And from my child withhold thy
 care?

O, raise the veil, which hides her
 cheek,
 Nor start her mother's face to see;
 But let her look thy love bespeak,
 For once that face was dear to thee.

Gaze on, and thou'lt perchance forget
 The long, the mournful lapse of
 years,
 Thy couch with tears of anguish wet,
 And e'en the guilt which caused
 those tears.

And in my pure and artless child,
 Thou'lt think her mother meets
 thy view;
 Such as she was when life first
 smiled,
 And guilt by name alone she knew.

Till suddenly some keen remorse,
 Some deep regret her claims shall
 aid;
 For wrath that held too long its
 course;
 For words of peace too long de-
 layed.

For pardon (most, alas! denied,
 When pardon might have snatched
 from shame)
 And kindness, hadst thou kindness
 tried,
 Had checked my guilt, and saved
 my fame.

And then thou'lt wish, as I do now,
 Thy hand my humble bed had
 smoothed,
 Wiped the chill moisture off my brow,
 And all the wants of sickness
 soothed.

For, oh! the means to sooth my pain
 My poverty has still denied;
 And thou wilt wish, ah! wish in vain,
 Thy riches had those means sup-
 plied.

Thou'lt wish, with keen repentance
 wrung,
 I'd closed my eyes upon thy breast,
 Expiring, while thy faltering tongue
 Pardon in kindest tones expressed.

O sounds which I must never hear!
 Through years of woe my fond de-
 sire!
 O mother, spite of all most dear,
 Must I, unblest by thee, expire?

Thy love alone I call to mind,
 And all thy past disdain forget;
 Each keen reproach, each frown un-
 kind,
 That crushed my hopes when last
 we met;

But when I saw that angry brow,
Both health and youth were still
my own :

O mother! couldst thou see me now,
Thou wouldst not have the heart to
frown.

But see! my orphan's cheek displays
Both youth and health's carnation
dyes,

Such as on mine, in happier days,
So fondly charmed the partial eyes.

Grief o'er her bloom a veil now
draws,

Grief her loved parent's pang to
see;

And when thou think'st upon the
cause,

That paleness will have charms for
thee.

But wilt thou thus indulgent be ?

O ! am I not by hope beguiled ?

The long, long anger shown to me,

Say, will it not pursue my child ?

And must she suffer for my crime ?

Ah ! no; forbid it, gracious Heaven !

And grant, oh ! grant, in thy good
time,

That she be loved, and I forgiven !

For the Literary Magazine.

TO SIMPLICITY.

SWEET nymph! of every placid
mien,

Who shun'st the lures of sordid
pride,

Who lov'st the valley's humble scene,
Come, o'er my votive muse preside ;

For nor Ambition's gilded toys,

Nor Vice's soft enticing glance,

Nor Folly's visionary joys,

One moment can my breast en-
trance.

But thou in rustic garb canst please,
While pomp and power soon will
cloy ;

Canst boast more bliss, and lasting
ease,

Than Fortune's minions e'er enjoy.

Yes ! happier I thy smiles to share,

From ev'ry pallid sorrow free,

More blest to taste thy simple fare,
O ! meek-ey'd maid ! Simplicity.

Lead me, then, to thy happy vale,
Where no corroding cares molest,
Where mild Content trips o'er the
dale,

With dimpled cheeks, and modest
vest.

There be thy straw-roof'd cottage
mine,

Thy babbling rill, and sylvan glade ;

Thy moss-deck'd seat, whose nodding
pine

Throws o'er the brow a darksome
shade.

There, far retir'd from Fashion's ken,
How happy will we pass our life !

We'll will we mark the care of men,

And smile at their discordant strife.

With bosom light and airy tread,

Around each genial joy shall come,

Whilst Hope shall e'er our footsteps
lead,

And Health will gild our happy
home.

As thought directs, our path we'll
chuse,

What time the Morning spreads
her wing ;

To cull the flow'r of simple hues,
Or scent the sweets the zephyrs
bring.

Or we will skirt the silver stream,

The heathy hill or valley o'er ;

Or pleasing trace Aurora's beam
Its brightness o'er the landscape
pour.

Or if beneath some oak reclin'd,

The lark's aerial thrilling note

Shall sooth to peace the musing mind,

And o'er the raptured senses float

Thus soft entranc'd gay forms will
rise,

And Fancy with her pow'rs attend ;

To wake anew life's smiling joys, /

" Each pleasure past, each social
friend."

When Cynthia lightens all the vale,

And Nature courts a calm repose ;

When distant sounds swell in the
gale,

And all the pencil'd flow'rets close ;

Then will we join the festive round,

And trip the sprightly dance along ;

Or to the pipe's melodious sound,

Awake the love-inspiring song.

And e'en when darken'd shadows
spread,
And o'er the lawn loud tempests
howl;
Still, still within thy clay-built shed,
Each hour on Pleasure's wings
shall roll;
For there secure, no harm I'll fear,
Whilst on thy couch of slumber
laid,
But soft enjoy each vision dear,
That hovers lightly round my head.

'Tis thus thou shalt, enchanting maid!
Where'er I stray, morn, noon, or
night,
Each pleasure-strewed path pervade,
And e'er create some new delight.
For thou wilt ev'ry joy increase,
And glad each hour that's spent
with thee;
Spread o'er each scene thy smiles of
peace,
O meek-ey'd maid! Simplicity.

J. B.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, on Tuesday evening, September 1, by the Rev. Dr. Staughton, Mr. Maylin, of the mission church at Serampore, Bengal, to Mrs. M'Cutchen of Philadelphia.

On Saturday evening, September 5, by the Rev. Dr. Staughton, captain Joseph R. Connell, to Miss Ann Beasley, daughter of Mr. Stephen Beasley, all of Philadelphia.

On Sunday evening, September 6, by the Rev. Joseph Turner, Mr. James Fossett, to Miss Elizabeth Keighler, both of Philadelphia.

On Wednesday evening, September 9, by the Rev. Dr. Green, Ebenezer Rockwood, Esq., to Miss Elizabeth B. Hazard, daughter of Ebenezer Hazard, Esq., of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, September 10, by the Rev. Dr. Staughton, Mr. John Sterrett, of Wilmington, Delaware, to Miss Margaret Bayard, of the Northern Liberties.

On Wednesday evening, September 16, by the Rev. bishop White, Mr. John Goddard, of Baltimore, to Miss Mary Beck, daughter of Paul Beck, Esq., of Philadelphia.

On Friday evening, September 18, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. John Roberts Worrell, to Miss Sidney Flounders, both of Delaware county, Pennsylvania.

On Thursday evening, September 17, by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Mr. George Likes, to Miss Mary Haw, both of the Northern Liberties.

Same evening, by the same, Mr. John Rigler, to Miss Margaret Hornketh, both of Philadelphia.

On Sunday evening, September 20, by the same, Mr. Richard Welsh, to Mrs. Louisa Ellison, both of Philadelphia.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Thomas Collings, to Mrs. Sarah Dover, daughter of John Dover, Esq., all of the Northern Liberties.

On Tuesday evening, September 22, by the Rev. Dr. Meyer, captain William Henry, to Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, daughter of Mr. Andrew Thillers, all of Philadelphia.

At Germantown, at Friend's Meeting, on Friday morning, September 11, Mr. Benjamin Buck, farmer, of Bristol township, to Miss Rebecca Walters, of Philadelphia.

At Washington City, on Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Laurie, Mr. Toppan Webster, to Miss Martha Osborne, both of that City.

At the farm of Mr. Francis Bailey, at Octoraro, near Lancaster, by the Rev. Mr. Sample, of Strasburg, Mr. Frederick Eckstein, of Philadelphia, to Miss Jane Bailey, daughter of Mr. Francis Bailey, printer.

DIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, on the 30th of August, Magnus Miller, Esq., for many years a respectable merchant in that city, aged eighty-six.

On Thursday, September 3, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, captain George Curwen.

Same day, in the Pennsylvania hospital, John Butler, of North Carolina, near to Ransom's bridge; he came from thence, and was admitted for a large wen, the 11th of April last; when extracted from his cheek and neck, on the 22d of the same month, it weighed five and a half pounds. Of this wen he was perfectly cured, and was retained in the house about five weeks, to give him an opportunity of going home, but was unfortunately arrested by the influenza, accompanied with a fever, of which he died, after a week's illness: his remains were deposited next day, by his own request, in the presbyterian graveyard.

On Thursday September 3, in the thirty-fifth year of her age, Mrs. Hannah Marsh, wife of Mr. Joseph Marsh, jun., of Southwark, and daughter of Adam Hubley, Esq., deceased, formerly of that city.

On Friday evening, September 4, Mrs. Mary Snider, consort of Mr. John Snider, merchant, Philadelphia.

Same day, Mr. Samuel Emlen (son of the late George Emlen, deceased), in the fifty-first year of his age.

On Friday morning, September 4, in the eighty-seventh year of her age, Ann Hallowell, of that city, for many years a respectable elder of the Society of Friends.

On Saturday, September 5, in her eighty-fifth year, much beloved and respected by her relatives and friends, Mrs. Craig, widow of the late Mr. James Craig, of that city.

On Monday, September 7, after a short illness, in the fifty-second year of her age, Mrs. Rebecca Pancake, wife of colonel Philip Pancake, of that city.

Same day, much regretted, Mr. William Stewart, of the house of Hassinger and Stewart, of that city.

On Sunday evening, September 13, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, Mr. James Hamel, long a respectable inhabitant of that city.

On Monday morning, September 14, Mrs. Elizabeth Holskamp, late wife of Mr. Garret Holskamp, in the seventy-third year of her age.

On Wednesday morning, September 23, Salome Morgan, relict of Benjamin Morgan, in her seventy-third year.

On Saturday, September 26, in the fifty-second year of her age, Mrs. Jane Tunis, wife of Richard Tunis, Esq.

On Thursday morning, October 1, general Peter Muhlenberg, collector of the port of Philadelphia.

At CHARLESTON (S. C.), September 2d, Mr. Augustus D. Jones, a native of Virginia, and a resident of that city for upwards of three years; aged twenty-six years.

Same day, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, Mr. Alexander Gibson, a native of Massachusetts.

On the 3d September, in the 35th year of her age, Miss Mary Isabella O'Brien, eldest daughter of B. O'Brien, Esq., merchant of Dublin.

Same day, after a few days' illness, in the 29th year of his age, and much regretted by all his acquaintances, Mr. John Tillinghast, of the firm of Pearce and Tillinghast, merchants of that city. Mr. T. was a native of Rhode Island, and was a lieutenant in the newly raised company of riflemen.

Same day, in the twenty-fourth year of her age, Mr. James Neilson, merchant of that city.

Same day, Mr. James Drew, a native of Scotland.

Same day, Mrs. Mary-Ann Lamb, aged 30 years, wife of capt. James Lamb. She was a native of Edinburgh, and has left a husband and five children to lament her early loss.

A jury of inquest was held on the 4th of September, on the body of

Ross Brown, a mariner, found dead in Union-Street. The jury brought in a verdict that "he came to his death by the visitation of God, *occasioned by the extreme heat of the weather.*"

September 5, after a long and painful illness, Mr. Andrew Holmes, merchant, of that city.

A jury of inquest was held on the 7th September, on the body of William Paul, a blacksmith, a native of Scotland, found dead in his bed, in Trott-street. The jury brought in a verdict, that "the deceased came to his death by the visitation of God, *occasioned by the extreme heat of the weather.*"

September 7, Mr. William Adams, aged nine years, brother of Mr. J. S. Adams, merchant, of that city.

Same day, after a short illness, Patrick M'Dowall, for many years a respectable merchant in that city.

September 4, Mr. James Bates, a native of England, aged eighteen years, son of Mr. William Bates, comedian.

Same day, Mrs. Bridget Turnbull, aged forty-five years, a native of Ireland.

September 5, Mrs. Mary Petrie, aged sixty-eight years.

Same day, Miss Mary White Barksdale.

Same day, Mr. James Park, a native of Ireland, in the twenty-second year of his age.

On Sullivan's Island, September 7, Mr. William Rose, aged thirty-eight years, a native of Sweden.

On Sullivan's Island, same day, Mr. John Dedrich Peper, a native of Hamburg, aged twenty-five years.

Same day, a jury of inquest was held on the body of Dr. Daniel Broadman, late of New York, who died in a fit, at Mr. Jonathan Hope's hotel, on the bay; it was supposed he had laboured under mental derangement. The jury brought in a verdict, that he came to his death by the visitation of God.

Same day, in that city, Mr. Samuel H. Porter, printer, in the twenty-third year of his age, son of the

Rev. Mr. Porter, of Rye, in New Hampshire.

September 8, Mr. Jonathan W. Coy, a native of Rhode Island, aged twenty-three years.

Same day, on Sullivan's Island, Mr. Samuel Chapman, merchant, aged twenty-seven years.

September 8, Mr. John Urquhart, nephew of Mr. Charles Banks, in the 24th year of his age.

September 11, Agatha M'Dowall, aged thirty-six years; relict of Mr. Patrick M'Dowall, who died on Monday last, leaving six orphans to bewail their irreparable loss; the eldest of whom is dangerously ill.

September 4, Mr. Thomas Noble, a native of England.

September 12, in the twelfth year of her age, Miss Sarah Ann M'Dowall, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. M'Dowall, who died a few days before.

Same day, Mrs. Ann Teasdale, relict of the late Isaac Teasdale, Esq., deceased.

Same day, in the 29th year of his age, Mr. Thomas Kennard, printer, a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Same day, a jury of inquest was held on the body of John Pack, who was found dead in his bed: the jury brought in their verdict that he came to his death by the visitation of God.

On Sullivan's Island, on September 10, Mr. Archibald Johnson, merchant, a native of Scotland.

September 13, at his plantation, in that state, Mr. Philip Lamar, a very respectable citizen; and on the same day, and of the same disorder (a violent fever), his consort, Mrs. Ruth Lamar.

September 10, captain Christopher Whipple, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, a native of Rhode Island.

On his passage from Charleston to Liverpool, on board the ship George Augustus, captain Jackson, Mr. Thomas Giles, aged twenty-eight years, late of that city,

deservedly esteemed and regretted by all his friends and acquaintances.

September 12, after a short but severe illness, Mr. Isaac Boughon-
neau, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

September 13, after a short and painful illness, Miss Mary Haynes, aged nineteen years and six months; a native of Albany, state of New York.

September 14, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, after a short illness of four days, Mr. I. Charles Hentz, a native of Bremen.

September 15, Mr. John Norment, formerly a resident near Newbern, North Carolina.

September 23, Mr. Daniel Ewing, merchant, a native of Scotland.

At Savannah, September 10, Mr. John Dougherty, printer, and one of the proprietors of the Federal Republican Advocate, printed in that city. He was a native of Ireland, and formerly an inhabitant of Charleston.

At Norfolk, September 11, Thomas Newton, senior, Esq., collector of that port.

At BALTIMORE, on the 8th September, after a long and painful illness, William Waterhouse, a member of the Society of Friends.

On Thursday, September 17, Mr. George Malthy, a respected merchant of that city. This gentleman lost his life by the unexpected discharge of a pistol, in the hand of a friend. The ball entered his head, and he immediately expired.

On Saturday night last, at his lodgings in the Indian Queen hotel, John Price, Esq., of the house of Messrs. T. Junno and J. Price, of Charleston, South Carolina, most deservedly lamented.

September 4, near Newton, Chester county, Pennsylvania, Mr. Peter Barker, sen., in the eighty-eighth year of his age, formerly of Philadelphia.

August 31, at his seat near Bedford, Pennsylvania, after a painful indisposition, arising from an in-

flammation of the liver, which had confined him for about six months, George Woods, Esq., in the forty-third year of his age.

Lately, in Bart township, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Mary Downing, relict of the late Mr. William Downing, in the ninety-eighth year of her age.

At Reading, Berks county, Pennsylvania, September 14th, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, much and deservedly regretted, William Morris, Esq. a respectable inhabitant of that borough.

September 10th, Elizabeth Clement, wife of Thomas Clement, Esq. of Salem, New Jersey.

At Burlington, New Jersey, Mr. William Stiles, son of William Stiles, marble cutter, deceased.

September 28, Mr. Benjamin Ordycke, in the eighty-fifth year of his age; long a respectable inhabitant of Bethlehem township, New Jersey.

September 14, at Bloomingdale, in the state of New York, in the thirty-second year of her age, after a most afflicting illness of five months, Mrs. Ann Livingston, wife of the honourable Brockholst Livingston Esq.

In Newbury, Massachusetts, on Saturday morning, September 12, Mrs. Lydia Smith, in the 91st year of her age.

In Worcester, Mrs. Keziah, relict of the late Dr. Thomas Nichols, aged ninety-three; leaving 152 surviving lineal descendants.

September 28, at West Fairlee, Vermont, Mr. Erastus Bassett (late principal of the Young Ladies' Academy of Philadelphia), aged thirty-three years.

In Bangor, Maine, Mr. Samuel Soper, aged twenty-eight; his death was occasioned by the fall of a bank of clay, under which he was digging clay to make bricks.

In Northampton, masster Martin Ely, aged sixteen, by the falling of one of the weights of the town clock, while he was in the act of winding it up, which occasioned a great contusion of the skull.

WEEKLY REGISTER OF MORTALITY IN THE CITIES OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND BALTIMORE.

Health-office, Sept. 5, 1807.

Interments, in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, in the week ending the 5th of September.

<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Ad.</i>	<i>Childr.</i>
Apoplexy,	1	0
Asthma,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	0	7
Consumption of the lungs,	2	0
Convulsions,	0	4
Decay,	4	0
Diarrhœa,	1	6
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the chest,	1	0
Dropsy in the brain,	0	1
Drowned,	0	1
Dysentery,	0	4
Fever remittent or bilious,	1	0
Hooping cough,	0	1
Hives,	0	3
Hernia,	1	0
Inflammation of the lungs,	3	1
bowels,	0	1
Influenza,	9	2
Mortification,	0	1
Old age,	6	0
Palsy,	1	0
Pleurisy,	2	0
Sore throat,	1	0
Teething,	0	1
Worms,	0	2
Syphilis,	1	0
Unknown,	3	1

Total, 39 36—75

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years 27

From 2 to 5 5

5 10 3

10 15 1

15 20 1

20 30 2

30 40 5

40 50 5

50 60 5

60 70 1

70 80 2

80 90 7

107 1

Ages unknown, 10

Total, 75

Sept. 12.

<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Ad.</i>	<i>Childr.</i>
Cholera morbus,	0	8
Consumption of the lungs,	4	0

Convulsions,	1	0
Decay,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	4	0
Dropsy,	1	0
Drowned,	0	1
Dysentery,	1	3
Fever,	1	0
— hectic,	1	0
— remittent,	4	0
— nervous,	1	0
Gravel,	1	0
Hives,	1	0
Influenza,	4	0
Locked jaw,	0	1
Sore throat, putrid,	0	1
Stone,	1	0
Syphilis,	1	0
Still-born,	0	4
Thrush,	0	1
Worms,	0	1
Unknown,	0	1

Total, 27 21—48

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years 10

From 2 to 5 2

5 10 2

10 20 1

20 30 6

30 40 8

40 50 1

50 60 7

60 70 3

70 80 2

80 90 0

Ages unknown, 6

Total, 48

Sept. 19.

Ad. Childr.

<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Ad.</i>	<i>Childr.</i>
Apoplexy,	2	0
Atrophy,	0	1
Casualties,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	0	6
Consumption of the lungs,	5	0
Convulsions,	0	2
Diarrhœa,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	0
Dysentery,	0	2
Drunkenness,	2	0
Fever,	1	0
—, bilious,	1	0
—, nervous,	2	0
—, typhus,	2	1
Hooping-cough,	0	2
Inflammation of the brain,	1	0
lungs,	1	0
Influenza,	0	1
Insanity,	2	0
Jaundice,	2	0
Palsy,	1	0

Still-born,	0	4	40	50	6
Worms,	0	2	50	60	4
Disease unknown,	1	0	60	70	4
	—	—	70	80	4
Total,	26	21—47	80	90	5

Of the above there were :

Under 2 years	19
From 2 to 5	2
5 10	1
10 20	1
20 30	9
30 40	2
40 50	4
50 60	2
60 70	2
70 80	4
80 90	0

Ages unknown, 1
Total, ————47

Sept. 26.

<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Ad.</i>	<i>Childr.</i>
Apoplexy	2	0
Atrophy,	1	1
Cholera morbus,	0	8
Cholic,	1	0
Consumption of the lungs,	8	1
Convulsions,	1	1
Decay,	1	1
Diarrhœa,	4	2
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the brain,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0
Dysentery,	3	1
Drunkenness,	2	0
Epilepsy,	1	0
Fever,	1	1
—, remittent or bilious,	2	1
—, nervous,	1	0
—, putrid,	0	1
—, typhus,	1	0
Gravel,	1	0
Hives,	0	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	1	0
————— bowels,	0	1
Infanticide,	0	1
Influenza,	4	0
Old age,	2	0
Still-born,	0	4
Ulcers,	1	0
Worms,	0	1
Fungus hæmetodes,	1	0

Total, 42 26—68

Of the above there were :

Under 2 years	26
From 2 to 5	0
5 10	0
10 20	0
20 30	8
30 40	6

Ages unknown
Total

—68

Report of deaths, in the city of New-York, from the 22d to the 29th of August, 1807.

Adults 27—Children 46—Total 73.

Diseases.

Apoplexy,	1
Childbed,	1
Consumption,	8
Convulsions,	8
Decay,	2
Dropsy,	2
Drowned,	1
Dysentery,	2
Bilious fever,	1
Nervous fever,	2
Typhus fever,	3
Infantile flux,	25
Inflammation of the lungs,	1
Influenza,	3
Mortification,	3
Pleurisy,	2
Sprue,	1
Still-born,	1
Teething,	1
Vomiting blood,	1
Hooping cough,	1
Worms,	3

From the 29th of August to the 5th of September.

Adults 30—Children 37—Total 67.

Diseases.

Apoplexy,	1
Cholera,	1
Consumption,	9
Convulsions,	6
Debility,	1
Decay,	3
Dropsy in the head,	2
Drowned,	2
Hectic fever,	1
Remittent fever,	1
Typhus fever,	4
Flux, infantile,	15
Hives,	2
Intemperance,	1
Influenza,	1
Inflammation of the bowels,	1
Old age,	2
Palsy,	1
Pleurisy,	1
Rupture of a blood-vessel,	1

Sprue,	3
Still-born,	1
Sudden death,	1
Suicide,	1
Teething,	2
Hooping cough,	2
Worms,	1

From the 5th to the 12th of September.

Adults 22—Children 29—Total 51.

Diseases.

Apoplexy,	1
Bleeding of the navel,	1
Cholera morbus,	2
Consumption,	12
Convulsions,	2
Decay,	4
Dysentery,	2
Bilious fever,	1
Intermittent fever,	2
Typhus fever,	3
Infantile flux,	7
Hives,	3
Jaundice,	1
Inflammation of the bowels,	1
Pleurisy,	1
Sprue,	1
Syphilis,	1
Teething,	4
Vomiting and purging,	1
Hooping cough,	1

From the 12th to the 19th of September.

Adults 32—Children 36—Total 68.

Diseases.

Apoplexy,	2
Cholera,	1
Consumption,	12
Convulsions,	4
Debility,	1
Decay,	4
Diarrhoea,	1
Dropsy,	3
Dropsy in the head,	2
Drowned,	1
Typhus fever,	6
Infantile flux,	15
Hives,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	1
Inflammation of the bowels,	2
Inflammation of the brain,	1
Palsy,	1
Pleurisy,	1
Still born,	2
Sudden death,	1
Teething,	1
Hooping-cough,	2
Worms,	2

From the 19th to the 26th of September.

Adults 23—Children 28—Total 51.

Casualty*,	1
Cholera morbus,	1
Consumption,	9
Convulsions,	4
Cramp in the stomach,	1
Decay,	3
Drowned,	2
Typhus fever,	2
Flux infantile,	5
Fracture,	1
Gout,	1
Gravel,	1
Hives,	2
Jaundice,	2
Inflammation of the lungs,	2
Mortification,	1
Old age,	1
Pleurisy,	1
Scrofula,	1
Sprue,	1
Still-born,	3
Sudden death,	1
Teething,	2
Worms,	3

Interments, in the burying grounds of the city and precincts of Baltimore, during the week ending August 31, at sunrise.

Diseases.

Dropsy,	1
Accidental	3
Meazles,	1
Influenza,	1
Drowned,	1
Hooping-cough,	1
Cholera,	23
Unknown,	4
Still-born,	2
Cancer,	1
Nervous fever,	1
Fits,	1
Debility,	1
Flux,	1
Lingering,	1
Childbed,	1
Consumption,	1
Sudden death,	1

Adults 16—Children 30—Total 46.

Diseases. Sept. 7.

Drowned,	1
Fall from a waggon,	1

* The case of casualty was that of a man found dead in the street, at the intersection of Courtland and Greenwich streets.

Dropsy,	3	Pleurisy,	1
Jaundice,	1	Old age,	1
Intemperance,	1	Adults 18—Children 24—Total 42.	
Flux,	1	<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Sept. 21.</i>
Influenza,	4	Influenza,	4
Consumption,	6	Cholera,	7
Unknown,	5	Still-born,	2
Meazles,	2	Fits,	1
Cholera,	24	Consumption,	3
Bilious,	2	Unknown,	1
Fall from a mast,	1	Lock jaw,	1
Nervous fever,	1	Bilious,	3
Hooping cough,	1	Accidental	1
Sudden death,	2	Adults 14—Children 9—Total 23.	
Adults 26—Children 30—Total 56		<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Sept. 28.</i>
<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Sept. 14.</i>	Cholera,	3
Drowned,	1	Intemperance,	2
Intemperance,	1	Drowned,	1
Fits,	1	Worms,	1
Influenza,	4	Still-born,	2
Still-born,	4	Fits,	3
Cholera,	15	Consumption,	2
Accidental,	1	Unknown,	3
Dropsy,	1	From the country,	1
Teething,	1	Cancer,	1
Unknown,	6	Debility,	1
Consumption,	4	Fever,	1
Croup,	1	Adults 11—Children 15—Total 26.	

PRICE OF STOCKS.

Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1807.

Eight per cent.	-	-	-	101½ per cent.
Six per cent.	-	-	-	98
Three per cent.	-	-	-	64 to 64½
Bank United States	-	-	-	120 to 121
— Pennsylvania	-	-	-	130 to 131
— North America	-	-	-	134 to 135
— Philadelphia	-	-	-	120 to 121 div. off
— Farmers' and Mechanics'	-	-	-	par
Insurance Company Pennsylvania	-	-	-	164 per cent.
— North America	-	-	-	92½ to 93
— Philadelphia	-	-	-	160
— Union	-	-	-	54 dollars for 60 paid
— Delaware	-	-	-	56 do. do.
— Phoenix	-	-	-	91 do. 80 paid
— Marine and Fire	-	-	-	46 do. 60 paid
— United States	-	-	-	26 do. 30 paid
Water Loan	-	-	-	102 per cent.
City Loan	-	-	-	103
Schuylkill Bridge Shares	-	-	-	70
Delaware Bridge Shares	-	-	-	uncertain
Lancaster Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	94 per cent.
Germantown Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	74
Cheltenham and Willow Grove Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	80 to 81
Frankford Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	74 to 75
Chesnuthill and Springhouse Tavern Turnpike Shares	-	-	-	uncertain
Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Shares	-	-	-	do.

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1807.



THE

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OCTOBER, 1807.

VOL. VIII.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE MELANGE.

NO. IX.

Thomas Coriat, the famous Traveller.

THOMAS CORIAT was born at Odcombe, near Ewel, in Somersetshire, and bred at Oxford, where he attained to a considerable proficiency in the Greek and Latin tongues. Having a great desire to travel, he visited several parts of Europe, and, at his return, after six months' absence, printed, in the year 1611, an account of what he had seen, under the title of "Coriat's Crudities." This book, which had a prodigious sale, was, according to the fashion of the times, ushered into the world with no less than sixty encomiums in verse, penned by the most celebrated wits of the times. These poems were written in an ironical style; but Coriat was proud of them, and understood them in a literal sense. Indeed, he appears to have been a man of excellent parts and learning, but of weak judgment, and therefore has been said to be the anvil on which the courtiers in the reign of James I tried their wits; but it is added, "this anvil sometimes returned their hammers

as hard knocks as it received, his bluntness repaying their abusiveness." Prince Henry, king James' son, allowed him a pension, and retained him in his service; and Coriat was constantly introduced with the dessert at all court entertainments. Amongst others that writ mock commendatory verses upon "Coriat's Crudities" was John Taylor, who, being a waterman, was called the *Water Poet*. These verses gave great offence to Mr. Coriat, who complained of them to king James. They were those which follow:

What matters for the place I came
from,
I am no dunce-combe, coxcomb, Od-
comb Tom;
Nor am I like a woolpack cramm'd
with Greek,
Venus in Venice minded to go seek;
And at my back return to write a vo-
lume

In memory of wit's *Gargantua* column;
The choicest wits would never so
adore me,

Nor like so many lacquies run before
me :

But, honest Tom, I envy not thy state,
There's nothing in thee worthy of
hate ;

Yet I confess thou hast an excellent
wit,

But that an idle brain doth harbour
it ;

Fool thou it at court, I on the Thames,
So farewell Odecomb Tom, God bless
king James !

—
Taylor, the Water Poet.

It is well known that James I was ambitious of being considered as the Solomon of the age he lived in. John Taylor, a waterman upon the Thames and a poet, and therefore always stiled the *Water Poet*, laid hold on this to flatter the monarch on the following occasion : Having offended Coriat by his writings, that celebrated traveller presented a petition to king James, praying that Taylor might be punished for his insolence. Taylor followed the complaint with a counter-petition, conceived in the following sonnet :

Most mighty monarch of this famous
isle,

Upon the knees of my submissive
mind,

I beg thou wilt be graciously inclin'd
To read these lines my rustic pen
compile :

Know, royal Sir, Tom Coriat works
the wile

Your high displeasure on my head to
bring ;

And well I wot the sot his words can
file,

In hope my fortunes headlong down
to fling.

The king whose wisdom through the
world did ring

Did hear the case of two offending
harlots ;

So I beseech thee, great Great Bri-
tain's king,

To do the like for two contending
varlets ;

A brace of knaves your majes-
ty implores

To hear their suits, as Solomon
heard whores.

Tea-urns.

Tea-urns pass for a modern and a British invention : their application only is new. There is among the finds at Pompeii, preserved in the museum of Portici, an urn containing a hollow metallic cylinder, for the insertion of red hot iron, in which water was thus kept boiling. The whole apparatus in form and structure closely resembles our own utensils. Hero, in his *Pneumatica*, describes this machine by the name *anthepisa*. Cicero mentions it in his oration for Roscius Amerinus as of Corinthian origin. The Chinese have it not ; for in Kien Long's Ode to Tea he describes a kettle on the fire.

—
Tobacco.

The Marrow of Compliments (Lond. 1654) contains the following song in praise of tobacco :

Much meet doth gluttony procure

To feed men fat like swine ;

But he's a frugal man indeed

That with a leaf can dine.

He needs no napkin for his hands,

His fingers' ends to wipe,

That hath his kitchen in a box,

His roast-meat in a pipe.

—
The Dunmow Bacon.

This whimsical institution, it should seem, was not peculiar to Dunmow. There was the same in Bretagne :—" A l'abbaye Saint Melaine, près Rennes, y a plus de six cens ans sont, un costé de lard encore tout frais et ordonné aux premiers, qui par an et jour ensemble mariez ont vescu san debat, grondement, et sans s'en repentir." *Contes d'Entrap*, t. ii. p. 161.

—
Dr. Bentley.

During the celebrated controversy betwixt Mr. Boyle and Dr. Bentley, on the subject of the Epistles of

Phalaris, some Cambridge wags made the following pun: They exhibited, in a print, Phalaris's guards thrusting Dr. Bentley into the tyrant's brazen bull, and this label issuing from the doctor's mouth, "I had more rather be roasted than *boy'd*!"

In St. Saviour's church, Southwark, London, among innumerable others, is the following epitaph on a monument for Richard Humble, his wife, and two children.

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day;
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had:

Even so is man, whose thread is spun,

Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers; the blossom blasteth;

The flower fades; the morning hasteth;

The sun sets; the shadow flies;
The gourd consumes; and man he dies.

Theodore, King of Corsica.

When Theodore, the unfortunate king of Corsica, was so reduced as to lodge in a garret in London, a number of gentlemen made a collection for his relief. The chairman of the committee informed him by letter, that on the following day, at twelve o'clock, two gentlemen would wait upon him with the money. To give his *attic* apartment an appearance of royalty, the poor monarch placed an arm-chair on his half-tested bed, and, seating himself under the scanty canopy, gave what he thought might serve as the representation of a throne. When his two visitors entered the room, he graciously held out his right hand, that they might have the honour of kissing it. *Ireland's Hogarth*, vol. 1. p. 12.

Wax-chandlers.

In days of old, when gratitude to saints called so frequently for lights, the wax-chandlers of London were a flourishing company: they were incorporated in 1484, and the following more frugal than elegant repast was given on the occasion:

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Two loins of mutton,			
and two loins of veal	0	1	4
A loin of beef	0	0	4
A leg of mutton	0	0	2½
A pig	0	0	4
A capon	0	0	6
A coney	0	0	2
One dozen of pigeons	0	0	7
A hundred eggs	0	0	8½
A goose	0	0	6
A gallon of red wine	0	0	8
A kilderkin of ale	0	0	8
	0	6	0

See *Pennant*, p. 437.

To a young lady, on her birth-day.

Now, Mary, thou art sweet eighteen,
In Nature's bloom of form and mien;
Taste and good humour to delight
thy friends;

A mistress of the dance and song,
Neat repartee upon the tongue,
And music, Mary, at thy finger ends.

Now beaux their love-*tales* will begin;

The tall, the short, the thick, and thin,
The fool, the man of sense, the gay,
the sombre:

And would old Time, the thief, slack,
Give me but half a century back,
I certainly should be among the
number.

O may thy future minutes fly
Without a tear, without a sigh,
Rich with the world's enjoyments,
full of spirits;
Forgiving then my thief, old Time,
I'd praise the rascal in my rhyme,
For doing so much justice to thy
merits.

A poor Scotsman having been
worsted in a law-suit he had

brought before the court of session against his rich landlord, as he was coming out of the parliament house observed the city of Edinburgh's arms then inscribed over the gate, *Nisi Dominus frustra* (without the Lord it is in vain), shook his head, and said, "very true; *Unless you be a laird it is in vain to come here.*"

—
Don Quixote.

It seems a problem in literature, that a nation the gravest and most seriously disposed by its natural temper, and the gloomy despotism of its government and religion, should have produced the most lively work that ever was written. It abounds in original humour and exquisite satire. It displays the most copious invention, the most whimsical incidents, and the keenest remarks on the follies of its cotemporaries. There is no book in whatever language that so eminently possesses the power of exciting laughter. The following anecdote may be recorded as an instance of it:

Philip III, being one day at a balcony of the palace at Madrid, observed a young student on the borders of the Manzanares, with a book in his hand, who, as he read, exhibited the most violent marks of ecstasy and admiration, by his gestures and the repeated peals of laughter which he sent forth. Struck with the oddity of the sight, the king turned to one of his courtiers, and said, "Either that young man is out of his mind, or he is reading *Don Quixote.*" The courtier descended for the purpose of satisfying the curiosity of the monarch, and discovered that it actually was a volume of Cervantes, which the youth was perusing with such delight.

—
Anecdote of Voltaire.

A curious circumstance is mentioned in a French paper, respecting

the second representation of Voltaire's celebrated tragedy of *Zara*. On its first representation, the play was received with the loudest applause; but the author conceived that some alteration in several passages would greatly increase the effect of the piece. Voltaire accordingly did introduce some alterations, and presented the play in the improved state to the several performers. Dufresne, who personated the principal character, refused to attend to the alterations, and no entreaties could prevail on him to give them the smallest notice. It was necessary to have recourse to a stratagem to gain Voltaire's object. He was apprised that Dufresne was very fond of a good dinner, and he determined to address him on this score. Voltaire got a pie prepared, filled with partridges, and sent it to Dufresne's house by a person who was carefully to conceal from him from whom the present came. The present was graciously received, and immediately made part of an entertainment which Dufresne happened that day to be giving to a party of friends. The pie was opened; and to Dufresne's no small surprise, each partridge contained in its mouth a copy of the alterations in *Zara*. He was so well pleased with the conceit, that he re-studied the part; and a present of a partridge-pie was the means of giving stability to one of Voltaire's best tragedies.

—
For the Literary Magazine.

ON EDUCATION.

LETTER III.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

THE child is born without ideas, consequently without any natural genius: his mind, therefore, is not formed for any particular science; the whole field of knowledge is open to him, and to whatever part of it

he turns his attention, he will equally excel. But although he has an equal capacity of excelling in any science, he cannot become an adept in all; universal knowledge is not to be grasped by a human capacity. He must give his whole mind to one or two sciences, these will be connected with several others, in which he will collaterally make a considerable progress. It is rare, indeed, to find a man eminent in two opposite branches of knowledge.

"But if it be true, that children are born with an equal capacity of excelling in every science, how comes it that when they are arrived at years of maturity, and their parents are desirous of fixing them in a particular trade or profession, they find in them an invincible dislike to it, and that their inclination and talent lie quite a different way; and that children who are remarkably clever in some things, are frequently as stupid in others?"

The first object that strikes children forcibly, and excites in them an uncommonly strong sensation, fixes their genius; it instantly leads them to a science, in which they find delight, and the pleasure it affords induces them to bestow upon it labour and attention; it is, therefore, impossible but that they should excel in it. The improvement they make is always in proportion to the keenness of their sensations.

Parents should fix upon a profession for their children as soon as they are born; and, when the first dawning of reason begins to appear, use the necessary means to form their genius accordingly. They almost universally think that they have done their part in sending them to a reputable school, and giving them a good classical education. This is the least part of education. Some casual occurrence fixes children's genius, and the odds are very much against its being fixed according to the parent's wishes, unless, indeed, it should happen that, by never experiencing a strong sensation, they should remain destitute

of genius, and then they are equally fitted for plodding at any thing. But, even if such a sensation should occur, it will hardly infuse into them that spirit of emulation which a wise parent can. It is then generally the fault of the parents if the child's genius does not point exactly as they would have it.

When chance* fixes the genius of a child, it very often inspires it with as strong an aversion for one science as it does with love for another. In vain is it compelled to study what it hates; compulsion increases the disgust; it receives only unpleasant sensations; and, were it to live to the age of Methuselah, it would not be perfect in its rudiments.

We will now inquire, "by what means can the genius of a child be formed to any particular science, so as to ensure his attaining a considerable eminence in it?"

By placing him in situations the best calculated to excite strong sensations, and at times when they will strike him most forcibly.

Would I, for example, make my child a painter? his toys should almost entirely consist of pictures: and whenever I rewarded him for being good, it should be by a present of one particularly pretty. I would point out to him their various beauties, give him a pencil and some paints, tell him to copy them, and that when he had drawn those he had got, I would give him others; and when he had attempted it, reward and applaud him. I would teach him how to hold his pencil, and sometimes guide his hand. As soon as fit he should have a master. I would frequently take him out and show him the finest prospects, and point out to him distinctly their particular beauties, and, upon the spot, make him endeavour to imitate them. In order to fire him with emulation, I would relate to him the

* I here use the word chance in the sense that Helvetius does, viz: "An unknown concatenation of causes, calculated to produce certain effects."

high estimation in which great painters have been held, and, as soon as he was able, make him read over and again the lives of the most eminent ones.

Would I make him a poet? all his little histories should be in verse: I would read to him the plainest pieces of poetry, and dwell particularly on the rhyming syllables. I would make him read the lives and works of the most celebrated poets, and enlarge upon their great reputation; and, as soon as he was able, make him write verses, attending only to the measure and rhyme; and, as his reason matured, he should attend to the sense. All these he should read over to me. I would carefully point out to him their errors and defects, and reward him with a new poem.

Would I make him a legislator? his little books should be on morals, and the lives of great statesmen and philosophers. These I would explain to him; as likewise the political occurrences of past and present times. This I would do daily, and his faculties would soon begin to enlarge and comprehend them. I would dwell strongly upon the immense benefits great legislators confer upon mankind. I would often take him to the legislative assemblies, and daily examine him to see what new ideas he had acquired. His rewards should consist in philosophical, moral, and political books.

Would I make him a mechanic? I would give him toys of ingenious construction; these I would pull to pieces and put together again before him, pointing out their particular formation, and the manner in which they acted. I would likewise make him endeavour to put them together, and cut out and construct little trinkets, &c., and always mend his own toys, and, when he succeeded, reward him with a new piece of mechanism. I would take him to different workshops, and point out to him the manner in which the workmen constructed their different articles: I would afterwards

take him to the most curious manufactories, and reward him according to the attention he bestowed upon them. His rewards should consist of new pieces of mechanism and new tools, and I would press much upon him the estimation in which ingenious mechanics are held.

Children and men act equally from a desire of happiness; that is the only end they aim at. In very early age they are not able to comprehend that virtue and wisdom reward themselves; the idea is too large for their infant minds; they therefore look forward to the prettiest toy as the summit of pleasure. At first therefore they must be rewarded with toys (which, as I have before said, should always be conducive to the formation of their genius), but, at the same time, their virtue and merit should be applauded; the desire of applause will thereby insensibly blend itself with the desire of a toy, till by degrees they acquire a strong spirit of emulation. But in infusing into them this spirit, we must be careful not to inspire them with a contempt for other sciences, or lead them to think that the master of any other profession is greater than themselves. The first will render them self-conceited, arrogant, and narrow-minded: it will induce them to entertain too high an opinion of themselves, and to think that they have already attained perfection, and thereby raise an insuperable barrier against further improvement. The latter will disgust them with their own profession, for emulation borders so near upon ambition, that a man strongly filled with it cannot brook a superior; but if he believe himself upon an equality with him, he is satisfied; the higher the other carries his attainments, the more will he redouble his diligence to keep pace with him.

As their reasoning powers enlarge, we should peculiarly dwell upon the excellence of virtue and wisdom, and demonstrate how essentially they are interwoven with their real

happiness. We must not only render them skilful in their particular profession, but endow them with all the requisites of a good man and a good citizen. A moderate degree of literary knowledge is therefore necessary for every person.

"But when the child's genius is strongly fixed another way, how can it be made to acquire it?"

Whatever a child's genius is fixed upon, it takes delight, and is desirous of being occupied in: if then I found that it had imbibed an aversion to literary pursuits, I would select a few books of the most useful information, and before I suffered it to play or study its favourite pursuit, oblige it to read attentively a small quantity. By this means it would soon acquire a sufficiency of this knowledge.

We must be careful not to keep them too long at their studies, especially against their inclination, or their minds by being fatigued will grow heavy, and lose their elasticity. Moderate recreation is therefore absolutely necessary.

Neither should we be too prone to find fault, but, on the contrary, applaud them whenever we can. Harsh treatment always casts a gloom upon their spirits, and tends immediately to the destruction of emulation; when they find they cannot please, they lose the desire of pleasing. Gentleness, on the contrary, is the nurse of emulation; the child will labour for a smile, when it believes its reward is sure.

W. W.

For the Literary Magazine.

OMAR AND FATIMA; OR, THE
APOTHECARY OF ISPAHAN.

(Continued from page 142.)

THE interviews of the learned Nadir with the lovely Zulima were frequent. His morning visit was, by her desire, often protracted till noon; yet she sent for him again early in the evening. With the na-

ture of the medicines which the venerable Tamas, the black eunuch with the white beard, was in the daily habit of bringing from the shop of the apothecary, the sage of Zulpha has left us unacquainted; perhaps, as he had once dabbled in physic himself, he was jealous lest such an acquisition to medical science should extend beyond the limits of the haram of the magnificent Mirza, or, at the utmost, beyond the walls of Ispahan: for it is certain, that, whether they appeared in the shape of pills, draughts, juleps, extracts, emulsions, or what not, they had a wonderful effect on the constitution of the beautiful and interesting patient.

While that impatience of controul which we formerly hinted to be a symptom of the disorder of the lovely Zulima subsided, her former fascinating bloom and clearness of complexion, with all the animating graces that darted from her eyes, and played about her features, and her former affability, also returned.

Mirza was in raptures at the restoration of his darling daughter. His liberality to Nadir, whom he extolled as the Persian Esculapius, was unbounded. He presented him with a house near his palace, furnished in a stile that, while it delighted Ismael, was the wonder of Abud and his former neighbours, some of whom were once heard to remark, that "Noblemen took strange fancies." He also procured him a diploma from the college which was founded by Normahal at Delhi, and still retains his name; for the sage and scientific physicians of Ispahan, for some reason which certainly had neither jealousy nor envy for its basis, refused to admit him into their order. Mirza said that their malignity arose from his having dared to soar beyond the limited rules of their practice, and perform a cure which showed the fallacy of fixing principles upon so unsubstantial a foundation as the fluctuations of the human mind, and the instability of the human constitution.

But men who are either influenced by the ebullitions of joy or grief will say any thing.

Leaving the happy father (who, as has been seen, had not without reason obtained the appellation of the magnificent Mirza,) to receive the congratulations, not only of the court of Ispahan, but of the sophy himself, let us turn our telescope, and catch at least a distant view of the scientific Dr. Nadir, settled as he actually was in an elegantly furnished house, surrounded with slaves, with a carriage at his command, and appointed physician, not only to the noble Mirza, but to many other great families; for though the faculty wish to conceal it, we, who are, *we think*, out of their reach, and therefore care but little for their threats, shall not: he had become the fashion in Ispahan, and of consequence was as sure of becoming the possessor of a brilliant fortune as if he had been the owner of the diamond mine which has been so often mentioned.

Seated on the elevated apex of this mountain of prosperity, Dr. Nadir was still a man of reflection. It was still his habit, as he smoked his morning's or afternoon's pipes, to review his past life, and, as he was also a man of piety, to thank the Omnipotent for the success that had at length attended his indefatigable endeavours.

After Alla and his prophet, the gratitude of Nadir rested upon Ismael. From his arrival he dated the change that had taken place in his circumstances; and all the good fortune that had attended him he deduced from his influence.

"The wise, the amiable Ismael," said he, in the effusion of his gratitude, "is certainly a benevolent genius, who has taken me into his protection."

When an idea of this kind gets into the head of a man of learning, it generally spreads. Nadir had, from reflection, convinced himself, that there was something supernatural in the appearance of that being who had come to him as a poor

and way-worn^r faquir, and now exhibited such splendour. "For myself," he exclaimed, "I am at the height of happiness; and while the divine Ismael continues to reside in this mansion, affluence and content will support its elevated dome!"

"Long may affluence and content, though they may perhaps be deemed the high and the low pillars of society, support the dome of the mansion of the benevolent Nadir," said Ismael, who now entered. "While his fortune," he continued, "extends and increases, may that humility of mind which renders him assailable to the complaints of wretchedness, and that liberality of sentiment which induces him to extend his cares to all mankind, ever remain with him!"

"For your good wishes, example, and indeed assistance," replied Nadir, "I am bound, son Ismael! if I may still use that familiar and endearing title, I am bound, I say, to return my sincere acknowledgments. Your generosity, divine and beautiful youth! not only furnished me with the means of being useful to mankind, but set me the example: therefore, if I have any merit, or have had any success, it is entirely owing to your celestial influence."

Ismael is said to have blushed at the sublime stile which the learned doctor had newly adopted, and certainly did betray some marks of uneasiness; when he replied, "There is nothing, my friend! my adviser! my nominal father! either celestial or extraordinary in my composition! I am a mortal, weak, and in many respects unfortunate, and perhaps in none more than in having, from circumstances, determined soon to abandon your protection, and leave this hospitable mansion."

"My fears are realized!" exclaimed Nadir: "let no man hereafter value himself upon his prosperity!"

"Why so?" returned Ismael; "prosperity is by no means connected with me. The child of misfortune! I am borne by the gales of adverse fate from place to place up-

on the face of the earth! I shall surely find rest at last!"

"Will you then leave me, O Ismael! my tutelar genius?" cried Nadir, prostrating himself.

"Rise, oh sage Nadir!" exclaimed Ismael, in the utmost confusion. "The imperative decrees of fate will, perhaps, hurry me away, but never shall I, in any situation, forget my friend!"

"What then," cried Nadir, "will become of the lovely Zulima? Her existence depended upon daily, nay almost hourly, hearing of Ismael! Can I, to soothe her mind, submit to utter the dictates of falsehood? No! Alla and his prophet forbid! Yet if her mind is not attracted to this subject, she will relapse into her former deplorable state of distraction. Oh Zulima! beautiful, fascinating Zulima! lily of the vale of Zenderhend! soon will thy head be bowed again to the earth!"

Never was astonishment equal to that of Ismael as this passionate exclamation of Nadir's, and the emotion with which it was accompanied. "Zulima! who is Zulima?" he hesitatingly asked, doubtful whether, from the observations he had already had occasion to make in the course of this conversation, some distemper was not operating upon the mind of his friend: however, he again ventured to ask, "Who is Zulima?"

"Zulima!" repeated Nadir; "she is the daughter of Mirza the magnificent! There!" he exclaimed, with increased emotion, "I have again betrayed my lovely patient! I ought to have concealed her name and her weakness!"

"You have not betrayed her to me, I do assure you," returned Ismael; "for I never have heard of her before, and am, from your present emotion, inclined to think, that you are alluding to a being of your own mental creation. However, as your disorder seems to increase, for fear you should be led to say what might be either improper or useless for me to hear, I will retire till you are more composed."

"Misfortune," says Mirwa, the philosopher of Zulpha, whom we have so often quoted, "seldom comes alone." Before the sage Dr. Nadir had recovered from the disorder which the late interview occasioned, Tamas the eunuch appeared to request his attendance upon Zulima.

"How is your young lady this morning?" asked the doctor.

"Her brother Omar," answered Tamas, "she has just heard, is well; the army has drawn nearer to Ispahan; she is therefore in *higher* spirits than usual."

"So much the worse," said Nadir.

"The worse!" exclaimed Tamas.

"No!" cried Nadir hastily, "mean the better: better or worse, in medicine, are relative terms, and frequently mean the same thing."

"I never knew that before," said the eunuch.

"So much the worse!" cried the doctor.

"I confess myself totally ignorant of physic! I never take any."

"So much the better! You now see," said Nadir, "the relation of these phrases to things. In the first of these instances I spoke to you as a doctor, in the second as a *friend*; in the distinction betwixt these lies all the difference; this is the grand *arcanum* of the science of medicine."

"Wonderful!" cried Tamas. "Shall I inform my lady that you will come?"

"Certainly! hold! I will go with you. While in conversation, I seem a little to recover my spirits."

"Your spirits!"

"Yes! to be sure! how can a physician convey spirits to his patients, if he has none for himself?"

"True!" said Tamas. "How little am I acquainted with physic!"

"So much the better, I repeat," said Nadir; "people become acquainted with it as they do with a bailiff, through necessity, and, like him, it is apt to *grite*. However, you must learn something of it from me as we ascend the carriage; for

you will observe, that this is the *first step* towards visiting a patient with any professional credit."

To announce the intended departure of Ismael to the lovely Zulima was a task that seemed to tax all the ingenuity of Nadir; for although she had never seen that youth since their short accidental interview in the shop of black Absalom the jeweller, he had been the constant theme of her conversation, and the subject of her contemplation.

Every morning it was the task of Nadir to inform her of the health of Ismael, of his pursuits and avocations, and every evening these interrogatories were renewed. The physician, well knowing how much her health was connected with the object of their constant colloquy, took all the pains in his power, while he exhibited the young Golconda in the amiable light in which he appeared to him, to repress every overture of the young lady that had a tendency towards an interview, or that even indicated a wish to see him. But although he had used this caution, he still was aware of the danger with which the departure of this object of her adoration would be attended to his lovely patient in her delicate state of mind. Impressed with this idea, yet still apprised of the necessity which there was for preparing her for this event, he, in the course of conversation, mentioned it as a thing within the scope of possibility. This hint, slight as it was, alarmed her to such a degree, that when he left her for a short period, he was fearful that her disorder would return.

Obliged to take an extensive round, as his patients had so much increased, he did not reach his own house till the afternoon, when, to his great surprise, he found Tangra waiting for him. As he had conjectured, she came to exhibit a melancholy picture of the health of the lovely Zulima. By her account, she seemed to have relapsed into her former extravagance, with this addition, that she raved about Ismael, and, indeed, insisted upon seeing

him before his departure, which she persuaded herself would be sudden.

"Could any danger arise," said the compassionate Tangra, "from a compliance with her request?"

"The greatest to both parties," replied Nadir, with extreme emotion. "Sooner than suffer such an interview, I would end my life in the severest tortures. I will immediately see the fair Zulima: I will endeavour to sooth her sorrows: every indulgence to her unhappy passion, consistent with my duty to Mirza, which honour, nay which she expects from me, shall be allowed. But if she has a lucid interval, of which I have little doubt, I know the rectitude of her mind so well, that I shall instantly convince her that it is impossible I should proceed further in promoting a connection betwixt the daughter of a Persian prince, allied to the sophy, and the son of a jeweller, who, however amiable, does not appear to have a friend or ally in the world."

"Perhaps," continued Nadir, after he had left the apartment, "the departure of Ismael may be necessary to secure the health and repose of Zulima: I shall therefore no longer oppose it."

"Will not my dear master take some refreshment?" cried Tamira, as he descended into the hall.

"Refreshment and repose shall be equally strangers to my body and mind," said Nadir, "till I have endeavoured to relieve the distress of the object of my solicitude."

"What will be done with the patient up stairs?"

"What patient?" asked Nadir, with quickness.

"Why, the lady that has so long waited for you," said Tamira.

"Oh! the nurse! She must wait till my return, if she does not chuse to follow me,"

"A nurse!" muttered Tamira, "and so finely dressed! I hope I shall never have occasion to call her mistress; though she does not seem very old, the doctor himself is not very young. Strange things

do happen in Ispahan ! Gentlemen do take strange fancies ! I am resolved to speak with her."

In consequence of this, to her agreeable, resolution, Tamira entered the apartment.

As to speak, upon any subject, was the delight also of Tangra, the impatience of the learned doctor, and the abrupt manner in which he had departed, without taking her with him, furnished two copious ones, on both of which she descanted with great fluency and success.

" You expected that he would have taken you with him in the carriage ?" said Tamira.

" Certainly ! could I expect less, after what has passed ?"

" I am ignorant of what has passed," continued Tamira, " but I am convinced that it was his desire to visit a patient whose case, it appears, from his precipitation, is desperate, that induced him to leave the house in such a hurry."

" That unpolite, inconsiderate precipitation," said Tangra, " which possesses Dr. Nadir, is so like the rudeness of his father. I remember, when the old man came to visit the dying Akbar, though I was then at the height of my beauty, he took no more notice of me——"

" Did you know Akbar ?" cried Tamira.

" Certainly I did ! he purchased and brought me up."

" Then you cannot forget Tamira, whom he presented to Nadir."

" Oh, Alla !" cried Tangra, " I thought I recollected you ; but years——"

" Years !" said Tamira.

" The events of life, I mean, have altered us both. My course though splendid, has been full of care."

" And mine, though plain and frugal," added Tamira, " far from unhappy."

This dialogue and rencounter led to mutual explanation, which continued a considerable time ; for although Tamira, from the slenderness of her story, was concise, Tangra was diffuse, and with great li-

berality of words detailed all that had happened to her. How, in the wreck of the affairs of Akbar, she came into the family of Mirza ; the death of the mother of the lovely Zulima ; the passion of that young lady for Ismael (at which Tamira expressed more surprise, and almost as much displeasure as her master) ; the present situation of the daughter of Mirza, and her strong desire to have an interview with Ismael, &c.

This discourse had not been long finished, and Tangra departed, when Nadir returned. He seemed more composed ; from which Tamira conjectured that his patient, of whom she had learned the whole history, was better.

If it had puzzled her to endeavour to guess what could induce Tangra to linger so long after the learned doctor had left the house in order to wait upon her mistress, the conversation she had had with her would have developed the mystery ; for it appeared from this, that her desire was to see Ismael, and that she ardently and impatiently waited his return, as long, nay longer, than politeness would have prescribed.

This, however, was not the only matter that attracted the attention of Tamira : the situation of Zulima strongly excited her compassion ; the impending departure of Ismael, to whom she was both confidante and counsellor, her regret. While he was taking some refreshment, she endeavoured to learn from her master the present state of the young lady's health ; but he was impenetrable. She next asked Ismael when he intended to begin his journey ; but he was undetermined. " The child of Chance," he said, " his future operations must be governed by circumstances over which he had no controul." Never was curiosity so foiled as that of poor Tamira. How she passed the night, or how she would have existed through the next day, it is impossible to say, had not Tangra most op-

portunately appeared, soon after the doctor had left the house to make his morning visits.

The conversation of the preceding afternoon was, by these sage matrons, renewed, perhaps improved on, as we gather from the source that has produced our other materials, that Ismael, the elegant and amiable Ismael, was fortunate enough to be at home to partake of it.

In this part of the history, the sage of Zulpha has, with great propriety, through many pages, descended on the ancient magi, and the modern gours of Persia, those adorers of fire, and has most philosophically defined all kinds of fire, from a glow-worm to the sun, from a spark arising from the collision of flint and steel to a volcano, from an ignis fatuus to the fire of love. But we must observe, and we do it in defiance of all the critics on the whole Indian peninsula, that he has not with sufficient accuracy marked the distinction betwixt physical, metaphysical, and metaphorical flames; for he says, that at the sight of this Adonis of Golconda, the bosom of Tangra, heretofore as cold as snow, glowed with fire equal to that which inflamed the lovely bosom of her mistress. The comparison of the bosom of Tangra, which we know was as brown as mahogany, in any way to snow, is another slip of the pen of the learned sage whom we have quoted; and it has had this bad effect, that it has left the bosom of Zulima without a parallel, as we now have nothing, either celestial or terrestrial, to compare it with, except we bring it to this side the line, and exhibit it against those of our fair compatriots.

The relapse of the lovely convalescent had changed the palace of Mirza, which the prospect of her recovery had enlivened, into the mansion of mourning.

The omrah himself was inconsolable. His dejection spread to the male part of his household; while the female caught the sorrow-

ful infection from Lesbia, Tangra, and the other of her principal attendants. In this distressful situation of affairs, every eye was turned upon Nadir; every bosom beat high with expectation of relief to the fair sufferer from his skill; while he was unfortunate enough to know, that the efforts of his skill, even had they been seconded by those of all the physicians in the east, were not of the smallest importance in the case of his present patient.

On a few threads, fine as the filaments of gossamer, his hope of her cure seemed to depend. He knew the ardent affection she bore to her father and her brother; he knew the generosity of her temper; and had, in her lucid moments, heard her declare, that to shield them, or either of them, from sorrow or despair, she would devote her life. Upon this theme he meant, when he had an opportunity, to assail her; but this opportunity did not occur in the present visit; for although he tried to introduce the subject, she seemed insensible to its import, and her whole soul absorbed in the dread she had of the departure of Ismael without an interview.

The sensibility of the doctor induced him to sympathise in his patient's distress. To comply with her desire he knew to be impossible.

The only chance he had of composing her mind upon this subject would, he imagined, be when the ebullition excited by the departure of the youth had in some degree subsided. He therefore almost wished him gone; though his gratitude would not permit him to hint his wish: indeed he would nearly as soon have stated to him the case of his patient, to which he feared he had in a former conversation inadvertently alluded.

Completely dejected with this situation of affairs, as his carriage rolled slowly towards his mansion, he viewed with envy the satisfaction that appeared in the important busy faces which the crowded

streets exhibited, and the smiles indicating happiness, which embellished those of even the lowest ranks of society.

"Foiled in my endeavours to soothe the mind of Zulima, and evince my gratitude to her father," he exclaimed, "I believe that I am the only unfortunate person in Ispahan! Would to Alla that I had never left my old shop in the bazar!"

Harassed and fatigued both in mind and body, his repast was taken away almost untouched. From his pipe, which he had formerly considered as his friend in the hour of adversity, he did not seem to derive the least consolation.

The next morning Tamas came to inform him, that his lady seemed more composed.

"Then," said the doctor, "my medicines have done what I never expected they would, procured her sleep. If that be the case, we have still another chance, and I will hasten to her."

Nadir had scarce crossed the marble vestibule of the palace of Mirza, when the omrah met him with open arms. "Saviour of the flower of my family! friend to the house of Mirza!" he cried, "my daughter will be restored to me! she is composed! I am just come from her!"

"I am glad you are, most noble Mirza," said Nadir; "you never did a pruder thing. You say your daughter is composed; long may she continue so; but you will extremely hazard her health if you suffer her to see these emotions of your mind."

"Your medicines have had the desired effect; she has slept!"

"Restrain these ebullitions, or I must administer them to you," said Nadir.

"I will do any thing for you! I will take any thing from your hands!"

"I shall not," replied the doctor, "consider that as a compliment, because I have the greatest regard for your health, oh noble Mirza!"

Doctor Nadir, who was a little incredulous as to the effect of his medicines upon the complaint of the lovely Zulima, was, when he saw her, convinced that they could not be praised too highly. She was much more composed than even before her last relapse; her eyes, ever irresistible, had indeed a brilliancy which he did not much like, but he attributed this to some small remains of a fever still lurking in the system. Against this enemy he was induced to level the artillery of a prescription. However, before it was made up, he was determined to try the strength of her understanding: he therefore talked to her on a variety of subjects, music, literature, painting, her brother, her father: upon all these she seemed collected, upon some animated. She, in her turn, questioned him respecting his pursuits, the news of Ispahan, and an assemblage of other topics, in which her good sense and judgment were equally conspicuous.

After this colloquy, which might be deemed a trial of skill betwixt the doctor and patient, the former departed, highly satisfied with the wonderful effects of his medicines, which, to this hour, he does not know had never been taken. He, in this case, discovered virtues in them that had hitherto been latent. Upon these he resolved to write a treatise; and, in the mean time, to send his said patient a few doses more the same evening.

(To be continued.)

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF FRANCES SCANAGATTI, A MILANESE YOUNG LADY, WHO SERVED WITH REPUTATION AS AN ENSIGN AND LIEUTENANT OF THREE DIFFERENT AUSTRIAN REGIMENTS DURING THE LAST WAR.

FRANCES SCANAGATTI was born at Milan, and baptized at the

parish of St. Eusebius, the 14th of September, 1781. In her infancy she made considerable progress in the German and French languages under a Strasburg governess named madame Depuis. This lady having in her youth belonged to a company of the *comédie Française*, possessed some information, and engaged her pupil to apply to study with pleasure, by the amusing means she employed of reciting and explaining, sometimes in the one, and sometimes in the other language, such small pieces of comedy and romance as were within her reach, and obliging her to repeat the same by degrees. It is not improbable, in consequence of so many comic and romantic ideas arising from these amusing studies, that this young lady insensibly conceived a passion for the military profession, and adopted as a maxim, that women might run the course of glory and science as well as men, if they entered on them with equal advantages of instruction and emulation.

At ten years of age she was put under the charge of the nuns of the visitation, an institution in high repute throughout Italy for the education of young ladies; and here she conducted herself so as to obtain and deserve the esteem and friendship of the whole house, for her sweet, amiable, and engaging disposition. Such are the very expressions made use of by the venerable and distinguished superior, madame de Bayanne, to convey her approbation, and the general sense of the nuns of this respectable establishment.

Towards the end of 1794 her father, Mr. Joseph Scanagatti, resolved to send his daughter to Vienna as a boarder with a widow lady, in order to improve her in the knowledge of the German language, and to qualify her in the details of house-keeping. On the journey she was dressed in boy's clothes to avoid trouble and impertinence, and she was accompanied by one of her brothers, who intended to stop at Neustadt, in order to attend a course

of military studies in the academy of that town, which is esteemed the nursery of the best officers in the Austrian army. The pupils, to the number of four hundred, mostly officers' sons, are maintained and educated by the imperial court, and, besides the military exercises, are instructed in languages, mathematics, and the *belles lettres*.

During the journey the brother fell sick, and acknowledged to his sister, what he had not had the courage to avow to his father, that he had neither taste nor inclination for a military life. His sister then strenuously urged him to return home with the servant to re-establish his health: and, having obtained from him the letter of recommendation he carried to M. de Haller, surgeon on the staff of the academy, and at whose house he was to have been boarded, she had the intrepidity to introduce herself, under its sanction, to the gentlemen as the recommended boy, and as such received the kindest welcome. In a short time she had the good fortune to gain the friendship of M. de Haller, his wife, and two lovely daughters, so as to be considered as one of the family. Giving daily proofs of an amiable character and a strong disposition to be instructed, she obtained from court permission to attend the lectures at the academy, and so conspicuously distinguished herself by her exemplary conduct and her progress, that she bore away the prizes of distinction in both the years, 1795 and 1796, that she remained there.

At this Academy she perfected herself in the knowledge of German and French, and also acquired a knowledge of the English language under Mr. Plunket, a clergyman from Ireland, one of the professors of the institution, who declares that he never had the smallest suspicion, of young Scanagatti being a girl, but considered her as a very mild and accomplished boy, of uncommon prudence. Here also she made the most successful application to fencing and military tactics, as

well as to the various branches of the mathematics.

In the month of February, 1797, she resolved to address the supreme council of war at Vienna to be admitted an officer in the army, supporting her application by the most honourable testimonies of conduct and talents, which the academy could not refuse her, and accompanying these with more eloquent vouchers, viz., the prizes awarded her during the two preceding years.

The supreme council being at this time particularly in want of good officers, to replace the great numbers who had fallen in the preceding campaigns, readily appointed her to an ensigncy in the regiment of St. George.

Her promotion being notified to her through the channel of the academy, she immediately set out for Vienna, whence she received orders to join a transport of recruits in Hungary, and proceeded with it to the Upper Rhine, where the battalion lay to which she was appointed. This battalion was composed of Wradimers, and was commanded by major Seitel. It was stationed on the right bank of the Rhine, in the neighbourhood of Kehl, and at the extremest outposts, when she joined it, but shortly after was obliged to retire to the town of Manheim, the enemy having passed the Rhine between Kilstett and Deershem.

At length the peace of Campo Formio put an end to the campaign, and mademoiselle Scaganatti having passed about sixteen months in different cantonnments in the empire, Silesia, and Stira, received an order to repair to Poland, to join the fourth battalion of the regiment of Wenzel Colloredo, then commanded by major Deeber.

She was now stationed in the town of Sandomir; and here she experienced the most distressing inquietudes, through the dread of her sex being discovered. As she frequented the cassino, where the most select company associated, some of the ladies who assembled there, either through the conformation of

her body, or her reserved manners, conceived and communicated their suspicions. And accordingly one day a young gentleman belonging to the town said to her ingenuously, "Do you know, ensign, what these ladies observe of you?" she immediately suspected where the blow was directed; but, concealing her alarm, she answered she should be glad to know in what respect she had attracted their notice. "Why," replied the gentleman, "they observe in you the air and manner of a lady." On this she fell a laughing, and, with an arch and lively air rejoined, "In this case, sir, as the decision of the question is competent to a lady, I beg leave to select your wife for my judge." This proposal however, he did not think proper to accept, and, wishing to disengage himself, protested that he was far from believing any such thing, and only hinted at what mesdames N. N. had suspected. She withdrew earlier than usual that day, and passed rather an uneasy night. But having fully meditated on her situation, she resolved to bear herself through, put on a good face, appear at the cassino next day, and there hold the most gallant and free discourse with the ladies, in order to remove, if possible, their suspicions. Accordingly, after complimenting them, she brought the matter on the carpet, and declared, that, far from being offended, she found herself highly flattered, in hopes, that the opinion they entertained would render them less difficult to favour her with a verification to enable them to pronounce their judgment with greater certainty. This produced the effect she wished: the ladies, astonished by this military air of frankness, immediately retracted their opinion, saying "You are too gallant, ensign, for us to presume doing you any farther the injury of believing you a lady;" and thus the matter dropt.

Sometime after, having received orders to proceed to Chelm, she had the good fortune to escape the prying looks of the fair-sex there, who

obliged her to use uncommon circumstances. But she fell sick on the road, and was obliged to stop at Lubin, the head-quarters of the battalion. On this occasion she was under much obligation to captain Tauber, of the same regiment, who showed her uncommon marks of humanity, attention, and kindness, in a country where she was quite a stranger. Here also she had some difficulty to conceal her sex; for being affected with a general debility, she was obliged to commit herself in all her wants to the care of a soldier who was her servant, but who happily for her was a young man of such simplicity, that she ran no risk from his penetration.

She had scarcely recovered, when, having received notice that the council of war had transferred her to the regiment of Bannat, she reported herself ready immediately to join; and, notwithstanding the advice of her present commander to suspend her journey until she had sufficiently recruited her strength, she persisted in undertaking it, and arrived on the 6th of May, 1799, at Penezona, in the Bannat, where the staff were stationed.

Some promotions were at this crisis taking place in the regiment, and being one of the oldest ensigns, she expected to be promoted to a lieutenancy, but was no less surprised than hurt to find two younger ensigns preferred to her. Being sure of her ground, in so far as to know that the conduct-list given in her favour by the regiments in which she had before served had left not the smallest room for reproach, notwithstanding her mild and patient character, she presented very sharp remonstrances, protesting that she should be ashamed to continue to wear the uniform of the regiment, if it did not repair the injury done her. In answer to this remonstrance she received a rescript of the 13th of July, which entirely satisfied her, the regiment declaring that the mistake proceeded from not having known that ensign Scanagatti had been transfer-

red to it when the promotions were proposed, but that they would not fail to take the first opportunity of doing justice to her merit; and in fact she obtained a lieutenancy on the 1st of March following.

She was now placed in the battalion of reserve, which generally remains inactive in cantonment, and was then under the command of lieutenant-colonel Einsfeld. But anxious to share in the glory of the campaign, she solicited to be transferred to one of the battalions of the same regiment which were then acting against the enemy in Italy, and she was in consequence appointed to the sixth, then encamped on the mountains to the east of Genoa, which she joined without delay.

Here she was encamped with her battalion, commanded by major Paulich, and sharp skirmishes and actions more frequently took place than at any other of the outposts. She fought under that officer particularly in two battles that took place on the 14th and 15th of December, 1799, in the neighbourhood of Scoffera, and at Torriglia, where she had the satisfaction of penetrating first into the enemy's intrenched redoubts, which the enemy were then forced to abandon, but which they retook next day, through the superiority of force with which they renewed the attack.

In this unfortunate affair the brave major Paulich being severely wounded and made prisoner, with a part of his battalion, the main body of the army in that neighbourhood, under the command of general count de Klenau, was obliged immediately to retire. Ensign Scanagatti was then ordered to post himself at Barba Gelata, with a small detachment, in order to cover the retreat on that side; and on the 25th of the same month received orders to join the battalion lying at Campiano and Castlebardi, districts belonging to the duke of Parma.

Captain Golubowich, and after him captain Kliunowich, succeeded to the command of the battalion,

which, about the end of February, 1800, was sent into quarters at Leghorn. At this time ensign Scanagatti having been dispatched on regimental business to Venice, Mantua, and Milan, had the satisfaction to revisit her family in passing through Cremona, of which town her father was then intendant.

Here she stopt a day and two nights. Her mother during all that time never quitted her sight; and having remarked in the morning, that, when dressing, she laced her chest very straightly, to efface every exterior sign of her sex, and that so strong a compression had there already produced a certain degree of mortification and some lividity, madame Scanagatti communicated her fears to her husband, that their child would soon fall a victim to a cancer if they delayed longer obliging her to quit the service.

The father, from the moment the news reached him that his daughter had introduced herself to the academy as a boy, had never ceased to importune her to return to the avocations of her sex, but at the same time carefully concealed this transaction of a daughter of whom he received the most satisfactory reports, and from whose spirit he had also to expect some imprudent resolution if counteracted by violent means. He now reflected seriously on the most efficient means to be employed to calm the uneasiness of his wife, and, if possible, to withdraw his daughter without irritating her feelings. He renewed the attempt to engage her voluntary compliance, insisting strongly, among many other dangers to which she was exposed, on the discovery made by her mother, and offering to accommodate her in his house with every thing that could give her satisfaction.

This attempt was however fruitless. She answered respectfully, that she would not fail to pay attention to what her mother had remarked respecting her; nor would

she hesitate a moment to fly to the bosom of her family (always dear to her), as soon as peace should take place, and which could not be at a great distance; but she begged him to reflect, that she would lose the little merit she had acquired in her career if she should quit it at that crisis. Lastly, that he might perfectly tranquillize himself on her account, seeing that, in the course of three years and a half, she had been able happily to support her character in the midst of an army, and in a variety of critical situations. In this manner she took leave of her parents, and proceeded to execute the remainder of her commissions.

Meanwhile her father resolved to go to Milan, and in this dilemma to be guided entirely by count Cocastelli, a nobleman who had much regard for him, and who, being commissary general of his imperial majesty in Lombardy, and near the army of Italy, could be of service to him in an affair of such delicacy.

In consequence of his advice, and through the medium of the count, he addressed a memorial to his excellency baron Melas, disclosing the story of his daughter, and soliciting for her an honourable discharge.

The lady in the mean time having executed her commissions, while her father was, unknown to her, engaged in this scheme, returned to her regiment, which she found at the outposts of the blockade of Genoa, encamped on Monte-Becco, and near Monte-Faccio. On the same day that this latter place capitulated, she received notice that the commander-in-chief had sent a order to the battalion to permit lieutenant Scanagatti to proceed to join his family at Milan. This permission, unsolicited by her, was equally disagreeable and unexpected. She immediately perceived that it must have come through her parents; but, though cruelly disappointed, she consoled herself that she was not discovered to be a girl, but was

treated as an officer in the very order of the commander-in-chief; and what confirmed her in this flattering idea was, that next day being at dinner with general baron de Gottsheim, commanding the division of the imperial army in this neighbourhood, she was always addressed by the title of lieutenant, and nothing occurred that gave her the smallest suspicion that her sex was known.

Amidst these reflections she resolved, on the 3d of June, 1800, to proceed on her journey towards her paternal mansion, but on the 8th of the same month, having learnt at Bologna that the enemy had just entered the Milanese, she thought it advisable to direct her route to Verona, to which the staff of the Austrian army was then transferred. She there applied for and obtained a new route for Venice, where her father then was, and where she remained, tired of an inactive life, till the peace of Luneville permitted her to return with safety to her country. And it was with no small regret that she left off a uniform obtained through the most signal merit, and supported in the most honourable and exemplary manner.

To attest the truth of which, and the well-merited opinion of her zealous and faithful services, the commander-in-chief, general baron Melas, in a rescript of the 23d of May, 1801, announced to the supreme council of war, that on the 11th of July, 1800, he had conferred her lieutenantancy on her brother, who was then a cadet in the regiment of Belgiojoso.

It is only necessary to add, that this adventurous young lady, having resumed her sex, in the bosom of her family is no less a pattern now of female merit, than she had formerly been of military conduct, fulfilling with unexampled sweetness and equanimity of temper, the office of governess to her younger sisters, and otherwise assisting her venerable mother in the details of family management.

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

IN a short time the warmth which has so long invigorated the air, and the splendour which has cheered the human heart, and made the fields laugh and sing, to use the emphatical language of scripture, shall yield to the gloom of winter, and the smile of nature be succeeded by her frown. Nature will in this country wear an aspect as different from what it has done for some months past, as perhaps it wears in different parts of the universe. It does not appear probable that, were we indulged with the power of travelling from travelling from planet to planet, nay, could we continue our voyage even to the comets themselves, we should meet with greater opposites, than the congealing cold of winter, and summer's sultry heat. Yet it would be presumption in us, who are confined to so small a part of the creation, to conclude that heat and cold are the only principles of nature. In other parts of the universe the air may be endowed with the power of operating in a quite different manner, a power which would, in all probability, destroy such brittle frames as ours, if our senses were not altered. But such philosophical speculations are not so naturally suggested by this vicissitude of seasons, as those moral reflections calculated to amuse the gloom of melancholy, check the sallies of levity, and open to the soul the exhilarating prospects of hope. That a time, to outward appearance, so dismal as winter, should be a season of pleasure, ought to encourage those who consider the world in a bad light, as an abode of misery and a vale of tears; for if the inclemency of the weather only changes or increases our pleasures, how can it be looked upon as an evil? yet the pleasures enjoyed during the winter season in populous cities by far exceed those of a country life, the hurry of dissipation being more to the

general taste of mankind than the tranquillity of retirement. None but minds of a philosophic turn are touched with the beauties of nature, but the gaiety of London or Paris strike the minds even of the most superficial. Yet whilst the young and fashionable enjoy the pleasurable season, the vicissitude by which it is produced should put them in mind that youth itself will have an end; and that when they are declined into the vale of years, they will be so far from having a stronger relish for pleasure, that all their enjoyments will grow tasteless and insipid. But no reflection suggested by this variation appears more useful, or more proper to be inculcated, than that, from this mutability of nature, it is natural to infer that man is a progressive being, and that his existence is to be continued through an infinite variety of scenes and changes, every one of which will add to his perfection and increase his felicity. This Mr. Thomson has finely expressed in his philosophical poem on the seasons:

This infancy of Nature cannot be
God's final purpose.

From hence likewise an argument may be drawn to silence those who cavil at the dispensations of divine Providence. Since our present state is so transitory, it would be unreasonable to wish that its enjoyments should be of so exquisite a nature as to attach us to it too strongly, and so make the prospect of losing it unsupportable. The mixture of evil which we see in this world may then be properly compared to the cold of winter, which by the counterbalancing its pleasures, makes people more ready to resign them, and retire into the country without repining.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE MUSIC OF THE ANCIENTS.

MUSIC is as ancient as the world. It seems to have been born with

man, to accompany him in his painful career, to sweeten his labours; and charm away his cares. This was its first employment. It was afterwards consecrated to divine service; and having thus risen in dignity, it became of principal account among the people, in accompanying the traditional narratives, relative to the characters and exploits of their ancestors. Hence it came to be the first science wherein their children were instructed. Music, and poetry its ally, accompanied all their studies. They even deified those who were first distinguished in it. Apollo was of this number. Orpheus, Amphion, and Linus, for their eminent talents in this art, were accounted more than men. Philosophers applied themselves to it. Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato recommended it as worthy of being cultivated, not only by their disciples, but by the best regulated states. The Grecians, and particularly the Arcadians, enacted the study of it by law; regarding it as indispensably necessary to the common welfare. A science so generally cultivated should have arrived at perfection very early; yet did it continue in a state of imbecility, and without principles, till the times of Pythagoras.

Till the time of this philosopher, music was so vague and uncertain, that it required an extraordinary effort of genius to reduce it to method and order. He precisely determined the proportions which sounds bear to each other, and regulated harmony upon mathematical principles. But he let the precision of his mind carry him too far, in subjecting music to the judgment of reason alone, and admitting no pauses or rests, but such as had an arithmetical or geometric proportion in them. Aristoxenes, the disciple of Aristotle, thought, on the contrary, that this subject came entirely within the verge of hearing, and that the ear was the only judge of sounds. He therefore regulated the order, union, and break in tones, solely by the judgment of the ear, and his sys-

prevailed for some time, in Greece. Olympus, a Phrygian, came soon after to Athens: he invented a stringed instrument, which gave the ~~some~~ tones, whereby he introduced so many new graces into music, as gave it entirely another air. He joined Aristoxenes, appealing for the merit of his system to the decision of the ear. At length, the famous Ptolemy appeared, and, with superior spirit, equally disclaimed the partiality of both sides. He took a middle course; asserting that sense and reason had a joint right to judge of sounds. He accused the Pythagoreans of fallacy in their speculations, with respect to proportions; as well as of folly, in so disregarding the decisions of the ear, as to refuse it that kind of harmony which was agreeable to it, merely because the proportions did not correspond with their arbitrary rules. And he charged the partizans of Aristoxenes with an absurd neglect of reasoning, in that, though they were convinced of the difference of grave and acute tones, and of the proportions subsisting between them, and that those proportions invariably depended upon the several lengths of the musical chords; yet they never took the trouble of considering this, so as to enter into the reason of it. He determined, therefore, in deciding upon the principles of harmony, to make use, not only of reason, but also of the ear, as being of assistance to each other; and, in consequence of this, he laid down a certain method of finding the proportions of sounds. Had the ancients proceeded no farther, music must be infinitely more indebted to them than it possibly could be to their successors. The ancients have the sole merit of having laid down the first exact principles of music; and the writings of the Pythagoreans, Aristoxenes, Euclid, Aristides, Nicomachus, Plutarch, and many others, even such of them as still remain, contain every theory of music hitherto known. They knew, as well as the moderns, the art of noting their tones, performed by means

of entire letters, either contracted or reversed, placed on a line parallel to the words, and serving for the direction, the one of the voice, and the other of the instrument; and the scale itself, of which Guy Arétin is the supposed inventor, is no other than the ancient one of the Greeks a little enlarged, and what he may have taken from a Greek manuscript, above 800 years old, which Kircher says he saw at Messina, in the library of the Jesuits, and in which he found the hymns noted in the very manner of Arétin.

With respect to the manner of performing music among the ancients, it has been alleged that their instruments were not so complete as ours, and that they were unacquainted with those divisions of harmony that enter into our concerts; but this seems to be a groundless objection. The lyre, for instance, was certainly a very harmonious instrument; and, in the time of Plato, it was so constructed, and so full of variety, that he regarded it as dangerous, and too apt to relax the mind. When Anacreon flourished, it had already obtained forty strings. Ptolemy and Porphyry describe instruments resembling the lute and theorbo, having a handle with keys belonging to it, and the strings extended from the handle over a concave body of wood. At Rome is an ancient statue of Orpheus, with a musical bow in his right hand, and a kind of violin in his left. And there is a passage in Tertullian, which deserves particular consideration: 'What an astonishing hydraulic organ,' says he, 'was that of Archimedes; composed of such a number of pieces, consisting each of so many different parts, connected by such a quantity of joints, and containing such a variety of pipes for the imitation of voices, conveyed in such a multitude of sounds, modulated into such a diversity of tones, breathed from such an immense combination of flutes; and yet, all taken together, constituting but one single instrument!' In this passage, it is apparent, that

the flute was carried to such a high degree of perfection among the ancients, that there were various kinds of them, and so different in sound, as to be wonderfully adapted to express all manner of subjects.

With respect to harmony, it has been cursorily treated of by many respectable ancients. Macrobius speaks of five notes, among which the base bears such a symphony with those above it, that, however different, they altogether composed one sound. Ptolemy, speaking of the monochord, calls it a mighty simple instrument, as having neither unison, accompaniment, variety, nor complication of sounds. Seneca, in one of his letters, says to his friend, 'Do not you observe how many different voices a band of music is composed of? There you have the base, the higher notes, and the intermediate, the soft accents of women, and the tones of men intermingled with the sounds of flutes, which, however separately distinct, form altogether but one harmony of sound, in which each bears a share.' Plato sufficiently makes it appear, that he knew what harmony was, when he says that music is a proper study for youth, and should employ three years of their time; but that it was improper to put them upon playing alternately in concert, it being enough for them, if they could accompany their voice with the lyre. And the reason he gives for it is, that the accompaniment of various instruments, the base with those of a higher key, and the variety, and even opposition of symphonies, where music is played in divisions, can only embarrass the minds of youth. True it is, the ancients did not much practise compound music; but that proceeded only from their not liking it. For Aristotle, after asking why one instrument accompanied only by a single voice gave more delight than that very voice would do with a greater number, replies, that the multitude of instruments only obstructed the sound of the song, and

hindered it from being heard. Yet the same author, in another place, expressly says, that music, by the combination of the base and higher tones, and of notes long and short, and of a variety of voices, arises in perfect harmony. And in the following chapter, speaking of the revolutions of the several planets, as perfectly harmonizing with one another, they being all of them conducted by the same principle, he draws a comparison from music to illustrate his sentiments; just as in a chorus, says he, of men and women, where all the variety of voices through all the different tones, from the base to the higher notes, being under the guidance and direction of a musician, perfectly correspond with one another, and form a full harmony. Aurelius Cassidorus defines symphony to be the art of so adjusting the base to the higher notes, and them to it, through all the voices and instruments, whether they be wind or stringed instruments, that thence an agreeable harmony may result. And Horace speaks expressly of the base and higher tones, and the harmony resulting from their concurrence. All these testimonies, therefore, uniting in favour of the harmony of the ancients, ought not to leave us the least doubt respecting this branch of their knowledge. We have seen the reason why they did not much use harmony in concert. One fine voice alone, accompanied with one instrument, regulated entirely by it, pleased them better than mere music, without voices, and made a more lively impression on their feeling minds. And this is what even we ourselves every day experience.

For the Literary Magazine.

FACTS RELATIVE TO THE PRESENT STATE OF THE CITY OF TRIPOLI; BY JONATHAN COWDERY, SURGEON OF THE LATE

AMERICAN FRIGATE PHILADELPHIA.

July 10, 1805.

THE city of Tripoli stands on the north coast of Africa, in north latitude $32^{\circ} 54'$, and longitude east from London $13^{\circ} 11'$; and is built on the ruins of the ancient Oca, on a sandy soil. It contains about 40,000 Turks, 5000 Jews, and 1000 Roman catholics and Greeks. It has eight mosques and one christian church; some of the mosques are very large.

The baths are places of considerable resort, on account of the injunctions of Mahomet, which direct the keeping the body clean: but I have seen many deviate from this, and rub their bodies with dry sand instead of water*. This custom, I am informed, originated from the pilgrims and travellers not being able to find water while travelling over the desert. The Bedouins, a kind of sojourning Arabs, and people from the interior of Africa, often prefer this imperfect method of purification, even when water is at hand.

Many of the buildings have the appearance of great antiquity, of which the Turks can give no account. Among them is a Roman palace and a triumphal arch. The castle stands on the water's edge, in the north-easternmost corner of the city. Its ramparts are of different heights; on the land side they are from forty to eighty, and on the water side they are from thirty-five to forty feet in height. Twenty-five pieces of brass ordnance, of different sizes, are mounted on different parts of the castle, to command the city, adjoining country, and harbour. Several of the apartments in the west end of the castle are large, commodious, and airy, ornamented with a variety of fine marble, mosaic and stucco work, and richly furnished in the Turkish style.

Here the bashaw receives and

holds audience with foreign ambassadors and consuls; holds his divan, which he often imperiously overrules; and gives his mandates, which are often enforced by the most cruel torture and death. Here are a great number of smaller apartments; a large open court and spacious gallery, for the accommodation and residence of the bashaw, his wives, children, and attendants: here is also a bomb-proof room, to which the bashaw flies in times of danger. The apartments in the east end of the castle are stables for the bashaw's horses, and prisons where our officers and myself were confined, and where the bashaw confines his hostages and criminals; and in the midst of which is the magazine of gunpowder. These gloomy mansions of horror are in bad repair, full of vermin, and is the filthiest place in all Tripoli.

The city, including the castle, is three miles and a half in circumference. The country about Tripoli, nearly to the foot of mount Atlas, which is two days' journey from Tripoli, is all, except the gardens and orchards near the city, a sandy and barren desert. The houses, the ramparts, and batteries which surround it, are built of the ruins of the ancient cities of Oca, Leptis, and Sabrata, which are chiefly of marble, and a variety of other calcareous stones, and columns of granite, many of which are very large, put together with a cement of lime and sand; but without the regularity of square, plumb-line, or level. The walls are generally white-washed with new-slacked lime, at the commencement of the ramadan or carnival. The tops of the houses are flat, and covered with a composition chiefly of lime, which, when dry, forms a very firm terrace. To ward against the vengeance of their enemies, the whole city is fire-proof.

The fresh water used in Tripoli, except in time of scarcity, or the fear of a siege, when it is brought from the wells in the desert on mules, asses, and christian slaves, is

* This substitute, in cases of necessity, is allowed by Mahomet.—*Ed.*

rain-water caught in winter, the only time of rain in this country ; it runs from the terraces, through well constructed earthen tubes into large vaulted reservoirs, which are built of stone and lime, and well coated with lime, and are in the earth below the influence of the sun ; where it is preserved from filth, and when drawn for use it is remarkably clear, cool, and pleasant. The wells in and about Tripoli, for about two miles from the sea-shore, produce brackish water, which is used for scrubbing and drenching the sinks, necessities, sewers, &c., and for watering the gardens and orchards during the dry season. Sinks lead from the houses through the bottoms of the necessities into very large common sewers, which lead into the sea, all of which are built of stone and lime. The seamen and marines of the late frigate Philadelphia can attest the vast quantity of lime used in Tripoli ; a number of whom were driven, by unfeeling barbarians, to work in it for nineteen months.

The streets, not being paved, are naturally very dusty ; but every thing of the nature of manure is diligently sought for, gathered into large baskets, slung upon camels, mules, and asses, and carried to the gardens and orchards, to raise the soil from its natural state of barrenness. These little plantations are each enclosed with high walls ; they contain from two to six acres each ; several of them are cultivated by European gardeners, and are made to produce all the useful roots, plants, and fruits that are natural to the torrid and temperate zones. These enclosures are about 2000 in number, all interspersed with tall date trees, and are laid out in such a manner, that collectively they form a semicircle, which extends from shore to shore, at a little distance from the city. This ever-green half zone, the sandy desert which it lies upon, and the proud Atlas which borders the prospect, when viewed from the top of the castle-gate of the city, or the ship-

ping on the coast, presents a beautiful prospect.

The winds from the north, north-east, and north-west, are generally very salubrious ; those from the south, south-west, and south-east, come over the parched continent, and are very oppressive : they are called the Sirocco, and sometimes rise to that degree of heat and violence, that those who are not able to find shelter in houses, tents, &c., often perish ; it sometimes lasts three days, but generally not longer than the first twelve of the twenty-four hours. The want of proper apparatus rendered me unable to learn the different degrees of the temperature of the climate. The nights and mornings are sometimes cool after rain ; but I never, while in Tripoli, saw any frost or snow.

The principal market is held, every Tuesday, on the sandy beach about one mile easterly of the city, where a variety of articles are sold, and the butchers kill and sell their meat, chiefly to christians, Jews, and the higher order of Turks. Very little meat is killed in the city. The common class of people, and the bashaw's troops and seamen, eat but little meat ; their diet is chiefly dates, olives, oil of olives, bread, and a variety of vegetables, which they cook in oil. The Turks are, with a few exceptions, strangers to luxury and dissipation.

The prevailing disorders among the natives of Tripoli were, ophthalmia in summer, and catarrh and slight pneumonic affections in winter. The former I attributed to a remarkably serene and brilliant sky, and the scorching winds from the continent ; the latter to the want or neglect of proper clothing. The dead, except those of the bashaw's family, and a high order of marabouts, or priests, are buried out of the city. On the beach, one cable length east of the castle, and half a cable length above high water mark, myself, with our boat-swain and twelve of our crew, did last summer, through the desire of captain Bainbridge, and permission

of the bashaw, bury our brave officers and seamen, who were killed in the explosions and in the engagements off Tripoli, and who floated on shore. In digging the graves, our men hove up vast quantities of human bones. The Turks informed me, that they were bones of the people who died of the plague many years ago; they collected them into baskets, and carried them away as fast as possible, muttering and saying that they should not be polluted with christian bones.

The calcareous substances of which Tripoli is chiefly built, the well constructed drains, the killing the meat, and burying the dead at a distance from the city, the removing the offal and filth to the gardens for manure, and the temperate manner in which the Turks and Arabs live, have without doubt been the cause of the late remarkable continuance of health in Tripoli.

For the Literary Magazine.

POPULATION OF THE PRINCIPAL
TOWNS IN FRANCE.

THE following list is extracted from the catalogue of the French towns, given at the head of the *Annales*, published at Paris for the year 11 of the republic.

	<i>Souls.</i>
Paris	672,000
Marseilles	108,000
Lyons	102,000
Bordeaux	104,000
Lisle	66,761
Brussels	66,000
Antwerp	56,378
Ghent	56,651
Toulouse	52,612
Amiens	40,000
Nismes	40,000
Bruges	36,000
Montpellier	32,899
Caen	34,805
Dunkirk	26,255
Dieppe	25,000
Brest	24,180

L'Orient	22,318
Besancon	25,328
Grenoble	20,019
Versailles	30,093
Rocheport	28,874
Toulon	19,000
Dijon	20,760
Falaise	14,069
Luneville	11,691
Cherbourg	10,081
Calais	6,549
Arles	20,000

The population of each town included in the vast circumference of the French republic, is set down in a table which occupies several pages; but it is evident, even from this abstract from it, that the population in many of them is given by guess, and not from actual enumeration. It is supposed that the population of Paris is over-rated, and that the actual number of inhabitants does not exceed 500,000: but, be this as it may, we may assure ourselves that as the French government has devoted its attention to this subject, each year will bring this catalogue nearer the truth. Why may not our almanacs contain an account of the population of each city and town in the United States?

For the Literary Magazine.

PRESENT STATE OF ATHENS.

By a late traveller.

THOUGH numerous the injuries of time, of nature, of war, and of accidents, which Athens has suffered, its antiquities are still extant as monuments of its superior grandeur and beauty over all the cities that ever existed. High upon a rock, to which there is no possible access but by the western end, are the ruins of the Acropolis. Cecrops chose it as a place of retreat and defence for those inhabitants of Attica whom he had collected from the surrounding villages, &c. I cannot possibly imagine any thing of the kind more magnificent than

its propylæa or vestibule. It was built by Pericles, who coated the front and steps with white polished marble. Its five gates still remain, but the largest or central is the only one not filled up. Between them are doric pilasters, which contribute much to the beauty of their appearance. Indeed to behold this edifice without the liveliest sensations of admiration and pleasure, even as it now is, seems to me impossible; conceive then what it must have been when embellished by the sculpture of Phidias, and unimpaired. The first object that meets the eye on passing it is the temple of Minerva, called *Parthenon* in honour of her virginity, and from its dimension of a hundred feet in width *Ecatompedon*. It was held in the highest veneration by the Athenians, as the supposed habitation of their tutelary deity, whose statue it contained. In this celebrated image, which was made of gold and ivory, 36 cubits in height, Phidias displayed all his art. When the Persians took possession of this city, they burnt the Parthenon with the other temples, and I might say fortunately, as it happened at a period but little antecedent to the time when the polite arts had attained to perfection; when Pericles, with the aid of Phidias, Callicrates, and Ictinus, rebuilt it. The emperor Hadrian, whose attachment to Athens was continually displayed in his munificence, repaired it so effectually, that it continued almost entire from his reign to 1687, when unfortunately a bomb fired from the camp of Morosini, the Venetian general who besieged Athens, fell upon and destroyed the roof. Its decay since that accident has been rapid, and its richest ornaments pillaged. It was raised on a base of six steps: its peristyle had forty-six columns, eight channelled in each front, and fifteen plain at the sides. They are forty-one feet and a half in height, and six in diameter. Its mutilated entablature represents battles between the Athenians and Centaurs, with religious ceremonies, processions, &c. On the posticus

was sculptured the birth of Minerva. It is lamentable to behold the ravages that travellers have made upon the inimitable reliefs of this and the other temples. With difficulty I discover what they represent, as not a figure is entire. The noblest sculpture of Athens that has escaped the injuries of time, &c., is now scattered over Europe, and lodged in the cabinets of nations, whose barbarous ancestors were not known even by name to the polished inhabitants of Greece. The Parthenon was the principal temple of the Acropolis, and generally the most admired; but I think with little reason, as that of Neptune, named Erechtheus, is of far more elegant, if of less noble architecture. It is like the Apollo of the Belvedere, the unrivalled master-piece of its kind. When I had seen the Corinthian temple at Nismes called *La Maison Quarree*, I despaired of ever again beholding a building that would afford me such comfort in the contemplation of it. In Italy and Sicily I found nothing comparable with it, but on turning from the Parthenon, how great was my astonishment and delight to behold a model of Ionic structure, than which nothing could be more simple, and yet more sublime! It is impossible to mistake it, from the description of Pausanias, who calls it *diptoun Oichema*, a double building, the two parts of it being joined together at right angles. The one is dedicated to Neptune or Erechthous, and the other to Minerva Polias, protectress of the citadel. By their junction the Athenians symbolized the reconciliation of these deities after their contest for naming Athens. In the former was the salt spring produced by a blow of Neptune's trident: in the latter the olive tree, Minerva's more profitable gift, and her image said to have fallen from heaven, which was guarded by a serpent of uncommon size called *otocouros Ophis*: the superstitious Pausanias knew not whether to receive or reject this miraculous story. Adjoining to the Polias is a small temple erected in honour of

Pandrofos, the faithful daughter of Cecrops. To her and her two sisters, Herse and Aglauros, Minerva entrusted a chest which contained the infant Erectheus guarded by a serpent, with strict and solemn injunction not to examine its contents. The curiosity of the two elder prevailed over every other consideration, and induced them to open it, when they were immediately rendered frantic, and threw themselves over a precipice. Pandrofos was true to her charge, and therefore worshipped jointly with Minerva: so that when a heifer was sacrificed to the goddess, it was accompanied with a sheep to her. The order of architecture in this temple is (I believe) no where to be found but here; its entablature being supported by five female figures (originally six) called Cariatides instead of columns. As this building was constructed about fifty years after the sack of Athens by the Persians, it is conjectured, and with all probability, that the order was designed as a satire upon Arthemisia queen of Halicarnassus in Caria; who, though in origin a Greek, assisted the Persian with a fleet against her mother country. The Cariatides are admirably finished, and their robes extremely graceful, as is also their head-dress. These figures have been spelled Caryatides from a supposition that they were intended to represent women of Carya in Peloponnesus, a city in league with the Persians; but this is a weak conjecture, as their Asiatic dress alone will prove the contrary. The Pandrosium contained Minerva's olive tree, called *Pagcophos* from its branches bending downwards when they had grown up to the roof. These are the only remains of the Acropolis, the foundations of the walls excepted. I visit the divine Erectheum every day, and am only fearful that the barbarian muskumans who garrison the citadel will suspect me of some design against it, and, by exclusion, debar me of the most exquisite pleasure I can receive at Athens.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE OLIO.

NO. VI.

Advice to a young lady, who received the addresses of a gay and profligate young man, in opposition to her friends: exemplified in the story of Almeria.

My dear Serina,

YOU are now arrived at that period when the unexperienced heart most requires a guide, to point out the many dangers that attend our feeble sex through life: the smoothest path of which, however flattering it may appear to the youthful eye, though adorned, as it were, with flowers perfumed with the fragrance of Arabia, is too often strewed with thorns, which harass the feet of those who step most cautiously, from the sceptred monarch on the throne, to the sorrow-worn object who begs for alms from door to door: ways beset with snares and wiles unseen, in which the unwary are too often precipitated, and, if a female, they "fall to rise no more." How necessary, then, for the gay and thoughtless, as well as the daughter of sensibility, to listen to the dictates of Prudence; how necessary for you, my dear girl, whose bosom glows with that painful and dangerous sensation, to grant her a conspicuous place in your bosom. She will guard, Serina, each avenue there; and prevent your deviating from rules long since prescribed for the sex, a deviation that would most assuredly bring on you the reproaches of your own heart; a deviation which the too partial world makes a point never to forgive. Too partial I say, for how often are the profligate, the gay and fashionable libertines of the age, encouraged and caressed by our sex, even perhaps at the moment when their cowardly hearts may be flushed with a victory over some poor ruined female, who, for-

saken by him in whom her soul confided, is left to bemoan her own credulity and his broken faith.

Woman, my dear Serina, is never so lovely, never so resembling what Milton, that first of poets, so beautifully fancied our first mother, as when acting with a dignity becoming the sex: a dignity which when wanting degrades us at once to a level with the vicious of the other. How greatly then do we disparage ourselves, by not spurning those destroyers of innocence and associates of infamy from our private assemblies, by not convincing them, by a frown of indignation, that our souls are of a texture too pure to countenance those who even seek not to hide the enormity of their conduct. Why it is that the world has established such customs? customs that must inevitably encourage vice.

Yet dare, Serina, to be singular, dare to prefer the man of principle to him who knows it not; so will you live in the estimation of men possessing sense and integrity of heart, be esteemed by the amiable of your own sex, and convince even the libertine that the innate principles of your heart are those of rectitude. Shun the vicious, as you wish for happiness; you cannot love Virtue, and at the same time smile approbation on the contemners of her laws. Rely not on your own strength; it may deceive, for, with no propensity to act unworthily, you may be drawn aside from propriety by countenancing, if not the votaries of vice, yet those who act, in respect to woman, with no principle. A melancholy example is engraved on my mind, written there as with a pen of adamant.

Almeria, the lovely Almeria, was the sprightly daughter of vivacity. The graces sported around her beauteous form, while her animated countenance charmed the eye of every beholder; nor did even the envious dare to intimate that her internal beauties were exceeded by external charms. Why thus, Almeria, said her sister Emily,

why, when we were taught to reverence virtue, the love of which we equally alike imbibed in nourishment from our mother's bosom, thus countenance the unprincipled Philario? Is he not infinitely more culpable than the poor desolate Matilda, who, forsaken by a partial and ill-judging world, nourishes her infant, the infant of her betrayer, at her hapless bosom, a bosom pure as the unsullied snow, ere made a prey to his perfidious wiles. Nay, smile not, Almeria, the comparison was a just one. Did she not resemble the lily of the valley, adorned with her own innocence? Have we not seen her cheerful as the first dawn of May, while bestowing her unwearied attention on a beloved, aged, and infirm parent? Have we not seen his furrowed cheek wet with her tears, while she supported his venerable form? Behold her now in her solitary retirement; your favourite jasmine is not more pale than her once vermilion cheek, while her downcast eye has totally lost its former brilliancy, and acquired the settled look of despair. How can my sister think on her fall from virtue, and smile on her destroyer, the perfidious Philario?

I confess, answered Almeria, Philario to be somewhat dissipated at present, but a reformed rake, says the proverb, makes the best husband; nor do I like him the worse for a trifling wildness. He dare not insult one deserving his esteem; rely upon it, Emily, it is the levity of our sex that induces the other to treat us indignantly.

But, my dear Serina, mark the sequel, and profit by the lost Almeria's fate; for Almeria, the self-confident Almeria, hitherto admired for propriety of conduct, gay, yet modest in her demeanour, ere many months had flown, became a victim to the wretch Philario. Humbled, degraded in her own estimation, experiencing the bitter poignancy of self reflection, the very luminaries of heaven became painful to her sight, every eye that met hers, she fancied, wore the look of contempt, and

reproachingly seemed to inquire for her once boasted virtue.

Philario appeared and offered his hand, but she spurned him from her, with the contempt he merited. Wretch, she cried, would you tyrannize over me for years yet to come? will marriage restore innocence? will it obliterate memory? can I, or will you forget my shame? Away, I want not your pity! away, my love flew with my innocence! The grave shall shelter me, there I will take refuge.

To Emily she said, Forbear, my sister, speak not of life, speak not of forgiveness; though the world should never know my shame, or, what is of far more consequence, should my infamy never wound the bosom that cherished my happy infancy, or raise a blush on the cheek of my sister, never, never could I be at peace with myself, or wish to live the polluted wretch I am.

Nor did she long exist for the finger of scorn to point to, or to war with her own frailty. A fever, the effect of an agonized mind, seized unrelenting on her tender frame, nor loosed its hold until the vital stream forgot to flow. Soon came the morn that saw her numbered with the unthinking dead, that freed her spirit from the loathed clay. Pure in itself, it sought its native skies, refusing, as it were, to inhabit a tenement, however lovely, contaminated by vice.

Oh may this mournful instance of female error, of the danger of countenancing the dissipated, serve as a memento to my dear Serina, and induce you to prefer the man of virtue to those boasters of their own shame. A smile bestowed on a libertine, those starers who put innocence to the blush, ill becomes the lips of a modest woman. Love is a dangerous guest to the heart of sensibility; when permitted in bosoms such as yours to gain admittance,

In vain will Prudence, lovely matron,
plead,
And deaf to her dictates you'll be
lost indeed.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE TWO SAVINIAS; OR, THE TWINS.

From the French.

AT the castle of Schindeligen, in one of the wildest districts of Switzerland, two sisters lived, and were brought up together. Born on the same day, they were nurtured at the breast of the same mother, with the same care, and the same tenderness. Nature had formed them after precisely the same model. Never did two living beings appear more exactly alike. They had the same features, the same tone of voice, and to the exact conformity of their exterior corresponded their character and inclinations. They delighted in the same sports and the same amusements, as they charmed by the same graces; and, that no distinction might be made between those whom nature had chosen to render so similar, the same name was given to them. Savinia was the name of each, and seemed to blend in one the persons of those whose sentiments, habits, and lively affection for each other, exhibited no difference.

Antonia, their mother, had long been the victim of the prejudices of her parents, and the preference they gave to an elder sister; and had vowed, before she became a mother, to tear from her heart every sentiment which might produce the slightest inequality between the children that might be born of her. On the day when she gave birth to her daughters, she therefore thanked Heaven for having thus, beyond her expectation, facilitated the accomplishment of her resolution. She threw away the tokens that had been fastened to them in order to distinguish them, and wished, by renouncing the power of recognising a difference between them, to destroy even the possibility of injustice, and deprive the objects of her affection

of all pretext for jealousy. If the maternal eye could discover in them some slight shade of difference, which by it alone could be discerned, she never betrayed the secret of the discovery. No person could perceive but that the *two Savinias* were to Antonia one and the same person. Never did the one receive a caress which the other might not believe was equally intended for herself. If one had committed any fault, the mother reprimanded or enjoined a penance to her who first presented herself, who, if she were not guilty, never complained, since she had been accustomed to believe that herself and her sister were the same. Neither ever thought of saying—*It was not I*; for had the penance been inflicted on her sister, she would have suffered equally: in fact, perhaps, still more, for we suffer less when we suffer for those we love. But how much must each resolve no more to be guilty of a similar fault, since the punishment of her offence might fall upon her sister! It is rarely that those who love nothing can be corrected of any thing: it is only when we live for another, that we know the true value of our own virtues.

There was no particular quality in either from which a common advantage did not result to both. The very slight difference which existed in their external appearance, was somewhat more sensible in their intellectual faculties. One had the stronger memory, and occasionally displayed the most acuteness and wit. But it was never intimated to them that this was perceptible. Frequently she who could learn with most facility recited the lesson of her sister; and this without artifice; for she would say, with great simplicity, 'my sister could not learn her task: I have learnt it for her besides my own: that is all the same, you know.' This was accepted; and Antonia only said to the other—'take care to apply yourself to your lessons, that you may be able to render the same

service to your sister when she may want it.' Ought any other emulation to be permitted between the children of the same father?

Never did one of the two Savinias imagine it possible that she could enjoy a pleasure of which her sister did not partake, till the moment when—

They were sixteen years old. A young stranger arrived at Schindelingen. He was most agreeable and interesting in his person and manners: they were amiable and charming. Both felt an equal emotion at the sight of him. But one of these pleasing females having first displayed for him the sensibility of dawning affection, fixed that love which it appeared otherwise impossible should be guided by choice. For the first time, one of the Savinias was told that she was preferred to her sister, and for the first time she felt a pleasure in the thought of such a preference. For the first time she was gratified by being loved alone, or rather she did not advert that love was bestowed on her to the exclusion of her sister. Perfectly happy herself, could she imagine that the companion of her life suffered any pain? Yet, while preparations were making for her union with her lover, her unfortunate but involuntary rival, the prey of love and regret, reproached herself with suffering while her sister was happy. At length her secret escaped her: she revealed her love, and confessed her shame and her sorrow to her sister. From that time was her sister, before so happy, a stranger to repose: her happiness was odious to her, since it cost her that of her sister. Determined each to sacrifice herself to the other, they no longer confided their real intentions to each other, but bore their sufferings in silence, and pined away, and at length sank to the grave one after the other. Their parents did not long survive them. The castle of Schindelingen was deserted; and nothing now remains but the rock on which it was built, the tomb,

and the remembrance of the two Savinias.

For the Literary Magazine.

EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF AN
OLD BACHELOR, WHO DIED AT
THE AGE OF 87.

From the German.

— LOVE, hope, and even fear, ought by turns to agitate the human breast, to prevent our days from passing over in an insipid uniformity. It is to escape this insipidity, so insupportable to man, that he employs himself in a thousand trifles, a thousand follies: one plays at chess, another builds houses; one learns to warble like the birds, another to decypher music; this man learns to cultivate flowers, the other to write books, &c.

These various means of escaping *ennui* had nothing in them to captivate my fancy. In examining the different interests which arose in my view, I found that which alone had power to attach me to life, and make it valuable, were the extatic ties of husband and father: celibacy never made a part in my schemes of happiness; I loved in good earnest; my vows were always sincere and honourable, as I only aspired to become a good husband and a good father of a family. I have been in love seven times, is not that enough? and is it not unfortunate that I have not found a wife? Ah! my friend, my first affections alone have power to make my tears flow! A gentle innocent girl, who was to me most truly a first love, and who returned my passion as tenderly, death snatched from me, and I was near following her to the grave. Never shall I forget that amiable creature!

After some years of grief and indifference, a very pretty fair-one animated my heart; I exerted all my assiduities with kindness, she

blushed, and cast down her eyes with a thoughtful air. This is she who is to be the companion of my life, thought I with transport, and I disclosed to her my passion; she interrupted my first words, by assuring me of her tender friendship, of which she was about to give me a proof. She then told me, in confidence, that she had a long time been strongly attached to a young man, and never would marry any other than him. In thus renouncing my tender and pretty fair-one, I did not renounce the hope of being one day happy in marriage. I offered my vows to a third, a young lady who was beautiful as an angel; she received my declarations with expressions of esteem, but she received them as the homage due to her charms. Amelia (for that was her name) was proud of her beauty and wit, and only thought of multiplying her conquests, considering it beneath her to sacrifice those to the happiness of one man only. When I merely talked of love, she willingly heard me; but when I pronounced the word marriage, I was repulsed. I left her, and went home much mortified by her refusal; but as I had been more dazzled by her charms than touched by her character, I felt more resentment than grief.

Nothing is more suffocating than anger and vexation; I opened my window to get air, and my eyes were mechanically cast upon the street. In that moment, a young brunette, neat and smart, crossed it; I recollected to have seen her before, but she had never drawn my attention; the general elegance of her air struck me, and, as a flash of lightning, it occurred to my mind to avenge myself on the haughty Amelia, by paying my court to this young person. This suggestion quickly ripened into a settled project, and, as usual was combined with the idea of marriage, which still more embellished in my eyes the object of my new flame. I found means to introduce myself at her house; I followed her with assiduity; I suffered no

opportunity to escape to make known my sentiments, which she appeared well inclined to return; when suddenly her parents said to me, 'that my frequent visits to their house did them much honour; that they begged I would continue them, and remain always a friend to the family; but they believed they ought to apprise me, that their daughter had been long before promised to a very rich man of the next town; that his arrival was expected, and they besought me, as a friend, not to offer him any offence.' My young friend gave me to understand that she would have preferred me, but that she must obey. He was handsome, he was amiable; and I soon perceived that my young brunette obeyed without reluctance.

You may easily imagine that I became timid and suspicious after all these disappointments; hardly dare I look at a woman, lest I should become enamoured; but the disease quickly banished my fears. I became again in love, and this time was very seriously so. *I loved with passion, but with such diffidence, such an apprehension of not succeeding, that I dared not to avow my sentiments to her who had inspired them: I regularly passed before her windows three times a day, and, when she appeared, I bowed with the most tender and respectful air, almost touching the ground with my hat. During some days, she appeared there more frequently, and I even remarked, that when she saw me at a distance she fixed herself in her balcony, and answered my salutations with a sweet smile. I was overwhelmed with joy, and employed my thoughts on the means of making myself known to her; when one day that I passed, as usual, before her house, and was walking slowly to prolong the pleasure of being near her, I heard her burst into a fit of laughter, and say, 'come, I pray, my dear friend, come and look at this cringing fellow! he is of all beings on earth the most ridiculous.' A young man approach-

ed her, and, passing his arm round her waist, laughed heartily with her, as their eyes followed me.

I withdrew much quicker than I went, and soon learned that the young man had become her husband two days before. This melancholy adventure, which ought to have humbled me, on the contrary suddenly renewed my courage. I resolved to be no longer the dupe of of my own feelings, and to marry, cost what it would. I went into an assembly of young persons, and addressing myself to her who pleased me the most, I asked to speak to her apart; she granted my request, and the next day I went to her house. 'Are you at liberty?' said I, entering. 'Yes,' answered she, 'absolutely free.' 'Will you accept my heart and hand?' 'Both,' said she, smiling, and extending hers. From that moment, I considered myself married: but this engagement, so suddenly formed, was as suddenly dissolved. It would be too tedious to inform you of the particular circumstances; happily before the ceremony, I perceived . . .

. In short, she was unfaithful, and God be praised she was not yet my wife. It requires much precaution, thought I; one ought to study a long time, and with much attention, the woman who is to be one's companion. Try once more. I then made a seventh choice, which was more wise and reasonable, a charming young girl, well educated, and who had never been in love.

This time no one could accuse me of too much precipitation; I carefully watched all her steps, all her actions, all her intentions, without making my declaration. I hoped incessantly. I was as yet only in the fourth year of vigilance and observation, when in the moment I least expected she was carried off by a young man who knew her only four days. This shall be my last trial, said I; I can no more resolve to begin new amours: I still love the ladies, but this sentiment is ac-

"Madam!—(Be so kind, reader, as to imagine the captain's utter astonishment) My whiskers! Cut off my whiskers! Excuse me. Cut off my whiskers! Madam! Any thing else; any thing that mind can, or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. But, for my whiskers, you must grant me a salvo there."

"And why so, good captain? Surely any gentleman who had but the tythe of the passion you express, would not stand upon such a trifle?"

"A trifle, madam! My whiskers a trifle! No, madam, no; my whiskers are no trifle. Had I but a single regiment of fellows whiskered, and like me, I myself would be the grand Turk of Constantinople. My whiskers, madam, are the last thing I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice. There is not a woman, married or single, maid, wife, or widow, that does not admire my whiskers."

"May be so, sir: but if you marry me, you must cut them off."

"And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you, unless I part with my whiskers?"

"Never."

"Why then, madam, farewell: I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers, if Catherine the czarina, empress of all the Russias, would make me king of the Calmucs: and so good morning to you."

Had all the young ladies, in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the interested and unprincipled coxcombs by whom they are pestered: they all have their whiskers; and seek for fortunes, to be able to cultivate, not cut them off.

hour has my pen been in my hand, my ink and paper before me, but no subject occurs. I have been endeavouring to collect my thoughts in vain; I cannot find a sufficiency for a single passage; they wander from one subject to another like those light bodies that float on the surface of the deep to and fro, beaten this way by one wave and that by another, unable to remain stationary long enough to fix themselves to any point of rest. Such is the state of my mind, and it is one certainly very unfavourable to my present purpose.

Yet this very dearth of ideas, or of confusion in their arrangement, has, by acting upon itself, given rise to some reflections on the causes in which they may originate. The mind of the writer should, like that of the philosopher, be able to lay aside the cares of life, and apply itself to the subject of its speculations, to pursue the direction to which his speculations may lead him in a strait line, without deviation; it is thus only that the subject will be made to unfold itself, and stand exposed to view in all the colours which nature or fancy may bestow upon it. When I went to school, I frequently returned a borrowed penknife, pencil, &c., to my teacher, with this boyish injunction, "mind, sir, I have brought it back." "Do you mind it," he would reply, "I have other things to attend to; the mind which must torture itself for means to supply a large family with bread cannot attend to trifles." And is it thus; does he who has many cares resting on his mind feel less sensibly the respective weight of each, and is he capable of supporting them collectively with as little suffering as he who has but one? has nature kindly restricted and humbled the pride of prosperity, and diminished the arrogance of power, by an equal distribution of the cares of life, in weight if not in number? has she given the lonely, the afflicted children of adversity the consolation of the assurance that they bear no more than

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XX.

I HAVE sat down to write a "Reflector." For more than an
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their share of wretchedness which has been laid on the whole human race? does the monarch who sways the sceptre of dominion over obedient millions enjoy his power with no less anxiety and care than the lowest of his subjects? If it is so, then men are indeed equal, and the old proverb, "every one has his trouble," is a true one. Then why all this contention about power, dominion, and pre-eminence, about glory, wealth, and fame, if, by possessing all these things, we only change our condition by giving one cause of care for another; if our enjoyments are not increased, nor our sorrows diminished?

There are few persons who do not at times feel a certain restlessness, a sort of confusion in the operations of the mind, which disables them from fixing their attention to a single point; though they may continually attempt to force their thoughts to flow in a certain channel, the endeavour seems to be as vain as it would be to try to make a stream of water rise above the head of the fountain which supplies it. This seldom happens, except when some cause of care is predominant; that cause wholly possesses the mind, and oppresses it; all other thoughts, if they strike the attention, glance off from it like water from an oily substance, and the very exertion we may make to lay aside the predominating care is painful. Here we can trace a considerable resemblance between the human mind and the members of the body: the hand once filled can contain no more; thus it is with the mind: there are some considerations which so completely fill it, that it can contain nothing else. Thus the lover's waking thoughts and nightly dreams are of his mistress; if he speaks, it is of her, or should he be drawn from the subject, he soon returns to it; grief produces the same effects, and, indeed, all those passions and emotions which are capable of being excited to intensity. To this rule I think there are not many exceptions. Cæsar,

if I mistake not, boasts of dictating to several secretaries at one and the same time, but the limits of human power enables the greater part of mankind to do but one thing at a time, wherever the power necessary to be exerted is placed in the same member of the body, or the same faculty of the mind.

The pursuit of this vagrant and irregular train of thoughts has brought me nearly to the end of my paper, and to the end of my reasoning at present, without drawing an unerring inference. I have merely thrown together a few detached hints, which may be useful to another who chuses to pursue the same course of speculation. Yet, to account in some measure for this irregularity, it becomes me to mention, that I have just returned from the funeral of a much regretted friend*, and the recollection of his good qualities, and my deep sense of his loss, has produced that restlessness and that confusion which is so evident in this paper.

VALEVERDI.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

THERE will soon be published in Philadelphia a new and interesting work, entitled "the Columbiad, a poem, in ten books, by Joel Barlow." This work will be ornamented with twelve engravings, which have been done in England by the most eminent artists, and at great expence. They are in the first style of elegance. The typographical part, wholly American, is executed in a manner highly creditable to the several artists employed. The paper by Amies, the type by Binny and Ronaldson, and the printing, with consummate taste and care, by Fry and Kammerer; it will be published

* This paper was written nearly two years since.

by C. and A. Conrad and Co., in one volume, quarto. A work like this, on a great national subject, must excite a high degree of interest. In the present instance, we are confident that the public expectation will not be disappointed; and while the Columbiad will be cited as a monument of American genius, the publishers are determined that this edition shall do equal honour to our arts.

B. and T. Kite have in the press, and will publish early in November, Chaptal's Chemistry, with improvements and additions by James Woodhouse, M. D., professor of chemistry in the university of Pennsylvania, in two volumes, octavo. They have also in the press, a letter on the Inoculation of the Vaccina; practised in Sicily, by doctor Francesco Calcagni, translated from the Italian, by Edward Cutbush, M. D.—A sketch of the character, and an account of the last illness of the Rev. John Cowper, A. M. written by his brother, the late William Cowper, Esq., of the Inner Temple. They have likewise issued proposals for publishing Elements of Natural Philosophy; explaining the laws and principles of attraction, gravitation, mechanics, pneumatics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, electricity, and optics; with a general view of the solar system, adapted to public and private instruction, by John Webster, with notes and corrections, by Robert Patterson, professor of mathematics in the university of Pennsylvania.

Samuel F. Bradford will shortly publish a new and interesting work, entitled, *A Portraiture of Methodism*, being an impartial view of the rise, progress, doctrine, discipline, and manners, of the Wesleyan methodists, by Joseph Nightingale.

A very interesting work, received by the last arrivals from London,

entitled, "*The Last Year of the Reign and Life of Louis XVI.*", by Francis Hue, one of the officers of the king's chamber, named by that monarch, after the 10th of August, 1792, to the honour of continuing with him and the royal family, translated from the French, by R. E. Dallas, Esquire," is putting to press by Mr. James Humphreys.

In addition to the above, Mr. Humphreys has put to press, and will speedily publish, "*An account of the Life and Writings of that celebrated divine, Hugh Blair, one of the ministers of the high church, and professor of rhetoric and belles lettres, in the university of Edinburgh, by the late John Hill, LL. D., professor of humanity in the university, and fellow of the royal society of Edinburgh.*"

Mr. Thomas Dobson has issued proposals for publishing, in one volume, octavo, *The History of Baptism*, by the Rev. R. Robinson, of Cambridge, England, abridged by the Rev. Samuel Jones, D. D.

By late accounts from London we are informed, that an interesting compilation is preparing for the press, a transcript of which the author, an unwearied advocate in the cause of humanity, intends to transmit here for publication, by an early opportunity. It is to be entitled *The History of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of that Great Event, the Abolition of the Slave Trade*, by Thomas Clarkson, and will be comprised in two thick octavo volumes.

The following new publications have appeared in the course of the last month:

A Tour through Holland, along the right and left banks of the Rhine to the south of Germany, in the summer and autumn of 1806. By sir John Carr, author of the *Stranger in France*, *Northern Summer*, *Stranger in Ireland*, &c.

The Life of George Washington, commander in chief of the armies of the United States of America throughout the war which established their independence, and first president of the United States, by David Ramsay, M. D., author of the History of the American Revolution.

Lectures on the Catechism, on Confirmation and the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, delivered to the students of that denomination, in the Philadelphia academy, to which is prefixed the Catechism, an appendix, and occasional prayers, with an address to parents, sponsors, and guardians. Published for the use of that institution, by James Abercrombie, D. D., one of the assistant ministers of Christ church and St. Peter's, and director of the academy.

Vols. 1st and 2d of the Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D. Comprehending an account of his studies and numerous works, in chronological order; a series of his Epistolary Correspondence and Conversations with many eminent persons; and various original pieces of his composition, never before published. The whole exhibiting a view of literature and literary men in Great Britain, for near half a century, during which he flourished, by James Boswell, Esq.

A new pamphlet has made its appearance in Kentucky, entitled "A View of the President's Conduct concerning the Conspiracy of 1806. By Joseph Hamilton Daviess, late attorney of the United States of Kentucky."

We hear with pleasure that Marshall's Life of Washington has been introduced into several schools in this city, and is taught as a book of elementary instruction. We wish that the example may be followed, and the practice rendered general. The information contained in these volumes cannot be too early instilled into the minds of our

youth, or too deeply impressed upon their memories.

The emperor of Russia has presented to Peter Dobell, Esq. of Philadelphia, now resident in Canton, a diamond ring of considerable value, as a testimonial of his esteem for services rendered by that gentleman to a Russian circumnavigator, who had put into the port of Canton. The ring is in the possession of a gentleman of this city.

A medal has lately been struck, in this city, upon the retirement of Washington. It was engraved by Reich, upon the designs of a person of taste; the head from a drawing of Stuart's, sketched on purpose.

A diploma has been granted to George Washington Park Custis, Esq., of Virginia, by the agricultural society of Boston, for the improvements he has effected in the breed of sheep. Of the samples of wool he presented, the weight of each fleece averaged 4lb, and is sheared twice a year.

Late donations and additions to the Philadelphia Museum:

A large seal, called elephant seal, 12 feet 6 inches long; together with leopard and beaver seals, pinguins, &c., presented by captain Ferris.

An East Indian pipe or hubble-bubble, moorish slippers, elegant bracelets, &c., presented by Mr. Samuel Parrish.

Specimens of penmanship written for the museum; one of them exhibits the Lord's prayer, written in one line $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, and again in a circle the size of one-sixth of a dime, written and presented by Mr. Samuel Lewis.

Nutmegs with the mace round them, pinguins, &c., presented by captain J. W. Cox.

A collection of East Indian insects, presented by Mr. Cunningham.

A buck's horn, dug out of a well in Richmond, Virginia, at the depth

of 96 feet, presented by John Moys, Esq. Richmond.

A drawing of flowers, executed by miss Sarah Rogers, of New York, who from her birth has not had the use of her hands, holding the pencil, pen, brush, or scissors, in her mouth, presented by William Hamilton, Esq., Woodlands.

Handsomely cut papers and needle work, by miss Ann M. Honeywell, of New York, who was born without hands; she holds the paper or work in her toes, and the scissors or needle in her mouth, occasionally clearing the thread, &c., with the stump of her arm; likewise her shoes, which exactly resemble the diminutive shoes of the Chinese ladies, presented by herself.

New patent washing machine, invented by S. Willard, jun., New York.

A collection of mosses and coralines, presented by Mrs. Martha Moore.

Another collection of ditto, together with chrystals, &c., from Bath, presented by Mrs. Dilwin.

Fossils, chiefly corals, formed on the falls of the Ohio, and in a cave in the Great Barren, presented by Mr. Bickham.

Arabic coins, found in the ruins of the ancient city of Carieta, near Gibraltar, presented by Mr. Daniel Smith, Burlington.

Impression of the medal to commodore Preble, presented by Mr. George Armitage.

Seven Brazilian coins, from 1719 to 1806, presented by Mr. Willet.

Chinese wooden bellows, a dagger, and other curiosities from Owyhee and Java, presented by Mr. Charles Graff.

Specimens of Irish turf, Dutch turf, and a loadstone from Schuyler's mountain, presented by Mr. Talbot Hamilton.

An ancient copper coin, dug from among the ruins of a triumphal arch in Tripoli, presented by Mr. Henry Denison.

Specimens of Prussian Blue, manufactured in Philadelphia, and presented by Mr. Calkcleugh.

Snuff-box made of the lava of Mount Vesuvius, and an Indian stone tobacco pipe, representing a grotesque Indian.

Animal Biography, 3 vols., octavo.

Introduction to the Ornithology of the United States, by Alexander Wilson.

Spallanzani's Travels, 4 vols., octavo.

Abbe Lazzaro's Travels.

Black's Lectures on Chemistry, 3 vols., 8vo.

O'Gallaghan's First Principles of Nature, 2 vols., 8vo.

Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life, by Dr. Darwin, 2 vols., 8vo.

Trotter's Essay on Drunkenness, octavo.

Letters from the East, 2 vols., 8vo. presented by judge Goldsborough, Maryland.

Melshiemer's Catalogue of Pennsylvania Insects, part first.

French and Flemish Dictionary, printed at Rotterdam, in 1589, presented by Mr. Samuel Lewis.

Barton's Medical and Physical Journal, 2 vols., 8vo.

Farmer's Letters, 8vo., presented by Mr. James Ross.

Three jaw teeth of the Asiatic elephants, presented Mr. Nicholas Burns.

The 61st air voyage of the famous Mr. Blanchard, being the 11th of his lady, was performed the 3d of August, near Rotterdam. Though every prospect appeared very favourable for the intended voyage, yet it was disturbed by an unfortunate accident. A quarter after 6 o'clock, the beginning was made with filling the montgolieri, and before half past 7 o'clock the balloon was perfectly ready, and left the ground; but unfortunately took hold by an iron wire, on which it before had been fastened, loosened itself violently, and received a large rift, which occasioned the flying off of the balloon against a large tree, and thereby got an opening. Nevertheless the voyage would have been

crowned with success had not the balloon in rising into the air been encountered by a whirlwind, which brought the gallery into disorder, and enlarged the opening.

This ever before fortunate air traveller now fell out of the balloon, first upon the top of a house, and from thence on the ground, by which he received a large contusion on his head, but is, however, in a state of recovery.

It appeared madame Blanchard would have escaped better, by falling first on some trees, but her agitation on seeing the descension of her husband, made such an impression upon her organs of speech, that she is now in a kind of dumb and lifeless state.

There are in Great Britain, including the army, navy, &c., inhabitants	10,979,080
Of which under 15	3,559,796
From 15 to 20	6,744,847
Volunteers of the united kingdom	700,000
Militia of Great Britain	70,388
Persons employed in England in agriculture	1,524,227
— in trade and manufactures	1,770,332
In England there are acres	34,874,000
In Scotland	19,365,340
In Wales	2,370,000

There are in England, scarcely four acres to each person, twelve acres to each person in Scotland, and nearly ten to every person in Wales, about five acres to each person in Great Britain: three acres well cultivated are supposed sufficient for each person.

The inhabitants of Ireland are	5,499,944
There die in Great Britain every year	332,708
Every month	23,582
— week	6,398
— day	914
— hour	40
— three minutes	2

Number of inhabitants in the thirteen largest cities and towns in

Great Britain, according to a census taken in 1801.

London, including Westminster and Southwark	864,825
Manchester	84,020
Edinburgh, including Leith	82,560
Liverpool	77,653
Glasgow	77,385
Birmingham	73,670
Bristol	68,645
Leeds	53,252
Plymouth	44,194
Sheffield	32,102
Paisley	31,179
Hull	29,156
Dundee	26,084

The following is the amount of the British naval force up to the first of September: At sea 96 ships of the line, 10 from 50 to 44 guns, 134 frigates, 153 sloops, &c., and 199 gun brigs and other vessels. Total, 592. In port and fitting, guard ships, &c., 74 ships of the line, 8 from 50 to 44, 58 frigates, 42 sloops, &c., and 48 gun brigs and other vessels. Total, 178. Building, 34 ships of the line, 25 frigates, 25 sloops, &c., and 4 gun brigs and other vessels. Total, 88. In ordinary, 42 ships of the line, 12 from 50 to 44, 54 frigates, 44 sloops, &c., and 17 gun brigs and other vessels. Total, 268. Grand total, 1,026.

From the registers of deaths in the Russian empire, during the year 1806, it appears that there died in that period one between 145 and 150 years of age, one between 130 and 135, four between 125 and 130, six between 120 and 125, thirty-two between 115 and 120, twenty-six between 110 and 116, eighty-six between 105 and 110, a hundred and thirty-seven between 100 and 105, and eleven hundred and thirty-four between 95 and 100.

On Saturday some very valuable pictures were sold at Mr. Christie's rooms in Pall-mall, London, but that by which the collection v

eminently distinguished was the *woman taken in adultery*, the celebrated chef-d'œuvre of Rembrandt. There are some circumstances in the history of this picture which deserve to be stated. It was painted by Rembrandt for his patron the burgomaster Six, and occupied seven months of the artist's time. It remained in the burgomaster's family until last year, when his descendant, who was ruined by the revolution in Holland, found himself under the necessity of selling this last memorial of taste and munificence of his ancestor. The purchaser was obliged to use great precautions to prevent it from falling into the hands of those rapacious agents of Bonaparte, who are employed to plunder every country that has fallen under his power of its best works of art. The picture was secretly moved to a port on the Baltic, where it was shipped for England. Since it has been in Mr. Christie's rooms, sir Francis Baring offered 4000 guineas for it; but it was finally knocked down at 5000. As a painting, it has never been excelled. There is a kind of magic effect produced by its colour, after which we search in vain among the known principles and common practices of art. A magnificence, a splendour, and a brilliancy are united with a delicacy, freshness, and transparency, which has never been rivalled, and whilst every thing that the pallet could supply has been tributary to the artist's hand, the whole has been so skilfully subdued, and kept down to its proper tone and just harmony, that nothing has been left predominant, or decided, or gaudy. By the most happy union and contrast, a regularity of effect has been diffused over the whole; and whilst the most powerful colours which belong to the Gula, and the Triumph, have been employed, the genius of the painter has enabled him, by opposition and contrast, to make the grand effect of his composition fall under that class which comprehends the sober, the solemn, and the sublime.

The following is a list of the principal pictures, and the prices at which they were knocked down.

Guineas.

Sea Piece, Rembrandt,	470
Neptune's Grotto,	410
St. Jerome, L. Da Vinci,	540
Landscape, Evening, Claude,	1800
Le Montin Favori, Corregio,	800
Virgin and Child, Corregio,	3000
Woman taken in adultery, Rembrandt,	5000

Upwards of three hundred years ago, that important officer called the master of the ceremonies, who officiated for Julius II, ranked the powers of Europe in the following order:

- 1 The emperor of Germany,
- 2 King of the Romans,
- 3 France,
- 4 Spain,
- 5 Arragon,
- 6 Portugal,
- 7 England,
- 8 Sicily,
- 9 Scotland,
- 10 Hungary,
- 11 Navarre,
- 12 Cyprus,
- 13 Bohemia,
- 14 Holland,
- 15 Denmark,
- 16 Republic of Venice,
- 17 Duke of Brittany,
- 18 Duke of Burgundy,
- 19 Elector of Bavaria,
- 20 Elector of Brandenburg,
- 21 Elector of Saxony,
- 22 Archduke of Austria,
- 23 Duke of Savoy,
- 24 Grand duke of Florence.

Russia, Prussia, and Sweden do not appear in the catalogue: and the papal sovereign, who presided over the college princes, has now, in a manner, withdrawn from the political hemisphere.

On Monday, August 10, as some workmen were digging for the foundation of a house near the Mount, without Micklegate Bar, York, England, they broke into a vault about four

feet from the surface, built of stone, and arched over with Roman bricks, with a small door of entrance at the north end; the length of the vault was eight feet, the height six feet, and breadth five feet; in this was discovered a coffin of coarse rag-stone grit, covered with a flag of blue stone, about seven feet long, three feet two inches wide, four inches thick, and one foot nine inches deep, containing a human skeleton entire, with the teeth complete, supposed to be the remains of a Roman lady, and to have been deposited there from 1400 to 1700 years. Near the skull lay a small glass phial, or lachrymatory, with fragments of another phial, the inside of which appeared to have been silver. At a little distance from the vault, was also found an urn of a red colour, in which were deposited the ashes and bones, partly burnt, of a human body. It is supposed that the urn must have lain there near 2000 years, as the Romans discontinued the practice of burning their dead prior to that period.

An extraordinary commotion was observed in the tide in Truro river, Scotland, on the morning of Saturday se'nnight; the sea had been ebbing about an hour and a half, when it suddenly recoiled with a very rapid current, and flowed about eighteen inches perpendicular at Truro quay, then ebbed off and re-flowed a second time. We have not heard whether the same effect was observed upon the coast; nor can we account for such phenomena, which have indeed been observed on former occasions, without being known to be accompanied by corresponding convulsions of the earth. But recollecting that at the time of the great earthquake, which destroyed old Lisbon, a similar commotion was observed in the sea on the Cornish coast, it is viewed in the present case with some apprehensions.

Master Betty, the British Roscius, has finally retired from the stage.

He is educating for the church by a respectable clergyman, who is to have 300*l.* a year for his tuition.

There are now living at Chumleigh, a small town in the north of Devon, three women, whose united ages form a total of 277 years. Two of them bear the same name, but are not related to each other; the elder, Mary Collins, who completed her 93d year last December, succeeded her husband many years ago in the capacity of sexton of the parish, and, until within these few months, she diligently performed the duties of that office. No one was more methodical nor expeditious in the digging of a grave; and at this time, she regularly tolls the bell, and, during divine service, perambulates the church to keep idle boys under proper discipline; indeed the watchful eye of the old sexton is frequently made known to the congregation by the resounding lashes of her whip on the backs of the little culprits. Her stature is rather masculine, she walks perfectly upright, her chief food tea, and her strength so well preserved that she occasionally assists her daughter, who is a poor washer-woman, in that laborious employment.

In cases of fire, the following is suggested to those who may be employed in its extinction: As heat and smoke ascend to the upper part of the room, a stream of pure air occupies the space near the floor, a person can crawl on his hands and knees, into a room full of smoke, and by keeping his face close to the floor, he may go and return where no one could walk upright. This method is practised by the London firemen, who have hence acquired the name of Salamanders.

There is not an article of commerce that more strongly proves the rapid progress of the domestic

manufactures of the United States than shumach. Ten years ago shumach was exported from New London to a considerable extent; but its high freight, and its inferiority to the shumach from the Levant, depressed it so much in the English markets, that its manufacture at New London was discontinued. The Sicily shumach, either by climate, culture, or manipulation, is vastly superior to the shumach of the eastern states, the quantity of tanning principle it contains being in its favour in the proportion of four to one. It may, I believe, be purchased at Catania, Messina, or Palermo, at eight dollars per ton; and would amply reward the importer to the United States, as our own shumach, which is poor and becoming very scarce, now sells at forty-five dollars per ton.

We are informed that a patent has been granted in England to Mr. J. Brown, for an improvement on the printing press, by which nearly double the quantity of work performed, by the usual mode of operation will be accomplished in the same time by half the number of hands, and half the usual labour. This press is of an entirely new construction, and the expedition and ease are acquired by the additional power given, and by means of a cylinder supplying the types with ink, by the motion of the machinery.

A respectable dyer in the west of England has discovered a process by which a most beautiful and fixed scarlet dye is extracted from the lac lake, obtained as a mucilage from the fruit of the opuntia, or scarlet pear, on which the cochineal insect feeds and receives all its beautiful and valuable dye; and it appears, that very little colour can be obtained from this article but by this process, which renders it fully equal, or superior, to cochineal.

neal, and will accordingly furnish a substitute of equal value.

The society of the sciences at Flushing have proposed a gold medal for the following question, to be answered within a year. "As the utility of pouring out oil and other fat substances, during storms at sea, is established by sufficient proofs: but as the objection that this method may be prejudicial to ships which follow, has not been sufficiently obviated, the society requires to know what is the physical principle of calming the waves by pouring out fat substances: and can the above objection be entirely done away by any explanation?" It is remarkable, that the same question was proposed last year, and no answer returned to it.

A vessel upon a new and curious construction has been projected by lord Stanhope, and will, in a few days undergo the inspection of several gentlemen, skilled in naval architecture. It some time since suggested itself to his lordship's intelligent mind, that the danger resulting from a ship's missing stays, as it is termed, might be obviated, and, in fact, that vessels might be navigated altogether without rudders affixed to the sterns, and in a better way than they are at present. His lordship set about the investigation, and has produced a vessel that will at all times answer the helm, and, while there is a plank standing, will be perfectly manageable at sea. It is by a sort of lee board affixed to the side of the ship, which his lordship terms gills, and which are so managed as to give the required direction. The vessel is also built without a keel, his lordship being of opinion that part of a ship prevents its velocity through the water, from the increased resistance it produced. There are many other alterations, but the principal are those of taking away the rudder and keel, hitherto con-

sidered most essential requisites in the construction of vessels.

Major-general Grant has announced the discovery of the longitude, by a mathematical instrument, which shows the rate of a ship sailing continually with the greatest accuracy. This instrument is connected with others, which point out the rate of the ship, her latitude and longitude, in direct or oblique sailing.

Some time ago, a woman passing through one of the streets of Bordeaux was suddenly attacked with a fit of epilepsy, having at the moment a child of six months old in her arms. Such a distressing situation speedily attracted a crowd of spectators, who were, however, unable to afford the sufferer any relief. At that moment, a young sailor breaking through the crowd, called for some grains of rough salt, which he forced into the woman's mouth. This immediately had the effect of restoring the woman's sensation and speech; and her convulsions were immediately stopped. The young sailor, who had been at Madagascar, said, that he there saw this remedy applied to persons attacked with epilepsy with astonishing success.

The leaves of the beech tree make remarkably sweet and wholesome beds and mattresses. In Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland, persons of the first quality prefer them to any other. They retain the scent of new hay for six or seven years; and from their softness, and loose lying together, make a most delightful bed indeed. The ancients had not a more favourite tree than the beech, and for very good reasons: it furnished them with almost every thing their simple manners required.

"Hence in the world's first years, the humble shed
Was happily and fully furnished;
Beech made their chests, their bed,
and homely stools,
Beech made their board, their platters, and their bowls," &c.

To give any wood the polish of mahogany.—Plane the surface, and rub it with a solution of nitrous acid. Afterwards one ounce and a half of dragon's blood dissolved in a pint of carbonate of soda are to be well mixed together and filtered. The liquid, in this thin state, is to be placed on the wood with a soft brush. Repeat this process two or three times at intervals, and rub it when dry. The surface will resemble a mirror.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

TRANSLATION OF A CELEBRATED
FRAGMENT BY SIMONIDES.

The following satire was the subject of a very interesting paper in the Spectator, and is there introduced by judicious and elegant observations.

"Simonides, a poet famous in his generation, is, I think, author of the

oldest satire that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This poet flourished about four hundred years after the siege of Troy; and shows, by his way of writing, the simplicity, or rather coarseness, of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in a former speculation, that the rule of observing what the French call the *bienséance* in an allusion, has been found out of latter

years; and that the ancients, provided there was a likeness in their similitude, did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison. The satire or fambics of Simonides, with which I shall entertain my readers in the present paper, are a remarkable instance of what I formerly advanced. The subject of this satire is woman. He describes the sex in their several characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful supposition raised upon the doctrine of pre-existence. He tells us, that the gods formed the souls of women out of those seeds and principles which compose several kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad dispositions arise in them according as such and such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions.¹⁷

These excellent remarks preclude the necessity of any further introduction. If I need any apology for presenting a translation of what is so avowedly contrary to *bienséance*, I hope it will be admitted that when Mr. Addison has discovered so much force and such felicity of expression as to deserve a literal version, there must be enough of poetical merit to justify an attempt to preserve the spirit, as well as the sense, of the original.

APART from man, to no one rule confin'd,

Has changeful nature form'd the female mind.

This moulded from the *swine's* polluted breed,

Slut in her house, and glutton in her feed,

Unclean in person, negligent in dress,
Wallows in self-created nastiness.

That from the essence of the *fox* was made :

Discerning woman ! to whose mind,
display'd,

The various forms of vice and virtue lie,

Well mark'd by her all-penetrating eye ;

Who yet, as interest rules, or passion burns,

Is wise, and good, and weak, and bad, by turns.

One from a prying *bitch* her race betrays,

Eager to know and learn the hidden ways,

Who throws about her keen enquiring eyes,

And barks for ever, though she nothing spies.

Threaten, you'll not the more her tongue restrain ;

Knock out her teeth with stones, you toil in vain :

The milder arts of soft persuasion try,
Yet, let her walk, or ride, or stand,

or lie,
Rings in your ears, by no remorse kept back,

And still will ring th'ungovernable clack.

This, for her husband's everlasting bane,

Born of the *earth*, the angry gods ordain.

Nor good, nor ill, this senseless creature feels,

Yet shows unequal'd judgment in her meals ;

And, when the sky descends in wintry snows,

Creeps nearer to the fire to warm her toes.

Now bring the *sea*-bred creature to your mind.

To day she smiles on all, to all is kind.

And the pleas'd guest, delighted with her care,

Thinks none more good, more affable, or fair.

To-morrow, clouds that heav'nly form disgrace,

Frowns clothe her forehead, passions dim her face ;

Strong, and more strong, her causeless fury glows,

Alike awaken'd by her friends and foes.

As, when the summer sun shines fair and free,

To joyful sailors smiles the tranquil sea,

But soon, when wintry clouds the sky deform,

Swells to the thunders of the hideous storm.

One of the *ass* the patient image shows,

Who, not till urg'd by hunger, thirst,
and blows,
At length performs each several task
assign'd,
And ends each labour to the master's
mind.
Yet she, both day and night, by
stealth is fed,
Nor over-faithful to her husband's
bed.

The weazel forms a sad and wretched
race,
With joyless eye, and beauty-lacking
face,
Who feel no passion, nor excite de-
sire,
Guiltless alike of Love and Fancy's
fire,
And every art but how to cheat a
friend,
Defraud the poor, and save a candle's
end.

The *high-fed steed*, who proud, with
flowing mane,
Scorns the low labours of the *dray*
and wain,
Marks one class more, which nei-
ther spin nor sew,
Nor deign to cast one careful glance
below;
Nor parent's care, nor wife's affection
prove,
Chain'd to the toilet by a stronger
love.
More pressing duties streams of fra-
grance pour,
Wreath the bright locks, and chase
the matching flow'r,
'Till she at last in all her lustre burst,
The world's great idol, but—a wife
accurst.

Deform'd alike in manner as in shape,
Next come the hateful children of
the *ape*;
Where'er they walk, who raise a ge-
neral shout,
And fix, where'er they stop, the gaz-
ing rout;
With narrow hips, thin chest, and
dropsical waist,
(Unhappy man, by such a wife em-
brac'd!)

Cunning and trick engage the dirty
brood,
Perpetual guile, and base ingratitude.

2.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE RING.

DEAR do I prize this little ring,
Where braided is her silken hair,
Whose beauty in a softer string
Binds my poor heart a prisoner :

Dearer than aught the Atlantic deep
Contains within her pearly caves,
Or Peru's lofty mountains keep
Conceal'd amid their golden graves.

What tho' the miser's painful hand
These boundless stores of wealth
should drain,
Would these one single joy command,
Or mitigate one moment's pain ?

To me the gift of plighted love,
Endu'd with more than magic
charm,
A source of ceaseless joy will prove,
And turn aside each threat'ning
harm.

Near to my heart, till languid, cold,
Life's purple stream runs weak and
faint,
It will I wear, as pilgrims hold
The relics of some holy saint.

V.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S PETITION.

" I wish I had been married thirty
years ago ! O that a wife and half
a score children would now start
up around me, and bring along with
them all that affection which we
should have had for each other by
being earlier acquainted !"

MRS. INGBALD.

PITY the sorrows of a single life,
And hear a lass-lorn bachelor com-
plain ;
Ye dove-ey'd damsels, listen to my
tale,
Your sympathy may mitigate my
pain.

Tho' now the jest of every blooming
nymph,
The mark where points the finger
of proud scorn,

I flutter'd once a fav'rite of the fair,
As blithe as sky-lark in spring's purple morn.

Stranger to grief, with spirits debonair,
At Pleasure's summons ready to advance,
I join'd the sprightly group at mask or ball,
And with fair partner wove the mazy dance.

Ah! halcyon seasons, pregnant with delight,
Continue still to recollection dear!
Black periods have succeeded those so bright,
And gloomy moments big with anxious fear.

But why indulge the retrospective glance?
Why brood o'er ills that cannot hope relief?
My fate is just; nor can the soothing pipe
Or quid luxuriant charm away my grief.

When tir'd of home, I seek the social club,
Where Bacchic^{ons} debate midst clouds of smoke,
I sit the sport of every married loon,
The constant butt of every smutty joke.

My fierce cock'd hat, by Time's rude touch embrown'd,
Affords rich matter for sarcastic glee;
My dingy bob, and coat of antique cut,
Provoke, full oft, the poignant repartee.

O could I backward roll the tide of Time,
And bring of love and youth th' enchanting hours!
Hymen should light for me his flaming torch,
And Cupid o'er my pathway scatter flowers.

O that I had, at blooming twenty-four,

Led some fair damsel to the nuptial shrine!
Then had my bosom felt domestic bliss,
And all the sweets of wedded love been mine.

Blest state! the only paradise below,
Thy blooming joys are all denied to me;
O for a troop of rosy-visag'd boys,
To gambol round, and climb their father's knee!

When grim Affliction shows her pallid front,
O for some dear companion near my bed,
To hover o'er, and ev'ry wish prevent,
Or with kind arm to stay my drooping head!

But why despond? perhaps some antique maid,
Like me displeased with her unsocial lot,
Will leave her lap-dog and her feline friend,
And come and cheer my solitary cot.

If she requir'd, I freely would renounce
Unseemly habits, learn'd in days of yore;
My wig and hat should both discarded be,
And my old thread-bare garments clothe the poor.

For her I'd banish ev'n my fav'rite pipe,
And quid, foul cause of rank unsav'ry kiss;
And, while she strove to honour and obey,
My fond deportment would augment her bliss.

Ye feminines, come sympathize with me,
Pity the woes a bachelor endures;
Then may the God of Marriage on you smile,
And each bright blessing Love bestows be yours.

J. W.

September 10.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED,

AT PHILADELPHIA, September 26, by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Mr. Michael Lentz, to Miss Sarah Davis.

On Thursday evening, October 1, by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. John R. Shubert, to Miss Maria E. Richards, both of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, October 8, by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Mr. Samuel Barnet, to Miss Catherine M'Kean.

Same evening, by the same, Mr. Casper Goodman, to Miss Martha Smith.

Same evening, by the same, Mr. George Green, to Mrs. Margaret Stillier.

Same day, by the Rev. Dr. Staughton, Mr. Richard Engle, of Germantown, to Miss Thirza Keyser, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Keyser, formerly of Philadelphia.

On Saturday evening, October 10, by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Mr. Jacob Welsh, merchant, of Baltimore, to Miss Sarah Eckfeldt, daughter of Mr. Jacob Eckfeldt, of Philadelphia.

On Sunday evening, October 11, by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. Jacob Wagner, to Miss Ann Schell, both of the Northern Liberties.

October 14, by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. John Parham, to Miss Catherine Skerrett, daughter of the late Joseph Skerrett, both of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, October 15, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Emmor Worthington, to Miss Sarah White, both of Chester county, Pennsylvania.

On Friday evening, October 23, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Aaron Hoiles, to Miss Martha Venable, both of Evesham, Burlington county, New Jersey.

On the 29th of October, by the Rev. John Walker, Mr. Joseph Chew, to Miss Priscilla Duel, both of New Jersey.

On Saturday evening, October 31, by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Pilmore, Mr. Thomas L. Servoss, merchant, to Miss Eliza Courtney, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Henderson, all of Philadelphia.

Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Philip F. Mayer, captain William Sidney Smith, of Philadelphia, to Miss Maria Christianna Steinhauer, daughter of Mr. George W. Steinhauer, of the Northern Liberties.

On Sunday evening, November 1, by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. Edward Pennell, of Brandywine, state of Delaware, to Miss Deborah Jones, only daughter of Mr. Isaac Jones, of Philadelphia.

On Wednesday, September 14, at Friends' meeting-house, Falsington, Mr. Jeremiah Cumfort, of Middleton, Bucks county, to Mrs. Sarah Cooper, of Falsington, in the same county.

At Friends' meeting, Burlington, October 8, Thomas Tucker, of New-York, to Ann Sykes, of the former place.

At Friends' meeting, Moorestown, October 22, Isaac Bunting, to Mary Winn.

Near Mount-Holly, October 15, by William H. Burr, Esq., captain Samuel Whitall, of Gloucester county, to Miss Lydia Newbold, daughter of Daniel Newbold, Esq., of Burlington county.

At Princeton, on Thursday, October 15, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel S. Smith, Mr. Eli F. Cooley, to the amiable Miss Hannah Scuder, both of that place.

At Trenton, N. J., October 31, by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Robert W. Graham, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Applegate, daughter of Mr. George Applegate, of Bordentown.

In Paris, the famous Arthur O'Connor, of Ireland, to Mademoiselle Condorcet, daughter of the no less famous marquis Condorcet, of revolutionary memory. Mr. O'Connor, the papers assert, first *aspired* to a union with a distant relation of the emperor Napoleon, an innkeeper's daughter in Ajaccio, Corsica, but she refused to receive his addresses.

Lately, at Fiesmere, in England, Mr. John Hughes, an old bachelor of 85 years of age, who had been bellman of the same place for upwards of 60 years, to Mrs. Anna Dulson, of the

same place, a widow, aged 82. The groom's man was 78, the bride's maid 75; making a total of 320 years. The novelty of the scene brought together a vast concourse of people; the church yard was crowded while the ceremony was performed, and the happy couple were met at the church door by three violin players, playing, "Come haste to the Wedding." The whole concluded with a ball at night, which was opened by the bride and bride's maid.

DIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, September 29, Mr. John Keble, of Philadelphia, in the 64th year of his age, a native of England.

On Wednesday morning, September 23, Mrs. Mary Biggs, the consort of Thomas Biggs, mathematical instrument maker.

October 19, Mr. Hezekiah Williams, in the 91st year of his age, born in New Jersey, and 60 years a resident in Philadelphia.

On Tuesday morning, October 20, captain W. Watkin, aged 64 years.

Lately, at Baltimore, where he then was in the exercise of his Christian ministry, John Parrish, of Philadelphia; one of the oldest ministers of the society of Friends, in that city. The natural talents of this good and faithful servant scarcely exceeded mediocrity; and his gift in the ministry was brief, and unadorned: yet was he an indefatigable labourer in the vineyard of that great and good husbandman, who distributeth to all his household the penny of reward. The peculiar portion of the word of reconciliation, that had been committed unto him, was to *open his mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction.*—PROVERBS XXXI, 8.

He succeeded the late Anthony Benezet, in that memorable series of advocates for the oppressed, which it hath pleased the Universal Father to raise up, among the philanthropists of Philadelphia, to plead the cause of the African race. And such was his regard for our native Indians, and such had been his labours among them, that he was habitually denominated, among his brethren, *the Indian*

apostle. Having lived to see the pious exercise on behalf of the blacks crowned, at length, with the voluntary abolition of the slave trade, and the late attempts for the civilization of the Indians blessed with an unlooked-for degree of success, he could exclaim, with good old Simeon, *the man just and devout, who had long waited for the consolation of Israel:* "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

At Washington village, near Charleston, September 1, Charlotte, daughter of Mr. William R. Payne, aged 21 months; and on Tuesday, September 22, in the 24th year of her age, of a nervous fever, Mrs. Jane Payne, wife of Mr. William R. Payne.

At CHARLESTON, same day, in the 25th year of her age, Mrs. Catharine Douglass, a native of Greenock, Scotland.

September 24, after an illness of four days, Mr. Jacob Corre, a native of Amsterdam,

Same day, master James P. Coy, in the 15th year of his age, a youth of promising talents, and a native of Providence, Rhode Island.

September 9, Mr. J. B. Daquet, one of the first performers on the violin in South Carolina.

September 2, in St. James, Santee, Mrs. Mary Steed Michaw, consort of captain Abraham Michaw.

September 25, Mr. Samuel Denny, aged 22 years, a native of Middletown (C.).

September 23, Mr. Hugh Duncan, aged 19 years, recently from New York, a native of Glasgow.

September 18, Mrs. Mary Snell, consort of Adam Snell, Esq., of St. Mathew's parish, Orangeburgh district, in the 47th year of her age.

September 28, Mr. William Carver, aged 73 years, a native of England.

In Prince William's parish, on the 27th September, Mr. Charles Love, in the 20th year of his age.

September 25, John Ladson Freazer Bee, nine years and four months old.

September 26, Mr. Philip Millar, a native of Pennsylvania, and for some years past a respectable inhabitant of Charleston.

September 26, Mr. John Comly, aged 28 years, a native of Philadelphia, and mate of the sloop Friendship, George Binder, master.

Beaufort (S. C.), September 16.

Departed this life, on Monday afternoon, Mr Arthur Smith; and on Tuesday morning, Mr. Thomas Hutson; and yesterday the remains of these young gentlemen were deposited in the tomb. On Monday morning, they arose in all the vigour of youth and health; in a few hours both were bleeding on the field of honour. A challenge had been given and accepted; a duel was fought; and both were mortally wounded. Such, Honour, are thy triumphs! Come hither, duellist, and regale thy senses! See two young men, the joy of their parents, levelling the deadly tube at each other: they fire; they fall. See them groaning on a death-bed; and now they breathe their last. Hear the distracted outcries of a fond and doating parent; the heart-piercing lamentations of affectionate sisters, and the more silent, though equally deep grief of loving brothers: are these pleasing to thy eyes, or music to thy ears? Yet these, oh duellists, are the fruits of Honour, so called. Oh thou idol, who delightest in human sacrifice: who snuffest up blood as sweet-smelling incense; when will thy reign cease? O you votaries of this Moloch, ye abettors of murder and bloodshed! remember that the day will assuredly come, when you will know whether you are to frame your actions by the laws of honour or the laws of God.

At Savannah, on Saturday, September 19, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, the honourable Edward Telfair, Esq., one of the justices of the inferior court in Georgia. He arrived in America in his youth, from Scotland, his native country, and was engaged in merchandize until the dispute which brought about the American revolution. On this occasion, he took the side of freedom, and supported America through the contest with all the energy of his talents. His intelligence, zeal, and inflexible integrity were so perfectly understood, and so highly valued, that the people of Georgia repeatedly elected him to serve them in congress, during the

revolutionary war, and since that period. He has frequently served as governor of that state; and upon all occasions demanding the exertion of talents, patriotism, zeal, and integrity, has been looked up to as a leading character.

On Friday, October 9, at Burlington, New Jersey, Mr. Robert Coe, sen., formerly of Philadelphia.

On Thursday, October 22, at Elizabethtown, in the 71st year of his age, gen. Elias Dayton, late president of the society of Cincinnati of the state of New Jersey.

On the 15th October, at Newport, state of Delaware, in the 88th year of his age, James Latimer, Esq.

At New York, in the 24th year of his age, Charles Fenno, Esq., lieutenant in the navy of his Britannic majesty.

In the county of Gloucester, October 13, Benjamin Matlack, aged 85.

At Adams, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, on the 10th September, Mr John Peters, aged 107 years. He had enjoyed an uncommon share of health, strength, and activity, and was in possession of all his faculties entire until the very moment that terminated his existence.

At Schenectady, (N. J.) Mrs. Elizabeth Cowans, in the 14th year of her age. In her we have an instance of a person not more remarkable for longevity, than for the retention of her faculties. She read without spectacles until her death, and but two years ago she entered the field, and mowed grass with a scythe.

At Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday the 30th of September, Mr. Hugh Boden, supposed to be about 84 years of age.

At Nassau, (N. P.) on Thursday September 27, in the 26th year of his age, Mr. Christopher H. Gilfert, a native of Hesse Cassell, but for these eight years past a resident in the United States of America.

In Burlington, Connecticut, Mrs. Elizabeth Hitchcock, aged 103, a pious good old lady; she left ten living children, the youngest in her 59th year.

In Adams, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, Mr. J. Peters, aged 107: he had enjoyed an uncommon share of health, strength, and activity, and was

in possession of all his faculties entire until the very moment of his decease.

At Marietta, Ohio, captain Nathaniel Saltonstall, late of New London, Connecticut, in the 80th year of his age; a firm friend to his country, and an old revolutionary officer.

At Charlestown, Richard Devens, Esq., 86.

At Ipswich, widow Hannah Shatswell, 76.

At Epsom, N. H., major Joseph Sherburne, 62.

At Danvers, Mr. Stephen Proctock, 82. Also, the widow Cross, his sister, aged 79.

At New London, captain Elisha Hinman, 74. This venerable gentleman was one of the ablest marine officers who shone in the struggle for our independence.

At Norfolk, on Friday, October 2, Mr. James Burns, late of Philadelphia.

In Knoxville, Kentucky, last month, Doublehead, one of the chiefs of the Cherokee tribe of Indians; shot through the head by a party of Indians. Circumstances fixed suspicion on a conspicuous settler in the nation, as the contriver of his death.

At Haverhill, in Massachusetts, Mr. John Kendrick, aged 43. Mr. Kendrick was an eminent ship-builder in that town, and on Saturday morning intended launching a vessel he was then building. On Friday evening, the owner with his lady went on board for the purpose of viewing her; when Mr. Kendrick was conducting them to different parts of the vessel, his foot struck against the coming, and he fell into the hold, and by the fall fractured his skull, which occasioned his death in 32 hours. He has left a wife and 7 children to mourn his fate.

In Newbury, Massachusetts, on Saturday morning, September 12, Mrs. Lydia Smith, in the 91st year of her age.

At Thompson, Connecticut, in the 87th year of his age, Simon Larned, Esq., venerable from age, but much more so for his unaffected piety and truly christian deportment in every station, whether as a civil officer, a christian, a husband, or a parent. His exit bore a striking resemblance to that calm serenity which so strongly characterized his whole life. He re-

tired to bed in apparent health, and was found dead the next morning.

At Newburyport, the noted Timothy Dexter, in the 60th year of his age; self-styled "lord Dexter, first in the east." He lived, perhaps, one of the most eccentric men of his time. His singularities and peculiar notions were universally proverbial. Born and bred to a low condition in life, and his intellectual endowments not being of the most exalted stamp, it is no wonder that a splendid fortune, which he acquired (though perhaps honestly) by dint of speculation and good fortune, should have rendered him, in many respects, truly ridiculous. The qualities of his mind were of that indefinite cast, which forms an exception to every other character recorded in history, or known in the present age, and "none but himself could be his parallel." But among the motley groupe of his qualities, it would be injustice to say he possessed no good ones: he certainly did. No one will impeach his honesty, and his numerous acts of liberality, both public and private, are in the recollection of all, and one of the items in his last will will always be gratefully remembered. His ruling passion appeared to be *popularity*; and one would suppose he rather chose to render his name "infamously famous than not famous at all."—His writings stand as a monument of the truth of this remark; for those who have read his "*Pickle for the Knowing Ones*," a jumble of letters promiscuously thrown together, find it difficult to determine whether most to laugh at the consummate folly, or despise the vulgarity and profanity of the writer. His manner of life was equally extravagant and singular. A few years since he erected in front of his house a great number of images of distinguished persons in Europe and America, together with beasts, &c.; so that his seat exhibited more the appearance of a museum of artificial curiosities, than the dwelling of a family. By his orders, a tomb was several years since dug, under the summer-house in his garden, where he desired his remains might be deposited (but this singular request could not consistently be complied with), and his coffin made and kept in the hall of his house, in which

he is to be buried. The fortunate and singular manner of his speculations, by which he became possessed of a handsome property, are well known; and his sending a cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies, where they were converted into molasses-ladles, and sold to good profit, is but one of the most peculiar. His principles of religion (if they could be called principles) were equally odd; a blind philosophy, peculiar to himself, led him to believe in the system of transmigration at some times; at others he expressed those closely connected with deism; but it is not a matter of surprise that one so totally illiterate should have no settled or rational principles. His reason left him two days before his death.

At Salem, Massachusetts, Mr. Jack Daland, a very worthy black man, aged 65. He was brought from Africa to the West Indies at about 11 years of age; but, instead of being eaten, as he expected, by the white men, he was transferred by purchase to a happy asylum in this place, where he has spent upwards of 50 years of his life, respected by the whole town, as a faithful, industrious, pleasant-tempered, intelligent man. His honest industry was rewarded by the acquisition of a comfortable property, which he has left for the enjoyment of his family. The long train of white people who followed his remains to the grave testify to the esteem in which he was held.

In England, the right honourable Thomas lord Batton, lord lieutenant of Southampton, and governor and vice-admiral of the Isle of Wight, aged 61.

In London, Mr. John Walker, author of the Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, aged 76. He had been honoured with the patronage and friendship of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, and many other of the most distinguished literary and professional characters of the age.

In Germany, the archduke Joseph Francis Leopold, second son of the Emperor of Austria, aged 3 years.

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble."

The following account of deaths and other losses in the family of captain

David Smith, of Portland, is a striking proof of the truth of the above quotation: in the year 1738, his son, Moses Smith, died at the West-Indies, aged 22; in 1789, his daughter, Mary Smith, died at Portland, aged 19; in 1797 and 98, he lost one ship, one schooner, and part of a brig, with with all the trading stock he then possessed; October 15, 1803, his son, Godfrey Smith, died on his passage from Liverpool to Portland, aged 20; February 14, 1804, his son, David, died at Jamaica, aged 30; at the same time and place, the schr. Friendship was wrecked, being all the vessel he then had at sea; March 13, 1804, his son, Lendal Smith, died at Portland, aged 32; July 10, 1805, his store took fire, and was consumed with the property that was in it, valued at 3000 dollars; August 11, 1805, his wife died, aged 58; at the same time, his daughter, Ruthy Boyd, died, aged 36; October 15, 1806, his daughter, Hannah Day, died, aged 30; September 29, 1807, his daughter, Dolly Taylor, died, aged 25. Within the above nineteen years, he has also experienced a variety of other smaller losses. How fading, how transient is human felicity! Happy is the man whose treasure is in Heaven!

For the Literary Magazine.

WEEKLY REGISTER OF MORTALITY IN THE CITIES OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND BALTIMORE.

Health-office, Oct. 3, 1807.

Interments, in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, in the week ending the 3d of October.

<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Ad.</i>	<i>Childr.</i>
Apoplexy,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	0	2
Consumption of the lungs,	3	1
Convulsions,	0	1
Decay,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	0	2
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the brain,	0	1
Fever,	1	2
—, remittent or bilious,	2	1
—, typhus,	2	0

Hernia,	1	0
Inflammation of bowels,	0	1
Influenza,	1	0
Insanity,	1	0
Old age,	1	0
Rheumatism,	1	0
Small-pox, natural,	0	3
Still-born,	0	5
Teething,	0	1
Tumours,	1	0
Worms,	0	2
Unknown,	0	1

Total, 17 23—40

Of the above there were :

Under 2 years 15

From 2 to 5 4

5 10 2

10 15 1

15 20 2

20 30 2

30 40 4

40 50 2

50 60 2

60 70 2

70 80 0

80 90 1

Ages unknown, 3

Total, ————40

Oct. 10.

Diseases.

Ad. Childr.

Apoplexy,	1	0
Burns,	0	1
Casualties,	0	1
Cholera morbus,	0	1
Consumption of the lungs,	4	0
Convulsions,	0	2
Decay,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	2	0
Dislocations,	1	0
Dropsy,	2	0
Drowned,	2	0
Dysentery,	0	1
Eruptions,	0	1
Fever, bilious,	1	0
—, typhus,	2	0
Hives,	0	1
Hernia,	1	0
Inflammation of the lungs,	1	0
— bladder,	1	0
Influenza,	1	1
Insanity,	1	0
Jaundice,	1	0
Palsy,	1	0
Still-born,	0	3
Suicide,	1	0
Teething,	0	1
Unknown,	1	0

Total, 25 13—38

Of the above there were :

Under 2 years 11

From 2 to 5 1

5 10 1

10 20 1

20 30 1

30 40 4

40 50 6

50 60 3

60 70 2

70 80 2

Ages unknown, 6

Total, ————38

Oct. 17.

Diseases.

Ad. Childr.

Apoplexy	1	0
Childbed,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	1	1
Consumption of the lungs,	8	0
Convulsions,	2	1
Decay,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	4	0
Dropsy in the brain,	0	1
Drowned,	1	0
Fever, typhus,	2	0
Hives,	0	1
Insanity,	1	0
Old age,	1	0
Rheumatism,	1	0
Small-pox, natural,	0	1
Still-born,	0	2
Suicide,	2	0
Worms,	0	2
Sudden,	1	1

Total, 27 10—37

Of the above there were :

Under 2 years 5

From 2 to 5 4

5 10 1

10 20 0

20 30 2

30 40 7

40 50 6

50 60 3

60 70 2

70 80 1

80 90 2

Ages unknown, 4

Total, ————37

Oct. 24.

Diseases.

Ad. Childr.

Apoplexy,	1	0
Catarrh,	1	0
Cholic,	1	0
Consumption of the lungs,	5	0
Convulsions,	0	2
Decay,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	2	0
Dropsy in the chest,	1	0

Dropsy in the brain	0	1
Dysentery,	1	1
Fever,	0	1
—, remittent or bilious,	1	1
—, typhus,	1	0
Hooping-cough,	0	1
Hæmorrhage from lungs,	1	0
Inflammation of the brain,	1	0
— lungs,	1	2
— stomach,	1	0
Old age,	1	0
Sore throat,	1	0
Teething,	0	1
Ulcers,	0	1
Worms,	0	2
Sudden,	1	0
Syphilis,	1	0
Disease unknown,	1	0
Total,	24	13—37

Of the above there were :

Under 2 years	8
From 2 to 5	3
5 10	1
10 20	3
20 30	1
30 40	2
40 50	5
50 60	1
60 70	4
70 80	0
80 90	1
110	1

Ages unknown

Total

7
—37

Diseases.

	Ad.	Childr.
Apoplexy,	1	0
Atrophy,	0	2
Burns,	1	0
Cholic,	1	0
Consumption of the lungs,	3	1
Compression of the brain,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy of the chest,	1	0
Fever,	1	1
—, puerperal,	1	0
—, typhus,	1	0
Gangrene,	1	0
Hives,	0	1
Inflammation of the breast,	1	0
Insanity,	2	0
Mortification,	1	0
Palsy,	1	0
Small-pox, natural,	1	0
Still-born,	0	1
Teething,	0	1
Worms,	0	1
Old age,	1	0

Marasmus,	1	0
Unknown,	2	1
Total,	23	9—32

Of the above there were :

Under 2 years	6
From 2 to 5	1
5 10	1
10 15	1
15 20	2
20 30	1
30 40	4
40 50	4
50 60	5
60 70	1
70 80	0
80 90	1

Ages unknown

Total, —32

Report of deaths, in the city of New-York, from the 26th of September to the 3d of October, 1807.

Adults 25—Children 24—Total 49.

Diseases.

Apoplexy,	1
Burn,	1
Bilious cholic,	2
Consumption,	9
Convulsions,	2
Decay,	2
Dropsy,	2
Dropsy in the head,	1
Drowned,	1
Epilepsy,	1
Remittent fever,	1
Typhus fever,	6
Infantile flux,	8
Intemperance,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	1
Inflammation of the bowels,	3
Old age,	1
Sore throat,	1
Still-born,	1
Sudden death,	1
Worms,	3

From the 3d to the 10th of October.

Adults 27—Children 17—Total 44.

Diseases.

Apoplexy,	1
Consumption,	7
Convulsions,	3
Decay,	3
Dropsy,	4
Drowned,	1
Dysentery,	1
Epilepsy,	1
Putrid fever,	1
Typhus fever,	2

Infantile flux,	3	Cold,	1
Hives,	3	Croup,	1
Jaundice,	1	Dropsy,	2
Intemperance,	1	Bilious fever,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	1	Nervous fever,	1
Insanity,	1	Hives,	2
Mortification,	1	Intemperance,	1
Palsy,	1	Manlaughter,	1
Rheumatism,	1	Mortification,	1
Rupture of a blood-vessel,	1	Old age,	2
Sore throat,	1	Spasms,	1
Sprue,	2	Sprue,	1
Still born,	1	Still-born,	1
Sudden death,	1	Sudden death,	1
Teething,	1	Teething,	1

From the 10th to the 17th of October.

Adults 25—Children 22—Total 47.

Diseases.

Abscess,	1
Apoplexy,	1
Casualty*,	1
Childbed,	1
Cholic,	1
Consumption,	6
Convulsions,	4
Decay,	5
Dropsy,	3
Drowned,	3
Dysentery,	1
Hectic fever,	1
Typhus fever,	1
Infantile flux,	2
Fracture,	1
Hives,	3
Inflammation of the stomach,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	2
Leprosy,	1
Old age,	3
Sprue,	1
Still-born,	2
Sudden death,	1
Worms,	1

* A boy aged 8 years, who died in consequence of a fall.

From the 17th to the 24th of October.

Adults 24—Children 14—Total 38.

Consumption,	11
Convulsions,	6
Casualties*,	2
Childbed,	1

* Of the cases of casualty, one was a child, who died in consequence of a fall; the other was a woman, found dead under a porch at No. 53, Oak-Street.

Interments, in the burying grounds of the city and precincts of Baltimore, during the week ending October 5, at sunrise.

Drowned,	1
Worms,	1
Fits,	2
Flux,	3
Unknown,	3
Influenza,	2
Cholera,	5
Still-born,	3
Suicide,	1
Consumption,	3
Dropsy,	1
Bilious,	1
Child-bed,	1
Hooping cough,	1

Adults 13—Children 15—Total 28.

Diseases.

Oct. 12.

Worms,	2
Consumption,	5
Influenza,	1
Unknown,	3
Hooping-cough,	1
Bilious,	1
Flux,	1
Dropsy,	1
Cholera,	3
Infantile,	1

Adults 9—Children 10—Total 19.

Diseases.

Oct. 19.

Sudden,	2
From the country,	1
Worms,	2
Consumption,	5
Bilious,	1
Unknown,	1
Infantile,	1
Influenza,	1

Adults 10—Children 4—Total 14.

<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Oct. 26.</i>	<i>Worms,</i>	
Drowned,	1	Fits,	1
Casualty,	2	Pleurisy,	2
Consumption,	2	Lingering,	1
Unknown,	5	Infantile,	1
Hooping cough,	1	Still-born,	2
Sudden,	1	Adults 11—Children 9—Total 20:	

 PRICE OF STOCKS.

	<i>Philadelphia, October 31, 1807.</i>
Eight per cent.	102½ per cent.
Six per cent.	98½
Three per cent.	63½
Bank United States	122
— Pennsylvania	132
— North America	145
— Philadelphia	120
— Farmers' and Mechanics'	46½ dollars for 45 paid.
Insurance Company Philadelphia	160 per cent.
— North America	91
— Philadelphia	160
— Union	47 dollars for 60 paid.
— Delaware	47 do. do.
— Phoenix	83 do. 80 paid.
— Marine and Fire	43 do. 60 paid.
— United States	23 do. 30 paid.
Water Loan	102 per cent.
City Loan	103
Schuylkill Bridge Shares	70
Delaware Bridge Shares	uncertain
Lancaster Turnpike Shares	93 per cent.
Germantown Turnpike Shares	76 to 76 per cent.
Cheltenham and Willow Grove Turnpike Shares	80 to 81
Frankford Turnpike Shares	74 to 75
Chesnuthill and Springhouse Tavern Turnpike Shares	uncertain
Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Shares	do.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

 Bills on London at 60 days par.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 50.

NOVEMBER, 1807.

VOL. VIII.

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VOL. VIII.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

LIFE OF LOMONOSSOVE, THE CELEBRATED POET OF
RUSSIA.

MICHAEL LOMONOSSOVE was born in the year 1711. The village of Denisow, situated on an island not far from Cholmohor, in the circle of Dwintzk of the government of Archangel, had the honour of his birth. Basil, his father, a peasant of the crown, was a fisherman by trade. Every summer and autumn, from ten years old to sixteen, his father used to take him to the fisheries on the White and North seas. They often visited Kola, and sometimes advanced to the latitude of 70°, on the Northern ocean; as Lomonossove himself used to affirm to his friends. Winter they chiefly spent at home.

The son learned to read and write from the parson of the village; but his instructions were confined to the ritual, and other books of the Russian church. When he requested to be supplied with works that might give him some knowledge of the world, he was answered, that such knowledge could not be effectually acquired without the aid of Latin; but this language was

taught only at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kiow, which cities abounded in useful Latin books. For his proficiency in arithmetic, he was indebted to his own exertions. To escape, therefore, into one of the above-mentioned cities, and devote himself to study, was an object which he long cherished in his bosom. The opportunity so anxiously awaited, at length presented itself, in the 17th year of his age. A caravan with fish was going to Moscow; the departure of which he observed as a matter of curiosity, not exciting the least suspicion of his real design. On the following night, when his family were all asleep, he put on two shirts, and, protected from the weather only by a loose dress made of undressed skin, he began his pursuit of the caravan, and overtook it at the distance of seventy versts. The director of the caravan refused, at first, to take him; but, moved by his tears and entreaties, at length he consented to gratify his wishes of seeing Moscow. In three weeks they arrived

at the place of their destination, where Lomonossove past the first night in the fish market. The following morning he awoke first, and, while his companions were asleep, reflected with pain, that in Moscow he had neither friend nor acquaintance; that he could expect no assistance from those he came with: well knowing that they, being wholly occupied with their own business, would not even think of him. Irresistible grief took possession of him; falling on his knees, he with tears intreated Heaven not to forsake him.

At the break of day, a gentleman's steward came to order some fish; having caught sight of Lomonossove, he earnestly fixed his eye on him, and presently recognized in the youth a countryman of his own, whose face was once familiar to him. Bisny, apprised of young Lomonossove's intentions, took him to his master's house, and gave him a corner among the servants.

The director of the caravan was acquainted with a monk who lived at Moscow, and often visited him; on the present occasion he did not fail to see him the second day after his arrival. To this monk he introduced Lomonossove, expatiated on his ardent desire of learning, and entreated that he might be placed at the seminary of the convent of Zaikonospask, to which the monk belonged. The good father readily undertook the business, and soon accomplished it. As none but gentlemen's sons were admitted into this seminary, Lomonossove did not scruple to assume the title of one. The late archbishop of Kiow, then at Moscow, Theophanes Prokopovitch, to whom Lomonossove soon after endeared himself by his diligence and rapid progress in his studies, being apprized of this circumstance, sent for him, and thus addressed him: "Fear nothing, my young friend; were all the bells of Moscow to proclaim you an impostor, I would be your defender."

Thus the young fugitive became one of the students in this convent.

while his relations gave him up for lost; nor did they know where, or what he was, till the return of the caravan.

He devoted himself to study with all the ardour of a young enthusiastic mind, and his success was such as could only be expected under similar circumstances. At the end of the first half year he was promoted to the second class, and a year after he was such a proficient, that he composed small pieces of poetry in Latin. He then commenced the study of the Greek language, and the leisure hours, spent by his schoolfellows in play, he employed chiefly in exploring the stores of the convent library. Many of the books, which he found there, strengthened his knowledge of Slavonic, and, besides the various theological works of the fathers, he found physical, philosophical, and mathematical treatises. The convent library, however, was too confined to satisfy his thirst of knowledge: he earnestly besought the archemandrite to send him to Kiow, to study philosophy, physics, and mathematics; but, even there, he found to his great disappointment nothing but the mere sophistry and frivolous disputes of Aristotelian philosophy; having failed in his object, he remained at Kiow not quite a year, most of which time he spent in perusing ancient records, manuscript and other books written in Slavonic Greek and Latin.

Soon after his return to the convent of Zaikonospask, an order came from the academy of sciences at St. Petersburg, for transferring those students who were sufficiently versed in Latin to enter on the study of physics and mathematics. Lomonossove was overjoyed at the long-wished-for opportunity, and had the satisfaction of being included, at his own desire, in the number of students sent thither.

He arrived with the rest at St. Petersburg, and was placed in a seminary depending on the academy, where he acquired the principles of philosophy and mathematics. His

ardour continued unabated, and he, occasionally, indulged his genius in poetry; but, of his productions at this time, none ever came before the public. He took particular delight in natural philosophy, chemistry, and mineralogy, and, at the expiration of two years, he was sent to Marburgh, in Germany, with another student, Vinskradove, to the then famous philosopher and mathematician, Christian Wolf.

Three years afterwards, by the advice of this celebrated man, he was sent to the mines of Saxony, to study mineralogy under M. Henkel, an able and practical metallist. At the end of one year he returned to the university of Marburgh, to attain the theory of that science. He did not fail of acquiring the German language, in which, while yet at Petersburgh, he was initiated. From his conversation with the German students, and from the style of their songs, he became passionately fond of German poetry. He learned by heart almost the whole works of many of the most celebrated poets; but *Hinter* was his favourite. He endeavoured to adapt Russian versification to German measure, and, by introducing their *tambs*, *chorusses*, and *dactyls*, he imparted to his native poetry a harmony, ease, and smoothness, altogether new, and, till then, unknown. The first essay of this kind appeared in his ode composed on the memorable victory of the Russians over the Turks and Tartars at Chotzin; sent from Marburgh to the president of the academy at St. Petersburg, Mr. Corf. It was written in the style of *Hinter*, in imitation of his best odes, and, when submitted to the inspection of some of the academicians, the novelty of its construction forcibly struck them, and excited their pleasure as well as applause.

The president, Corf, had it printed, and presented to the empress Ann, on her anniversary day; it was circulated among all the courtiers, and was read by every one with delight and admiration.

About this time, in the year 1790, Lomonossove married privately, at Marburgh, a daughter of his host, a taylor by trade, who, previously to his departure from that city for the Saxon mines, had made him a father.

During his residence at Marburgh, small as was his salary, he maintained his family tolerably well, till from the unavoidable increase of expence, he was reduced to the bitterest poverty, contracted debts, and was daily threatened with imprisonment. He therefore found it necessary to abscond. From a part of one quarter's salary, which went to defray his secret expences, for his wife and family, he had not one penny left; he resolved, therefore, to beg his way to Lubec, or Holland, in order to find a passage from thence to St. Petersburg.

Unknown to every one, even to his wife, he set off one evening direct for Holland, travelled all night, and on the third day, having passed Disselfold, he put up at the public house of a small village, where he met with a Prussian officer and soldiers on a recruiting party. Here a strange event befel him. The officer, thinking to have found a proper fish for his bait, politely invited Lomonossove to sit by his side, take a supper with his comrades, and drink a bumper round. At the table many praises were bestowed on the Prussian service; and our traveller was so liberally treated, that he scarcely knew what was passing. When somewhat come to himself, he found his coat decorated with a red collar, and his pockets furnished with several pieces of Prussian coin. The officer congratulated him on his entering the service, and foretold to a certainty the making of his fortune; while the rest of the soldiers emphatically saluted him as a brother.

Resistance was useless. The corporal's stick completed the argument, and Lomonossove was suddenly transformed into a Prussian soldier. Two days after, he was conducted to the fortress of Wesel,

with other recruits from the neighbourhood, firmly determined to seize the first opportunity of escaping, at all hazards, from his uncomfortable situation. He perceived he was particularly watched; he, therefore, strove to appear cheerful, and gratified with a soldier's life. Fortunately, he was stationed out of town, and slept in a watch-house, close to a wall, sloping towards one of the back windows. Lomonossov, having taken an accurate survey of the whole position, and other conveniences necessary to facilitate his escape, attempted it boldly, and executed it successfully. He made a practice of going to bed earlier than any of his comrades; consequently he arose always before the rest. At midnight, when all were asleep, he silently got up, passed through the window with all possible precaution, and, to avoid being noticed by the centinels, crept on all fours up the wall; swam across the principal ditch, and that on the outside of the fortifications; passed with great difficulty the counterscarp, the palisade, and other dangerous places; and at length found himself in an open field.

To get beyond the Prussian territory was the first and the most important object. He ran, with all his might, to the distance of a German mile; while his clothes were dripping wet, and the morning already began to dawn. Presently he heard the report of a cannon, the usual signal to pursue a deserter; fear redoubled his exertions. He continued to run with increased rapidity, and, looking frequently behind, observed a horseman, galloping after him, with full speed; but at this time he was already on the territories of Westphalia. For greater security he struck into a forest; stopped to dry his clothes, and slept till noon; when, having recruited his strength, he proceeded on his journey through Arnheim and Utrecht, and, under the fictitious name of a poor Saxon student, he arrived in safety at Amsterdam.

In this place a Russian *charge d'affaires*, Mr. Oldelkop, received him favourably, and sent him by water to the Russian ambassador at the Hague, count Holowkin, who supplied his necessities, furnished him with money, and sent him back to Amsterdam, where he soon found an opportunity to go by sea to St. Petersburg.

Previous to his departure from the Hague, he wrote to his wife, acquainting her with all that had befallen him since he left her, and entreating her not to write to him till she should hear again from him. On his arrival at St. Petersburg, he was promoted to the rank of adjutant, and for a whole year forbore writing to his wife; as the circumstances of his new situation did not permit him to avow his marriage; besides, his small salary was not sufficient to maintain himself and family at St. Petersburg, where every thing was extremely dear.

While on his way to St. Petersburg, he dreamed that his father was shipwrecked, and cast on an uninhabited island, in the Frozen ocean, to which, in his youth, he had been, with his father, often driven by storms. This dream made a deep impression on his mind. On his arrival, his first care was to inquire among the traders of Cholmohor and Archangel concerning his father. He, at length, met his own brother, who informed him that their father had the same year gone as usual to sea, as soon as the ice was off, but had not been heard of since; that he had been missing four months, and none of the party which went with him had as yet returned. His dream recurred to him with redoubled force, and filled his mind with melancholy apprehensions. He resolved to apply immediately for leave of absence, to visit the fatal island he had beheld in his dream, in search of his father, and to commit his honoured remains, if found, to the earth. Circumstances, however, prevented him from executing this plan; he was obliged

to send in his stead his brother, whom he furnished with money, and with a full description of the island, giving him instructions to apply in his name to the fishermen of Cholmohor, for assistance, in conveying him thither.

The fishermen readily complied with his request, and but too truly they discovered the body of Basil, cast on the identical island. They buried it, and left a stone, as a memento, on the grave. Lomonossove, the following winter, was apprized of the event. Grief, which hitherto had preyed on him in secret, now breaking forth into open sorrow, exhausted itself by its own force, and at length gradually subsided.

His industry, and application to study, were resumed with increased ardour. He composed several dissertations on natural history and chemistry, in which were displayed the excellence of his genius and the profundity of his knowledge; these acquired him universal esteem, and facilitated his progress to the dignity of professor of chemistry.

In the meanwhile, his forsaken wife at Marburgh waited for another letter from him two whole years; and during that time received no tidings of her husband. Under this anxiety and incertitude, she wrote in 1743 to the Russian ambassador, count Holowkin, at the Hague, the same who had forwarded her husband's letter, entreating him to pity her distressed situation, and comfort her with the news of her husband, for whom she also enclosed a letter.

Count Holowkin knew only that Lomonossove two years ago had set off from Amsterdam to St. Petersburg, and rightly judging that he must be in the latter city, he willingly undertook this commission. He sent Mrs. Lomonossove's letter to the chancellor, count Bestujew, and particularly requested that nobleman to return him a speedy answer.

Count Bestujew, on receiving the

letter, forwarded it immediately to Lomonossove.

No one knew, as yet, that Lomonossove was married. On reading his wife's letter he shed tears, exclaiming, "Good God! Could I ever think of leaving her? Impossible! Circumstances hitherto have prevented me from sending for her, and even from writing to her, but now she shall come without delay: to-morrow I will send her money to defray the expences of her journey." This was done, as he said; and his wife with her brother came, the same year, during the summer, to St. Petersburg, where she found her husband safe, and in good health, overjoyed at seeing her.

At this time he lived in a house belonging to the academy, near the chemical laboratory.

Lomonossove died on Whitsunday, in the year 1765. Some days previously to his death, he addressed the counsellor of state, Mr. Stelin, to the following purport: "My friend! I feel I must soon quit this world. On death I look with indifference; but I grieve that I have not finished what I have undertaken for the good of my country, for the glory of science, and the honour of the academy; I anticipate with sorrow, that my good intentions will be totally frustrated by my approaching end."

After his death, all his papers were obtained from his widow, by prince Orlov; they were, by the prince's order, collected and arranged by Mr. Kozitaky, and locked up in a private chamber of the house.

Some years afterwards, chancellor count Worontzow, out of regard for genius, and the services of Lomonossove to his country, erected a pillar of marble, with a suitable epitaph over his tomb, at the convent of Alexander Newsky, at St. Petersburg, both which, according to a drawing sent, were executed at Leghorn, at the expence of the government.

From the life of Lomonossove, we should never infer his poetical fame;

but it must be considered, that his genius for poetry was as spontaneous as the knowledge he acquired was universal. As the latter extended, the former, far from being diverted from such pursuits, acquired fresh vigour; it cannot be denied, however, that his poetical works, though sufficient to insure him renown, would have been more numerous, and would have possessed more dignity, had his leisure been greater. They chiefly consist of fugitive pieces, such as versions of psalms, epitaphs, dialogues, and some partial translations from the ancients, with panegyric odes, on different occasions, which are the most celebrated of his works. A didactic epistle to general Shouvalow on the utility of glass, and two tragedies, "Selim and Tamira," founded on events connected with Russia and Tartary; and "Demofont," the son of Theseus, king of Athens, may justly be entitled to exception. To this must be added two cantos of an epic poem, "Peter the Great," which his premature death, unfortunately, prevented him from finishing, to the eternal regret of Russia, as, from the specimen, it would have raised him to the level of Greece in poetical merit.

As an orator he claims distinguished eminence. His speeches on various subjects, particularly the two panegyrics, that on Peter the great, and that on the empress Elizabeth, in imitation of Pliny, exhibit such rich specimens of eloquence, as will remain for ages lasting monuments of his ability.

He has also the honour of being the first who reduced the Russian language to a regular system. His grammar, rules of elocution or rhetoric systematically conceived and executed, remain to this moment the main standard by which all subsequent improvements have been made.

The chronology of Russian history owes to him its order, if not its existence; and that country will for ever be indebted to him for the progress of science. His elements

of mineralogy form a volume of considerable size, conveying, for the first time, scientific conceptions and explanations, through the medium of the Russian language. His speeches, or, more properly, lectures on chemistry, and various branches of natural philosophy, prove at once his indefatigable exertions, and the extent of his knowledge.

Such was the man who, under the humble roof of a fisherman, was secluded, till the seventeenth year of his age, in absolute obscurity; who shook off the fetters of ignorance by his own resolution, and who commenced his education at a period of life when education is generally finished by others. After this, can genius be supposed to be the offspring of climate?

For the Literary Magazine.

EVELINA.

Translated from the Irish.

The following beautiful sonnet is said to have been written some time in the twelfth century, by a bard of the *Deasy's country*, now part of the county of Waterford, and translated by a gentleman well skilled in the language and antiquities of the country. It is to be regretted that no contemporary bard has given the author's name to fame.

IT was on the white hawthorn, on the brow of the valley, I saw the rising of the day first break—the young, the soft, the gay delightful morning; it kissed the crimson of the rose, mixed with her smiles, and laughed the season on us.

Rise, my Evelina! soul that informs my heart! Do thou rise, too, more lovely than the morn in her blushes, more modest than the rifled rose when weeping in her dews, pride of the western shores!

The sky's blue face, when cleared by dancing sun-beams, looks not serener than thy countenance; the richness of the wild honey is on thy

lip, and thy breath exhales sweets like the apple blossom; black are thy locks, my Evelina! and polished as the raven's smooth pinions; the swan's silver plumage is not fairer than thy neck, and the witch of love heaves all her enchantments from thy bosom.

Rise, my Evelina! the sprightly beam of the sun descends to kiss thee, without enmity to me, and the heath reserves its blossoms to greet thee with its odours; thy timid lover will pluck thee strawberries from the awful lofty crag, and rob the hazel of its auburn pride, the sweetness of whose kernel thou far exceedest; let my berries be as red as thy lips, and my nuts ripe, yet milky as the love-begotten fluid in the bridal bosom.

Queen of the cheerful smile! shall I not meet thee in the moss-grown cave, and press to my heart thy beauties in the wood of Iniscother? How long wilt thou leave me, Evelina, mournful as the lone son of the rock; telling thy beauties to the passing gale, and pouring out my complaints to the grey stone of the valley?

Ah! dost thou not hear my songs, O virgin! thou, who shouldest be the tender daughter of a meek-eyed mother!

Whenever thou comest, Evelina, thou approachest like summer to the children of frost; and welcome with rapture are thy steps to my view, as the harbinger of light to the eye of darkness.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE PLEASURES AND USES ARISING FROM THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

"For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,

Or winter rises in the black'ning east,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!"

THOMSON.

THE labours of an individual in promoting any branch of science, if judiciously directed, must invariably be useful and instructive to mankind. The application of different minds to different pursuits is the surest method of diffusing general knowledge; for if every learned man was determined to direct his attention to the investigation of one particular object (to astronomy, for instance), the world at large would be deprived of many sources of amusing information, which at present result from the united efforts of those who devote their time and thoughts to various other pursuits. Thus the acquirement of knowledge in the more practical sciences would be totally neglected, and what little we at present understand, would be entirely forgotten. Science of every description is eminently useful in two ways: first, in improving the arts, and directing them to the purposes of life; secondly, in cultivating and ameliorating the powers of the understanding.

The antiquary confirms or refutes the conjectures of the historian: the biographer enters minutely into every petty trait of the character he is describing, and attends solely to the life and actions of one man; while the historian, more comprehensive in his views, depicts the character and manners of a whole people, showing their blind attachments, or unprovoked prejudices; and at the same time unfolds to us the remarkable occurrences of past ages. Thus a knowledge of striking events, and by what means they were produced, is added to an acquaintance with the characters of those who effected them.

All pursuits are in some degree dependent on each other, and a new discovery in one branch of science

often assists or explains a difficulty to be found in another. All departments of knowledge have their appropriate beauties, every fresh examination of which must produce new ideas for the philosophic mind to ruminat upon; and present new sources of pleasure to those who delight to follow the inviting voice of truth. We are too apt to look with indifference, or even contempt, at the enthusiastic followers of such pursuits as have not excited our own inquiries; and, on the other hand, to attach a greater degree of importance than may seem just, to those objects which we ourselves are in search of; but let us remember that every one has the power of directing his own footsteps, and of selecting that department of science which to his own judgment holds forth the most alluring temptations. Strenuous exertions in any cause must prevail, and, when applied to knowledge, cannot fail to contribute greatly to the general stock of happiness.

Among the numerous avenues to the temple of science, that delightful path which leads us to "look through nature up to Nature's God" must attract the attention of every ingenuous mind. To contemplate the ever-blooming beauties of nature must infuse into the heart an ardent desire to become acquainted with the natural productions around us, and which so essentially contribute to the comforts and conveniences of mankind. By an attention to the study of natural history, we are supplied with the necessities as well as luxuries of life; and the farther they are investigated, the greater benefits will undoubtedly accrue to society, since the simple discoveries of the naturalist have already tended far more to the immediate good of his fellow creatures, than all the interesting researches of the scholar, the sublime flights of the poet, or the sober accuracy of the historian. Man, the only inhabitant of the globe capable of appreciating the economy and harmony of the creation, was destined to

arrange and to admire the works of nature. Every thing is assigned to his direction, and rendered subservient to his use. In reviewing the natural productions around him, he can proudly say,

"For me kind nature wakes the genial shower,
Suckles each herb, and puts forth every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectarious, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to wait me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

Man is the only animal in the vast chain of being, that can reflect upon the benevolence and goodness of Him who formed the world from an indigested chaos; he can admire and feel the Omnipotence that "caused herbs to grow for the use of man;" while the brutal creation, though next him in the system of nature, are fattened with fruits, without being able to regard the tree that produced them, or the power that supplied them. Since, then, we occupy so superior a station in the created world, it is our duty to become acquainted with the objects around us, especially as they afford the most refined delights, and are the greatest springs of useful knowledge. To whom are we to look with confidence for improvements in the actual conveniences of life, but to the investigator of the wonders of nature?

Minerals are a source of profit to the adventurous and ingenious, as well as of the greatest use in the common purposes of life. The stately column, and the splendid mansion, could never have been raised, but for the stone and marble taken from the bowels of the earth. Commerce could not be so regularly conducted without the aid of sil-

ver and gold ; while every day's experience unfolds to us the excellencies of less valuable though more useful metals. It may be said, that discoveries of the greatest importance have generally been found out by chance, and that we are not indebted to the actual researches of the naturalist for them. For instance, we know not to whom our thanks are due for the discovery of the unerring magnet, nor by what means it was detected ; but we know that if experiments, resulting from a desire of becoming acquainted with the productions of nature, had not been practised upon it, we should at this day have remained totally ignorant of its use.

The vegetable kingdom more immediately assists our animal enjoyments. Healing and nutritive plants are for the most part distinguished from poisonous and noxious weeds, by the place which they hold in the system of botany. A botanist travelling in an unknown region, and surrounded by plants quite new to him, would be able to tell the virtues of any herb he might meet with, and apply it accordingly, from the analogy which it bears to a salutary or hurtful department, and thus procure a comfortable subsistence ; while the unskilful collector might be poisoned amidst a copious selection of salubrious plants, from not being able to judge of their qualities and analogies. The fruits of the earth supply us with grateful food, afford sensual delight, and at the same time they raise our ideas to the contemplation of infinite wisdom and goodness. The fast-drooping flower, sad emblem of our short duration, gives us the comfortable assurance of " another and a better world."

" Shall I be left abandon'd to the
dust,
When fate relenting bids the flower
revive ;
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone
unjust,
Bid him, tho' doom'd to perish, hope
to live ?

VOL. VIII. NO. I.

The important services rendered to mankind by larger animals, are too well known to require any notice ; but much remains to be done as to the investigation of evils, caused by numerous insects, which, though small, and seemingly innoxious, carry devastation and ruin wherever they go. The remedy of this mischief can only come from the entomologist. The " close connections, nice dependencies," of the three kingdoms of nature upon each other are very apparent : plants and animals, for the most part, flourish from the nutriment afforded by the earth ; and man, in return, is nourished by plants and animals.

The objects which excite the attention of the naturalist are dispersed all over the habitable world, and act alike upon his feelings, whether he contemplates them on his native plains, or

————— " At the farthest verge
Of the green earth, in distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first
the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting
beams
Flame on th' Atlantic isles."

Such are the uses, and such the pleasures, which result from the study of Nature ; her beauties will ever afford delight, while every fresh inspection of her charms must more strongly convince us of the wisdom and power of Him who " formed, sustains, and animates the whole."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE LESSON OF FRUGALITY.

An Anecdote.

ABOUT the middle of the last century, a venerable old Dutch gentleman, who had passed through all the offices in one of the principal towns in Holland with honour and

reputation, and had gained great riches without reproach, resolved to retire for the remainder of his days to his country-seat. In order to take leave of his friends and acquaintance in a handsome manner, he invited the young and the old of both sexes (persons of the first fashion in the place) to an entertainment at his own house. They assembled with great expectations; but, to their no small surprise, saw a long oak table, hardly covered with a scanty blue cloth, on which were alternately placed platters of butter-milk, sour-cROUT, pickled herrings, and cheese. The rest of the cheer was made up with butter and rye-bread, and cans of small-beer were at hand for those who chose to drink. Trenchers served instead of plates, and not a single servant attended. The company secretly cursed the old man's humour; but, on account of his great age and still greater merit, they restrained their resentment, and appeared contented with their homely fare. The old gentleman, seeing the joke, take, was unwilling to carry it too far; and, at a signal given, two clean country maids, in their rustic garb, cleared the table, and brought in the second course. The blue cloth was changed for white linen, the trenchers for pewter, the rye-bread to household brown, the small-beer to strong ale, and the mean food into good salted beef and boiled fish. The guests now grew better pleased, and the master of the feast more pressing in his invitations. After he had given them time to taste the second course, a third was served up by a *maitre d'hôtel* in form, followed by half a dozen powdered servants in gaudy liveries. The most beautiful flowers, damask was spread on a sumptuous mahogany table; the richest plate, and most curious china, adorned the side-board; whilst a profusion of soups, olios, tame and wild fowl, fricassees, ragouts, in a word, all that the art of a modern French cook could produce, ranged in a well-disposed judicious order, seemed to court the

taste, and renew the appetite of the whole company. To this were added generous burgundy, sparkling champagne, in short, a choice of the best wines commerce can procure in a trading country; and, that nothing might be wanting that could please the senses, as soon as a sumptuous dessert was bought in, a melodious concert of a variety of instruments of music was heard in the next room. Healths went round, mirth increased, and the old gentleman, seeing that nothing but the departure of him and the gravest of the company was waited for to give a loose to joy and pleasure, rose up, and thus addressed his guests:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for the favour you have done me by honouring me with your company. It is time for one of my age to withdraw; but I hope those who are disposed for dancing will accept of a ball which I have ordered to be prepared for you. Before the fiddles strike up, give me leave to make a short reflection on this entertainment, which otherwise might appear whimsical, and even foolish. It may serve to give you an idea of the source of our wealth and prosperity. By living after the penurious manner exhibited in the first course, our ancestors raised their infant state, and acquired liberty, wealth, and power. These were preserved by our fathers, who lived in that handsome but plain way exemplified in the second course. But if an old man may be permitted, before he leaves you, whom he dearly loves, to speak freely, I am really afraid that the profusion which you have witnessed in the last course will, if we continue it, deprive us of those advantages which our ancestors earned by the sweat of their brows, and which our fathers, by their industry and good management, have transmitted to us. Young people, I advise you to be merry this evening, but to think seriously to-morrow on the lesson I have given you to-day. Good night."

For the Literary Magazine.

DENMARK.

THE awful circumstances in which this kingdom is placed induce us to hope that the following brief account of that monarchy may not be unacceptable to our readers :

Denmark consists of several islands in the Baltic ; and of Jutland, Sleswick, Holstein, and Norway, upon the continent of Europe ; Iceland and the Ferrol isles, in the North sea. The following is the present state of its naval and military force :

Line of battle ships,	27
Frigates,	14
Flat bottomed boats, mounting 2 cannons,	300
Seamen,	20,000
Men in the dock-yards,	3,100

The land force of Denmark is as follows :

In Denmark and Holstein.

Infantry,	24,000
Cavalry,	6,000
Militia,	17,000
Fencibles,	11,000

In Norway.

Infantry,	14,000
Cavalry,	3,000
Militia,	13,000
Fencibles,	5,000

Grand total 95,000

The entire population of the kingdom of Denmark may be estimated at upwards of 3,300,000. Its revenue exceeds 2,000,000l. sterling, and the whole kingdom contains 163,041 square miles. Her troops are brave, and her seamen well skilled in nautical affairs.

Copenhagen, which is the capital, is situated in a bay or haven in the island of Zealand, and contains about 100,000 inhabitants, and more than 180 streets, with remarkably well built houses. Its distance

from Elsinour or the Sound is about 21 English miles. The city was founded in the 12th century, and was originally a place of resort for fishermen only. The harbour is circular, and the entrance into it from the sea is a channel or gut, the middle of which only is navigable. The water on each side is very shallow, and defended by a peculiar kind of military work called naval horns, the nature and strength of which merit a more detailed explanation. They are made of large beams, from 60 to 80 feet long, shod with iron, and put together like chevaux de frize. They are then put on flat-bottomed vessels, and sunk, three, four, and five feet below the surface of the water. In the belts, and other passages, particularly in the narrow channels, where the water has neither tide nor current, they are easily laid down and taken up. The Swedes were the first who made use of these works, and they have subsequently been adopted both at Cronstadt and Copenhagen.

Elsineur was a small village till 1446, when it was made a staple town by Eric of Pomerania, who conferred several immunities upon it. From that period it has gradually increased in size and wealth ; and is now the most commercial town in Denmark, except Copenhagen, from which it is distant two miles. It contains about 6000 inhabitants.

The passage of the Sound is guarded by the fortress of Cronberg, which is situated on the edge of a peninsular promontory, the nearest point of land to Sweden distant about three miles. It is strongly fortified towards the land by ditches, bastions, and entrenchments, and, towards the sea, by several batteries, mounted with sixty pieces of cannon, the largest forty-one pounders. Every vessel, as it passes, lowers her top-sails and pays a toll at Elsinour. It is generally asserted that this fort guards the Sound, and that all vessels must, on account of the shoalness of the

water and currents, steer so close to the batteries, as to be exposed to their fire. This, however, is a mistaken notion. On account, indeed, of the numerous and opposite currents in the Sound, the safest passage lies near the fort; but the water in any place is of sufficient depth for vessels to keep at a distance, and the largest ships can even sail close to the coast of Sweden. The kings of Sweden claimed an exemption from toll, but by a treaty in 1720, they agreed to become subject. All vessels, besides a small duty, are rated at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of their cargoes, except the English, French, Danish, and Swedish, which only pay one per cent. and, in return, the crown takes the charge of light-houses, signals, &c.

The palace of Cronberg, which is in the fort, is a square Gothic building. In it was confined the unfortunate Matilda, sister to the English king. Elsinour is also remarkable for being the scene of Shakspeare's Hamlet, and there is a garden half a mile from Cronberg, which is said by tradition to be the very garden where the murder of his father was perpetrated. The garden occupies the side of the hill, and is laid out in terraces rising one above the other.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XXI.

HOWEVER high the land of our nativity may stand in our estimation, however warm our attachment to it, and the pleasures we have enjoyed in it may be, while we are permitted to reside there, we then are apt to think we fully understand the nature of that principle which attaches us to our country, and the extent and weight of its influence. We sit down calmly, and in a cool philosophical manner weigh the re-

spective merits of different countries, and the happiness we enjoy, or the misery we suffer in our own, and adjudge the superiority to the one or the other, as a sense of justice seems to direct us; but when we have experienced the vicissitudes of life, and find ourselves cast upon a foreign shore, it is then, and then only, that we feel the full force of that noble sentiment, principle, call it what you will, which we feel towards the country which gave us birth; it is then we recal with regret the recollection of those almost undefinable pleasures we have there enjoyed, the little sports of our childhood, the mansion, whether great or small, which was once our dwelling, the trees which shaded it, the school in which we were taught our earliest lessons, and a hundred other subjects of remembrance, at which the calm and frigid philosopher would laugh, and esteem as nothing, but which the man of feeling regards with peculiar satisfaction. We contrast them with the cares, the inconveniences, and anxieties which are our portion at the present moment; these then assume a more melancholy hue; or, if a portion of happiness be allotted to us in a foreign country, *that* we have once experienced in our own is supposed to outweigh it as a mountain would the dust of the balance.

But when we are banished from our native country by despotic power, or carried into captivity by a nation more powerful than our own, the remembrance of it excites sensations still more pleasing, as they relate to the one we have left, and more painful with respect to that in which we are doomed to inhabit. Lewis, in his "Exile," describes the emotions of a person thus situated. He places the hero of the poem on board the vessel which is about to convey him from Spain, viewing his native shores for the last time, and lamenting that his "banished eyes" should no more behold them, as being delighted with hearing,

"From yonder craggy point, the gale
of even
Wafting his native accents to his ear."

He describes the fisher's bliss, and laments his own calamity; gives an account of the country to which he is bound, one "where snakes and tygers breed," &c.; and then proceeds in the following animated and pathetic manner. He says, not all the distresses I am likely to suffer affect me so much

"As thus to sever,
With many a bitter sigh, dear land,
from thee;
To think that I must doat on thee
for ever;
To feel that all thy joys are torn from
me."

And again he laments his unfortunate destiny in the following words:

"Ah, me! how oft shall Fancy's
dreams in slumber
Recal my native country to my mind!
How oft regret shall bid me sadly
number
Each lost delight and dear friend left
behind."

The reader will pardon me, I trust, for quoting so considerable a part of this affecting poem, on account of its beauty. But to proceed: The relator of captain Cook's voyages says, that, while dining at a town in Kamtschatka, it is impossible to describe the emotion which was produced on their minds by seeing the stamp of London on one of the spoons they were using. They were in a distant and inhospitable clime, far from every thing on which they had placed their affections. Under such circumstances, seeing, when least expected, the name of that city which had given many of them birth, and which recalled to all the most delightful scenes of former pleasures, it is not surprising that this circumstance should excite the most tender and interesting emotions.

But nowhere is this sentiment described with more force and beauty than in the 137th psalm:

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps on the willows, in the midst thereof; for there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that hated us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

VALVERDI.

Philadelphia, Nov. 11th,
1807.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANTIQUITIES OF INTERIOR AMERICA.

BESIDES those ruins in the Illinois and Wabash countries, which have often been mentioned, there are others no less remarkable, many hundred miles further west, particularly in the country about the great falls of the Mississippi. As we approach these falls, commonly called St. Anthony's, we frequently meet with pyramids of earth from thirty to seventy and even eighty feet in height. These are, most probably, the tombs of the ancient kings and chieftains of this part of America, though there are others which I am inclined to believe were erected in consequence of some signal victory, and possibly to cover the bones and carcasses of the slain. In digging horizontally into several of these pyramids a little above the base, we generally found a stratum of white substance, somewhat like moist lime, and glutinous withal, extending in all probability several yards within, or perhaps nearly the whole length of the diametrical line. I had every reason to believe this consolidated chalky substance to be the remains of skeletons buried perhaps two hundred centuries ago, and converted by time and the operations of the elements into their present state. Many tokens re-

main on both sides of the Mississippi, of their being in ancient ages as well cultivated and as thickly inhabited as the country on the Danube or the Rhine; which fully proves that the literati have been too hasty in denominating America a new world, or an *original present* to the European from the hands of rude nature.

A copper mine was opened some years since further down the Mississippi, and, to the great surprise of the labourers, a large collection of mining tools were found several fathoms below the superficies of the earth. Another person, in digging for a well, discovered a furnace of brick-work, five fathoms below the present surface; and in this furnace were found a quantity of coals and firebrands, which, for aught we know, might have been kindled in the days of Moses or Lycurgus.

Not long since, at a spot on the Ohio where the bank had been wasted by the undermining of the water, a stone dropped out, of the hardest kind of black marble, about seven pounds in weight, having twelve equal surfaces, each surface being mathematically equilateral and equiangular five-sided figures: this does not appear to be a *lusus naturæ*; but a work of exquisite art, the offspring of human ingenuity. Near the falls of the Mississippi, there is a spring in the bed of the river, which has been enclosed with stone work of unknown antiquity, to keep out the fresh water. In times of freshes, however, the river overflows the stone work, and mixes with the brine, so that it does not afford salt to the savages hereabouts until the river is considerably fallen.

In several places, circular fortifications have been discovered in the same country; these are constantly inclosed with deep ditches, and fenced with a breast work. From these, and many other similar remains of antiquity, one would be inclined to think that America has been inhabited longer than has been commonly imagined. Several tribes, on the

western side of the great river above mentioned, dated their existence for more than twenty thousand moons back, and the Indians of the western world go infinitely farther into the depths of time, though both relate many events of these distant periods that are evidently mixed with fable.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MELANGE.

NO. X.

Irish Literature.

IT has often surprized me, says Arthur Browne, in his *Sketches*, that a nation like the Irish, remarkable for its valour, and whose inhabitants, even down to the peasantry, are blessed with a peculiar acuteness of mind, and a characteristic turn of wit and pleasantry, should not have filled a greater space in the eye of mankind. The reason I believe is, that their wit and talent for ridicule are employed in depreciating one another, and their valour too often exhausts itself in idleness and riot.

In Scotland, if any man becomes an author, the whole nation joins in praising and elevating him; but in Ireland, to be a writer is almost sufficient to ensure mockery; whoever takes up his pen, especially if it be in the province of belles lettres, whole tribes of satirists, like the monkeys of Africa, begin to chatter and grin at him, and employ every art to laugh him down: the consequence is, few write: the modest, who have talents, confine their display to conversation and to professional exertions, while the satirists take care to do nothing but find fault, and never venture to expose themselves to criticisms, by writing any thing.

The Irish are so accustomed to be governed by England in every thing, taste as well as politics, that

they seem absolutely afraid to give the stamp of approbation to any thing in the first instance, hesitating whether it has merit or not, until they see an English review. They long seemed unconscious of the merits of two considerable works written by sons of their own university, and hesitated to praise till the incense of fame arose to one from the literary altars of Cambridge*; and an English judge (Blackstone) had declared the other current coin†.

Swift was a satirist exactly suited to their genius, with a power of ridicule too great not to subdue any one who laughed at him: but I am not quite sure that if Pope had been an Irishman, he would have succeeded so well; his pastorals might have afforded excellent food for pastime, and I am convinced Collins and Gray, and all your ode-makers, would have been laughed down, and discouraged in the infancy of their muse.

—
Modern Love.

When Phillis found she'd lost her lover,

And that no art could keep a rover,
With willows dank she bound her head,

Swift to the cypress grove she sped;
There, stretch'd beside a brook, she lay,

To weep and sigh her soul away:
She groan'd, she rav'd, she tore her hair,

And look'd the image of Despair.

"Ah! wretched Phil! by love o'er-taken,

And thus by Florio forsaken——

Forsaken!—that I'll ne'er endure;

The brook affords a speedy cure.

Since Florio loves me not, I'll die!"

She rush'd—"Soft; what a fool am I!

To die for an inconstant swain!

I'faith, I'll live, and try again."

—

Cæsar has had the testimony of ages to his bravery; and yet he re-

fused a challenge from Anthony. He very calmly answered the bearer of the message, "If Anthony is weary of his life, tell him, there are other ways to death, besides the point of my sword." How happy had we more examples of such magnanimity!

—
The Æolian Harp.

This instrument was invented by Kircher, 1649. After having been laid by, for a hundred years, it was again accidentally discovered and restored by Mr. Oswald. The lovers of pure tones and simple melody have gained more delight in this little instrument, than can be drawn from all others, however skilful be their combinations. Its sounds are as wild as the wind that blows upon it, and as mysterious as its source. There is a spell in them, which seems to entice away our very souls, and bewilder our whole frame. I can suck melancholy from it till my heart sinks. In the stillness of evening, how tenderly does it breathe forth its tones, till they faintly sink away into the most mysterious pauses, and melt and mingle with the air! At midnight, how often have I loved to place it at my casement, and as the wild wind swept over its chords, how have I felt my spirit loosened from myself, taking flight through the heavens on its continuous vibrations! Smollet somewhere says, that a woman in love cannot be trusted with this instrument: to a melancholy man it is equally dangerous; for what nature can withstand that, which even charms the air, and detains the breeze, sighing and lingering on its chords.

Thomson and Mason seem to have enjoyed equal delight from the Æolian harp. Thomson, in one stanza is compelled to renounce his muse, when under its charm:

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,

Who, as wild fancy prompts you,
touch the string,

* Hamilton's Conic Sections.

† Sullivan's Lectures.

Smit with your theme, be in your
chorus joined,
For, till you cease, my muse forgets
to sing.

In the Castle of Indolence he has
this beautiful description of it :

A certain music, never known be-
fore,
Here called the pensive melancholy
mind,
Full easily obtained. Behoves no
more
But sidelong to the gently moving
wind
To lay the well-tuned instrument re-
clined,
From which, with airy flying fingers
light,
Beyond each mortal touch, the most
refined,
The God of winds drew sounds of
deep delight,
Whence with just cause the Harp of
Æolus is hight.

Mason, in his ode to this harp,
describes its mysterious influence
with poetical nicety, as affecting us
most sweetly,

With many a warble wild, and artless
air.

Picture of a Wife.

The wise Theognis told his coun-
trymen, that that man was the rich-
est and most happy, who had found
an amiable and virtuous wife. So-
crates, however, was of a very dif-
ferent opinion. A young man once
consulted him to know, whether he
would advise him to marry or not ;
to whom Socrates thus replied :
“Young man, which ever of the two
evils you chuse, you will most cer-
tainly have cause for repentance.
If you should prefer celibacy, you
will be solitary on the earth, you
will never enjoy the pleasures of a
parent ; with thee will perish thy
race, and a stranger will succeed to
thy property. If you marry, expect
constant, chagrin and quarrels with-
out end. Your wife will be con-
stantly reproaching you of the dow-

er she brought thee ; the pride of
her parents and the garrulity of her
mother will become insupportable.
The gallantries of your wife will
torment you with jealousy, and you
will have reason to doubt the father
of your reputed children. Now,
young man, divine if thou canst, and
chuse if thou darest.” This anec-
dote of Socrates I give on the au-
thority of Valerius Maximus. So-
crates was probable suffering from
the stings and arrows of outrageous
Xantippe, he was writing under the
pangs of despised love, when the
young man unfortunately went to
ask his opinion, and therefore it is
not entitled to much respect.

We agree with the wise Theog-
nis, and acknowledge, that in the
wide range of the bounties of hea-
ven, there is no gift, bestowed on
man, deserving so much thankful-
ness, as that of a good wife. But
what do you call good ? Here is the
difficulty ; this is the knot ; this the
perplexity. I cannot tell what you
and other men would like, but
know exactly what would please
such a curious kind of being as my-
self. I would never marry for mo-
ney ; for contracts of bargain and
sale in matters of matrimony were
invented by infernals for the deep
damnation of man ; they are legisla-
tions of wrong, and indentures of in-
famy. I should like well enough
that my wife might be handsome,
though this is a minor consideration ;
for real beauty is not to be found,
and I care not to be hunting for it
through city and country all the days
of my life. The mild lustre of Phos-
phor is not seen in the face of the
daughters of Eve, and where is the
being who sheds soft beams from her
eye, like those of the planet of eve-
ning ? Let her person have the form
of elegance, and the sweetness of
purity ; her dress should be full of
taste, and let her manners be those
of a gentlewoman, for country sim-
plicity is mere country awkward-
ness, and that I cannot away with.
If her ancestors were not illustrious,
I should hope that her family name
might be respectable.

Her disposition, I insist on this, must be gentle and soft, like the dew in the vallies of Languedoc, like the midnight music of romance from the battlements of Udolpho. She shall not be churlish, and peevish, and fretful, and scolding; but let her have good nature in full abundance, and kind words, looks, and smiles, plentiful and pleasant, as thick, ripe wheat in autumn. Then her mind must be cultivated. This too is essential. She must love to read; she must be able to think, and have opinions of her own. I wish that she may relish the poets of England, love the morality of Johnson, and the courtly sense of the Spectator, and that her soul may be attuned to the sweetest melody, by the wild warbling of the bard of Avon. She should read and remember the historians of Great Britain, and know what may be easily known of her own country. Lastly, and above all, she must study the bible, be a christian, and reverence her God.

—

New Mode of lending Money.

The following is extracted from the new edition of the Works of Dr. Franklin, lately published in London:

"I send you herewith a bill for ten louis d'ors. I do not pretend to give such a sum. I only *lend* it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must *pay me* by lending this sum to him, enjoining him, to *discharge the debt* by a like operation, when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meet with a *knave* to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a good deal with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a little."

VOL. VIII. NO. L.

It has been remarked that the friend the most ardently disposed to promote the interests of his friends, but feebly adopts his passions. This is because interest is the same with every one; but the passions only exist for him who experiences them. Every one sees at a glance what a thousand a-year is worth, and can calculate what houses and furniture, what horses and carriages, it will purchase. But the charms of a mistress make but a feeble impression on him who is not enamoured with them. He thinks but lightly of the happiness of obtaining her; and, unless he is himself in love, it requires a great labour of the imagination to form an idea of the pain of losing her. The principle, therefore, of interest which inspires us resides within us. We can be made to laugh only in consequence of our cheerfulness; and vexed and irritated only from our own impatience.

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For the Literary Magazine.

ON POETRY AND GENIUS.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

I AM naturally an admirer of poetry, yet I do not think it necessary to attribute to it a divine origin, or suppose that it cannot be produced without something resembling preternatural inspiration. I can allow it to arise from the greatest excellency of natural disposition, or the greatest power of native genius, without exceeding the reach of what is human, or granting it any approaches to divinity, which is, I doubt, debased or dishonoured, by ascribing to it any thing that is in the compass of our action, or even comprehension. Nor can I allow poetry to be more divine in its effects than in its causes; nor any operations produced by it to be more than purely natural, or to demand any other sort of wonder than the effects of music, or of what has been called natural magic, however extraordinary any of these may have

appeared to minds little versed in the force of numbers or of sounds, or in speculations on the secret powers of nature. Whoever talked of drawing down the moon from heaven by verses or charms, it is most obvious, either believed not himself, or too superstitiously and foolishly believed what others have told him, whose simplicity, it may be, had been practised on by some artful poet, who, knowing the time when an eclipse would happen, told them that he could by the charm of his verses call down the moon at such an hour, and was by them thought to have performed it.

When I read that fine description in Virgil's eighth eclogue of all sorts of charms and fascinations by verses, by images, by knots, by numbers, by fire, by herbs employed upon occasion of a violent passion from a jealous or disappointed love, I have recourse to the strong impression of fables and of poetry, to the easy mistakes of popular opinion, to the force of imagination, to the secret virtues of several herbs, and to the power of sounds.

If the forsaken lover, in that eclogue of Virgil, had expected only from the force of her verses, or her charms, what is the burden of her song, to bring Daphnis home from the town where he was gone, and engaged in a new amour; if she had pretended only to revive an old fainting flame, or to extinguish a new one that was kindling in his breast; she might, for aught I know, have obtained her end by the power of such charms, and without other than very natural enchantments. For there is no question but true poetry may have the force to raise passions or allay them, to change or to extinguish them; to temper joy and grief; to excite love and fear; or even to turn fear into boldness, and love into indifference, and into hatred itself; and I can easily believe that the disheartened Spartans were re-animated, and recovered their lost courage, by the songs of Tyrtæus; that the cruelty and revenge of Phalaris were changed by

the odes of Stesichorus into the greatest kindness and esteem; and, that as many men were passionately enamoured by the charms of Sappho's wit and poetry as by those of beauty in Phryne or Thais. For it is not only beauty that inspires love, but love gives beauty to the object that excites it; and if the passion be strong enough, let it arise from what it may, there is always beauty enough in the person who inspires it. Nor is it any great wonder that such force should be found in poetry, since in it are assembled all the powers of eloquence, of music, and of painting, which are all allowed to make such strong impressions upon human minds. How far men have been affected with all or any these needs little proof or testimony; the examples have been sufficiently known in Greece and in Italy, where some have fallen absolutely in love with the beauties of works of art produced by painters or statuary, and even painters themselves have become violently enamoured with some of their own productions, and doated on them as on a mistress or fond child. To this some allusion seems to be made by the Italians, in the distinction they make of pieces done by the same hand, into those produced *con studio, con diligenza*, or *con amore*, of which the last are always the most excellent. But no more instances of this kind are necessary than the stories related and received by the most authentic ancient writers of the two Grecian youths, one of whom ventured his life to be locked up all night in a temple, that he might admire and embrace a statue of Venus there set up, and there designed for another kind of adoration; the other pined away and died, in consequence of being prevented from perpetually gazing on, admiring, and embracing a statue at Athens.

The powers of music are either felt or known by all men, and are allowed to act in a most extraordinary manner on the passions, and even the frame and constitution of the body; to excite joy and grief,

to give pleasure and pain, to compose disturbed thoughts, to assist and heighten devotion, and even to cure such diseases as affect the nerves, or the more subtle and delicate parts and fluids of the body. We need not have recourse to the fables of Orpheus or Amphion, or the power of their music upon beasts and fishes; it is enough that we find the charming of serpents, and the cure or assuagement of possession by an evil spirit, attributed to it in sacred writ.

As to the force of eloquence which so often raised and appeased the violence of popular commotions, every person must be convinced of and acknowledge it, when he considers Cæsar, the greatest man of his age, and possessed of the most powerful mind, taking his seat on the tribunal, full of hatred and revenge, and with a determined resolution to condemn Ligarius; yet by the force of Cicero's eloquence, in an oration for his defence, by degrees changing countenance, turning pale, and becoming so agitated, that some papers he held fell out of his hand, as if he had been terrified with words, who never feared an enemy in the field; till, at length, all his anger changing into clemency, he acquitted the brave criminal instead of condemning him.

Now, if the strength of these three mighty powers be united in poetry, we need not wonder that such virtues and such honours have been attributed to it, that it has been thought to be inspired, or has been called divine; and yet I think it will not be disputed that the force of wit and of reasoning, and sublimity of conceptions and expressions, may be found in poetry as well as in oratory; the life and spirit of representation or picture as much as in painting; and the force of sounds, as well as in music; and how far these natural powers together may extend, and to what effects, even such as may be mistaken for supernatural or magical, I leave to be considered by those who are inclined to such speculations, or who, by

their natural conformation and genius, are in some degree disposed to receive such impressions. For my part, I do not wonder that the famous Dr. Harvey, when he was reading Virgil, should sometimes throw the book down on the table, and say he had a devil; nor that the learned Meric Cassaubon should feel such pleasure and emotions as he describes, on reading some parts of Lucretius; that so many should shed uncontrollable tears at some tragedies of Shakspeare, and others experience the most violent agitation on reading or hearing some excellent pieces of poetry; nor that Octavia sank down in a swoon at the recital made by Virgil of the celebrated verses allusive to the death of Marcellus, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*.

This is, no doubt, sufficient to evince the powers of poetry, and show on what were founded those ancient opinions which ascribed it to divine inspiration, and attributed to it so great a share in the effects of sorcery or magic. But as the old romances seem to lessen the honour of true prowess and valour in their knights, by giving such a part in all their chief adventures to enchantment; so the true excellence and just esteem of poetry seem rather debased than exalted by attributing to it a preternatural origin and powers. This opinion among the northern nations grew to be so strong and so general, that about five or six hundred years ago, all the Runic poetry was condemned, and the characters in which it was written forbidden to be used, by the zeal of bishops, and even by orders and decrees of state; which has greatly injured or rather caused the irrecoverable loss of the history of those northern kingdoms, the seat of our ancestors in the western parts of Europe.

The more true and natural source of poetry may be discovered by observing to what god this inspiration was ascribed by the ancients. This was Apollo, or the Sun, esteemed by them the god of learning in ge-

neral, but more particularly of music and of poetry. The mystery of this fable means that a certain noble and vital warmth, animating the subtler organization of the body, but especially the brain, is the true spring of these two arts or sciences. This was that celestial fire which gave such a pleasing motion and agitation to the minds of those men who have been so much admired in the world, and which raises such an infinite variety of images of things, so agreeable and delightful to mankind. By the influence of this sun are produced those golden and inexhaustible mines of invention, which have furnished the world with treasures so highly esteemed, and so universally known and used, in all the regions that have yet been discovered. From this arises that elevation of genius which can never be produced by any art or study, by labour or industry; which cannot be taught by precepts or examples, and therefore is agreed by all to be the pure and free gift of Heaven and nature; and to be as it were a fire kindled from some hidden spark in our original constitution.

But though invention be the mother of poetry, yet this child is, like all others, born naked, and must be nourished with care, clothed with exactness and elegance, educated with industry, instructed with art, improved by application, corrected with severity, and accomplished with labour and with time, before it arrives at perfection. It is certain that no composition requires so many several ingredients, or of more different sorts, than this; or that to excel in any qualities there are necessary so many gifts of nature, and so many improvements of learning and of art. For there must be a universal genius, of great compass, as well as great elevation; there must be lively imagination or fancy, fertile in a thousand productions, ranging over infinite ground, peering into every corner, and, by the light of that true poetical fire, discovering a thousand images

and similitudes, unseen by common eyes, and which could not be discovered without the rays of that sun.

Besides the warmth of invention and activity of wit, there must be the coolness of good sense and soundness of good judgment to distinguish between things and conceptions, which, at first sight, or upon transient glances, seem alike; and to chuse among infinite productions of the imagination such as are worth preserving and cultivating, and to neglect and throw away the others. Without the force of wit, all poetry is flat and languishing; without the aid of judgment it is wild and extravagant. The wonderful quality of poetry is, that such contraries must meet to compose it: a genius both penetrating and solid; in expression both delicacy and strength; and the frame or fabric of a true poem must have something both sublime and just, both astonishing and pleasing. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent, and a great calmness to judge and correct; there must be upon the same tree, and at the same time, both blossoms and fruit. To work up this metal into exquisite figure, there must be employed the fire, the hammer, the chisel, and the file. There must be a general knowledge both of nature and of arts, and, to succeed in the least, genius, and judgment, and application are requisite. Without the latter all the rest will prove unavailing, for no one was ever a great poet who applied himself much to any thing else.

R. S.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON SALUTATIONS.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

THERE is nothing a young man entering the world is more puzzled with than the forms of politeness,

the manner of addressing individuals, and the proper answers to be made upon common occasions; and there is nothing which more marks the gentleman than the ease and propriety with which he acquits himself in these punctilios. Chesterfield has given many excellent and useful directions in his admirable letter, which, for the purity of their morals, and the importance of the remarks, ought to be among the first treatises which are put into the hands of young persons. But there are many other equally important points, which his lordship has not thought fit to touch upon at all: in particular, he has given no directions respecting the manner in which a gentleman ought to take notice of his acquaintance, when he ought to deign the distant nod, and when it may be proper to give a cordial shake-hand reception. The purpose of this essay is to give a few hints upon this subject. It is necessary, however, first to premise, that there is a time to be acquainted, and a time not to be acquainted: in the whole science of salutations, there is not a more important or necessary rule than this. To the rough and unpolished inhabitants of the country, it is a very difficult lesson; and of course, when a young man comes to town, he is frequently guilty of gross mistakes in this particular: and even those about town, who are of a very sanguine temperament, are sometimes apt to forget it: this, however, in general, only happens at first, but after it has been practised a little, becomes perfectly easy and natural. At first, therefore, it ought to be acquired, and parents ought to inculcate it upon their children, amongst the earliest instructions they give them. Thus, for instance, if a gentleman's son be at school, and get fond of the son of a grocer for his amiable qualities (a mistake which may happen among children), the gentleman ought to be admonished, that although his companion may do very well in the school play-grounds,

yet he should never take notice of the like of him when he is out of them. He may not understand the injunction at the time, but when he gets into life he will see its propriety. No gentleman ought ever to take the smallest notice of his inferiors upon the street: inferiors may sometimes be of use, and a gentleman may even be occasionally under the necessity of asking a favour from some of them. When this is the case, he may (if they come plump upon him in turning a corner, or in any other situation in which he cannot possibly avoid them, or pretend not to see them) give a slight inclination of the head, or a wink, or a wave of the hand; but, if observed, he should always take the first opportunity of informing his friends, that he once met the fellow in company, but that he has no other knowledge of him whatever: this will preserve his dignity. There is a custom (and it was an admirable one, which was some time ago very fashionable among the beaux) of appearing short-sighted: this gave a person an opportunity of passing those he did not wish to notice, and furnished an excellent excuse if afterwards accused of it. There is another observation, which is absolutely necessary to be attended to, and that is, *the cut of the coat*; if it is shabby, the former rule must be observed, and the wearer must be noticed or not, as circumstances shall direct, but never if possible. There is, however, an excellent method of noticing these folks, and at the same time preserving one's dignity, an improvement of modern times (for we are always improving), and that is the salute *en militaire*, or the volunteer nod. I shall now give a few directions, to which I request the reader's particular attention; for

“Without all dispute, whate'er may be said,

Much meaning is oft in the turn of the head.”

And, by the bye, among ladies this is a favourite and elegant manoeuvre; a toss of the head, accompanied with a turn up of the nose, is highly expressive and interesting. The sentimental shake, too, has a great deal of beauty.

Before a gentleman, however, performs in public, he ought to practise well at home. He should have a mirror, in which he may see his figure complete, and before it he should practise every shade of salutation, from the distant half wink to the broad friendly grin; and from the respectful bow to the familiar nod. I had intended in this essay to have given different angles of the different bows, and had made several important discoveries; but the mathematician to whom I gave the diagrams to be corrected, was so struck and delighted with the originality of the design, that he carried them along with him to the country, and I much doubt whether they may ever be recovered. I like digressions; but now to our subject. If a gentleman suppose that any person wishes to ask a favour of him, he should take care that his salutation be as distant as possible: a deliberate calm motion of the head will show that you have understood the other's intention, and may possibly save you the trouble of giving a refusal. Should you intend granting a favour, you may assume a little more familiarity, but still preserving the dignified air, which will show that you have not too low an opinion of the service you intend doing him: when it is done, *i. e.*, when the favour is granted, the same mode of salutation ought to be preserved; which will remind the person of the favour you have done him, in case he should appear to have forgotten it.

Suppose a great man (whom you have accidentally met at the play or an assembly), the mode of salutation should be as familiar as possible: this will give your companions a high opinion of your acquaintance.

It must also be remarked, that salutations must be varied, not only according to the person addressed, but regard must be paid to those you may be walking with. Thus, if you meet a friend rather under your own station in life, if you be alone, you may salute him with great cordiality; but if you be walking with one who is rather above it, the highest notice he can expect is a nod *en passant*, which will at once inform him of your companion's importance, and of your own.

Q.

For the Literary Magazine.

MR. B— AND HIS DOG.

SOME little time since died, at Knightsbridge, England, B—, Esq. at the advanced age of 72, at which place he resided for upwards of twenty years previous to his death. Mr. B. was a very singular character, and, from his eccentricities, was generally thought to be a little deranged. In such opinion, however, the writer of this article can by no means concur, unless strong passions, an irritable disposition, a lively imagination, great classical learning, and an extensive reading and observation, be considered as the constituent parts of a madman. He was principally remarkable for an inordinate love of the canine species; but even this was not without some reason, as it appears he was saved from assassination, in his travels through France and Italy, by a dog. He was never, till lately, without four or five very large ones of the setter kind, all lineally descended from the very dog that saved his life. Lately, the old stock was reduced to one; and the others, in part, supplied by a small terrier, and an enormous dog of the Albany breed. They were fed and

lodged in, I may say, a sumptuous style; beef-steaks, buttered rolls, gingerbread, and pastry, were no uncommon diet for them; and, as to lodging, one or two slept in the room with himself; the others were provided with mattresses in other apartments of his house. He kept two lads to wait on them; and, at stated hours, however bad the weather, and in spite of every other consideration, he, himself, took them out for air and exercise: the last of those hours was between one and two in the morning, which necessarily kept him up almost all night. In addition to the dogs he kept, he had, as he termed them, a great many pensioners, that regularly came, some from a great distance, to be fed daily at his door; and, frequently, when he met a half-starved dog in his walks, he would take him to a confectioner's, and treat him with a shilling's-worth of tarts, or (if a hawker of dog's meat chanced to be near) to a more substantial meal of horse-flesh. When any one of his dogs died, it was placed in a kind of coffin; laid in state, for a day or two, with wax candles burning around, and Mr. B. sitting in a disconsolate mood beside it; after which, it was interred with great solemnity; on which occasion Mr. B. generally wrote an elegy, descriptive of the beauty and qualities of his departed friend, the dog; one of which, as a specimen, is subjoined. By his last will, it appears, he hath bequeathed 25l. a year to each of the dogs that were living at the time of his decease. His whole family consisted of his canine friends, the two boys already mentioned, and an old woman. He had an utter aversion to physic; would, consequently, admit of no assistance from the sons of medicine; nor suffer any person to approach him in his last moments. Notwithstanding his whole affection seemed to be settled on his dogs, and there appears an evident spirit of misanthropy in the following elegy, yet he was not devoid of feeling for the human kind, and many an indigent

and unfortunate object will have to deplore his death.

The Elegy.

Shall biped brutes and monsters shine
in verse,
And merit lack the tomb-stone and
the hearse?
Sublimest quadruped, my friend, my
Bluff,
Language were poor, nor painting
rich enough
Thy glowing tints, thy instinct to display:
Nature seem'd Art, while Art confess'd her sway!
Stately his form, and beauteous was
his face,
A full-eyed setter of the finest race;
His pendant trowsers, and his feather'd tail,
Appear'd to waft him as with silken
sail.
These seem'd to lighten and increase
his pace,
Gave wings to speed, and gave to motion
grace:
His striking figure fix'd each curious
eye,
Th' admiring sportsmen prais'd him
to the sky;
Commanding beauty sav'd him from
the stroke
Of savages, who torture out of joke;
The fierce assailants of the bull and
bear
Nor chang'd his course, nor gave him
cause of fear!
His nerves appear'd so admirably
strung,
With all the world to be in unison.
A wire-hair'd terrier, with an eye of
fire,
Sharp and resentful, quickly prone to
ire,
Attach'd to one, hostile to all beside,
With *Bluff* liv'd quiet, sleeping side
by side.
One day, the meal was here, the female
there;
Crab would have each, and watch'd
them both with care:
Bluff yields the trencher, but lays
claim to *Blithe*;
Like anger'd cat, *Crab* doth his body
writhe:
Bluff sternly fix'd him with his fine
large eyes,
Swearing with look oblique—*Crab*
Bluff defies!

His teeth in *Bluff's* long ear a passage found ;

Bluff lifts his paw, and pins him to the ground ;

He then displays an arsenal of teeth, Which, generously, he still forbears to sheath

In *Crab's* most pervious, though undaunted heart.

Alarm'd, I fly the combatants to part. The well-known voice of master and of friend

Suspends their rage—the combat's at an end.

Crab's shagged bristly neck I quick caress ;

Bluff's richly gilt and silver'd coat I press :

The terrier silent crouches at my feet ; While *Bluff*, loquacious, tries my lips to meet.

Haughty, though mild—if accents of reproof

Through anxious fondness made him stand aloof,

Conscious he meant not ever to offend,

His piercing eyes he fasten'd on his friend,

But fawn'd not, stirr'd not, till th' extended arm,

Sure sign of peace, produc'd the wanted charm.

Upbraidings and revenge did ne'er take place,

But joy diffus'd itself through all his face ;

In various tones he then would tell his tale ;

This done, he lick'd my hand, and wagg'd his tail

Some whims he had, congenial to all ; Or gravity, or wisdom, shall I call

His pensive mein ? it savour'd of them both,

By frolic soften'd, as one call'd it forth.

To birds of prey longevity is giv'n, And more rapacious man, who talks of heav'n :

" Whatever is right," the murd'rer cries,

Then steals your purse, and blows out both your eyes :

On this wise plan the dog's fine frame we rate

At twelve years life, then wreck'd by ruthless fate.

Bluff told scarce seven, when Death's tremendous dart,

Struck on each nerve, and anchor'd in the heart .

His master's hand with that of death's was mix'd,

His dying eyes were on his master's fix'd.

The hour of anguish, soften'd by my care,

" Yields some, though small, relief, his loss to bear "

" Hail to thy shade, my dear, my faithful dog ! "

For the Literary Magazine.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE RAVEN.

THE raven is a bird found in almost every region of the world ; it is scattered from the polar circle to the Cape of Good Hope, and the island of Madagascar. It sometimes migrates from the coast of Barbary to the island of Teneriffe. It is found in Mexico, St. Domingo, and Canada ; and no doubt in the other parts of the continent, and in the adjacent islands. He is strong and hardy, uninfluenced by the changes of the weather, and, when other birds seem benumbed with cold, or pining with hunger, he is active and healthy, busily employed in prowling for prey, or sporting in the coldest atmosphere. He has a considerable degree of docility, and may be trained up to fowling like a hawk.

Pliny mentions one Craterus, who was noted for his skill in teaching ravens to fly at other birds, and who could make even the wild ravens follow him. Scaliger relates, that Louis, king of France (probably Louis XII), used to chase partridges with a raven that had been trained to sport ; and Albertus, according to Aldrovandus, saw one at Naples which caught partridges and pheasants, and when urged by the falcons would even fly at other ravens. When domesticated, he will become extremely tame and familiar, may be taught to fetch and carry like a

dog, and will play a variety of amusing tricks. He may be taught to speak like a parrot, and even to sing like a man. "I have," says Dr. Goldsmith, "heard a raven sing the Black Joke, with great distinctness, truth, and humour." These speaking ravens were highly valued at Rome, and Pliny has given us a somewhat curious history of one of them. This bird had been kept in the temple of Castor, and flew down into the shop of a shoemaker, who took much delight in the visits of his new acquaintance, and taught him to pronounce the names of the emperor, and other personages of the royal family. This raven would fly every morning to the rostra, and salute Tiberius, then the two Cæsars, Germanicus, and Drusus; and afterwards the Roman people, as they passed by. The shoemaker was beginning to turn rich by those who came to see this wonderful raven, when an envious neighbour, displeased at the shoemaker's success, killed the bird, and deprived the shoemaker of his future hopes of fortune. The injured shoemaker laid his case before the people, who espoused his cause, punished the man who had done him the injury, and gave the raven all the honours of a magnificent interment.

This bird, however, at least in his wild state, has always laboured under the reputation of the worst of qualities. He is accused of a most gross and indelicate voracity, which is allured by every putrid exhalation, and gratified by the foulest carrion. He is represented as the most cowardly, ignoble, and disgusting of all rapacious birds. His ordinary victims are the most feeble and innocent and defenceless animals, such as the lamb and the leveret; though he will sometimes attack with success those of larger size; for it is said he will pluck out the eyes of buffaloes, and, fixing on the back, tear off the flesh deliberately. His ferocity is the more odious since it is not incited by the cravings of hunger, but seems to arise from an innate delight in blood and carnage;

for he can subsist on fruits, seeds of all kinds, and, indeed, will eat almost any thing. This voracity has procured the raven a different treatment in different countries; for in those which are poor, or thinly peopled, he may prove burthensome and expensive; while in those which are wealthy and populous, he may be found of use to devour various kinds of filth produced in them. Hence it was, perhaps, that in England formerly, accordingly to Belon, who wrote in 1550, it was forbidden to hurt this bird; while in the small islands of Ferro and Malta a reward was given for every one that was killed.

Among the ancients, when the pretended science of augury made a part of religion, the raven, though always, no doubt from his above-mentioned habits, his gloomy colour, and his hoarse cry, accounted a bird of ill omen, was a particular object of superstitious attention. All his various motions, and every circumstance of his flight, were carefully observed and studied; and no less than sixty-four different inflections of his voice were distinguished by the priests, to each of which was assigned a determinate signification. Some, it is said, even carried their credulity and extravagant folly so far as to eat the heart and entrails of these birds, with the hope of acquiring, like them, the power of foretelling future events.

In the wild state, the raven is a very active and greedy plunderer: whether his prey be yet living or has been long dead makes no difference to him; he falls to with the same voracious appetite, and, when he has gorged himself, flies to call his fellows, that they may share in the spoil. If the carcase be already in the possession of some more powerful animal, as a wolf, a fox, or a dog, the raven sits at a little distance, content to continue a humble spectator till they have done. If in his flights he perceives no indication of carrion, and his scent, it is said, is so exquisite that he can

smell it at a vast distance, he satisfies himself with food which it is supposed he relishes less, such as fruits, insects, and whatever a dunghill may present. Buffon, however, tells us that Hebert, who was for a long course of years an attentive observer of ravens, never saw them tear or mangle dead carcasses, or even settle on them: he was therefore of opinion that they prefer insects, and especially earth-worms, to every other kind of food.

The ravens build their nests on high trees, or old towers; and lay five or six eggs, of a pale green colour, marked with small brownish spots. They usually build about the beginning of March, and sometimes sooner, according as the spring is more or less advanced for the season. The female sits about twenty days, during which the male supplies her with food, of which he commonly provides a very large quantity: for the peasants sometimes find in the ravens' nests, or near them, great heaps of grain, nuts, and fruits. It has been indeed conjectured, that these hoards are collected not merely for the female during incubation, but for the support of both through the winter. Whatever may be their motives, it is certain that ravens, as well as jackdaws and other birds of the same tribe, are much addicted to hoarding and concealing, not only provisions, but other things which attract their notice, especially bits of metal, small pieces of money, or any glittering substance.

They often avoid towns, and seek unfrequented places for their nests, from the vicinity of which they drive away all other birds. They will not, according to some accounts, even permit their young to remain in the same district, but drive them from it as soon as they are able to shift for themselves. Martin, in his Description of the Western Isles, avers that there are three small islands among the number, in each of which were a pair of ravens, who drove off all other birds as soon as they made their appear-

ance, with loud cries, and great violence. According to Hebert, however, who, as was said above, made, for so long a time, so many observations on the nature and habits of ravens, these birds are particularly attentive to their young during the whole summer after they are hatched, and protract the education of their brood beyond the period when they are able to provide for themselves.

The age at which the young ravens have acquired their full growth is not determined; nor is it known how long they will live. Hesiod asserts, that a raven will live nine times as long as a man; and though this is certainly poetical fiction, it is said to be well ascertained that they will live a hundred years or more. Buffon says, "they have been known to attain to that age in several parts of France; and, in all countries and all ages, they have been reckoned as birds extremely long lived."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ORIGIN OF VILLA VICIOSA.

AT the distance of about fifty miles from Madrid, is a little town, pleasantly situated and neatly built, but distinguished by the reproachful appellation of *Villa Viciosa*. Various reasons have been assigned for its receiving this name; and the celebrated father Feijoo, whose essays, published under the title of *Teatro Critico* (The Theatre of Criticism), reflect so much honour on himself and Spain, seldom honoured by literary productions, has written a small tract on this subject, entitled, "The Complaint and Vindication of *Villa Viciosa*." In this tract the town is introduced complaining of the topographers and writers of tours, for falsely depreciating its air, its water, and its soil; and seeking even in the bowels of the earth on which it stands for the cause of an opprobrious

name, with the real origin of which they appear to have been unacquainted.

In other countries, says father Feijoo, vice alone is branded with the stigma of infamy; but in Spain the same reproach attends on whatever is esteemed meanness. Glory is the passion of the country, and a name and long line of ancestry are respected more than any laws divine or human. All errors are treated with severity, and those especially which appear disgraceful in their consequences. When, therefore, a person of noble and illustrious birth marries one who is greatly inferior to him in rank, he forfeits the esteem of all his equals, and is treated by them with the utmost contempt. That which in more liberal and enlightened countries is often an effect of prudence, and at the worst a departure from propriety, which may claim forgiveness, is there a more lasting infamy even than depriving a fellow-creature of life.

In the days when the extravagant punctilios of high birth were scrupulously attended to, and long before Cervantes had laughed them and some others out of fashion, a Spanish nobleman of the first class, whose name the author has suppressed, to avoid giving offence to his family, discovered captivating charms, and the most estimable virtues, in a person greatly his inferior. The Spaniards of those days held gallantry to be honourable, while they treated a disproportionate marriage as the worst of crimes. The nobleman attacked the fair, of whom he had become enamoured. He rode before her window; he procured music to serenade her; he displayed before her all the splendour of dress and equipage, which was suitable to his distinguished rank and fortune; and invoked her in amorous songs, as the inspiring genius by whose influence he became superior in every manly and liberal exercise.

The lady was less reserved, than, perhaps, she would have been, had

her station in life been more exalted. She saw him freely, and he flattered himself that success was certain. When he poured forth all his passion, she owned that she did not view him with indifference. He was in extasies at his conquest: but it was a short-lived glory; for when he spoke of love, she talked of marriage. Having owned her affection for him, she explained the delicate and exalted nature of it; and when he hinted at dishonourable terms, she rejected them with a dignified disdain. He offered her immense sums; but she told him the value of virtue was a thousand times greater. He swore eternal constancy; but she ridiculed his vows, and answered him that there could be no truth in an engagement the foundation of which was in vice. He urged the impossibility of marriage: she told him death was easy. "If you are insincere, my lord," said she, "I ought only to despise you: yet when you leave me, my life must end; and if you love me as you have declared, still less can I consent to live if the irremovable barrier which rank has placed between us must eternally separate me from you and your love, however ardent and sincere, except on terms which must render all my future life dishonourable and contemptible, not only in my own eyes, but, on reflection, even in yours. No: death is unavoidable, and infinitely preferable to either of these dreadful evils." Thus saying, she drew a dagger, exhibiting it as her determined resource.

The nobleman paused, for love reigned absolute in his heart; and he cast down his eyes that he might not too evidently betray his feelings. He entreated her to desist from, at least to delay the execution of her stern purpose; and she granted him all the time he asked. "My life and death," said she, "are yours; and yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, or hereafter, are all equal. What matters it whether I begin this week or the next to be forgotten?"

They parted, and, in despite of custom and prejudice, the Spaniard found that his countrymen were for it; that virtue, always, and in all ranks of life, is and must be honour; and that there could be no just infamy but in forsaking one whose soul disdained the meaness of its birth, and who to the Roman spirit, which could brave death, added the christian reverence for virtue. He married her. Long he pleaded in vain with his family and friends for a pardon of what they considered as a crime; and when he found that pride had banished reason and virtue from their hearts, he retired for ever from them, and, fixing on the delightful spot where this town now stands, built the first house, the remains of which are, it is said, still to be seen.

Example can effect much, though it cannot hastily wean a whole nation from its habitual opinions and deep rooted errors. While the grave folly of the nation maintained the spirit of contempt against this innovator, any one whom love reduced to his condition, when he could not prevail on terms of infamy, consented to retire. The first erected edifice had soon its similar companions, and there arose an elegant town on the ruins of what the Spaniards call glory. It hence received the ill-merited name by which it has ever since been called; and when any person was observed to show attention to a female beneath him, it was proverbially said, "Such a one is going to settle at Villa Viciosa."

For the Literary Magazine.

ALUM WORKS.

The following is an account of a singular and extensive alum mine near Glasgow:

At Hurlitt, near Glasgow, a spacious excavation remains of nearly a mile in length and breadth, and about five feet in height, in an ancient coal work, which was of

considerable extent in 1620: it consists of the vacancies left by the parts of a stratum of coals five feet thick, which have been removed, and of which there remain pillars 18 feet in diameter, to support the roof; the dip is just sufficient to keep the cavity dry, the coal is now taken up from thirty fathoms depth, and it lies at all depths from that to the surface. Just over this immense cavity, and forming its roof, lies a stratum of aluminous schistus, ten inches thick, that is found over the whole of the bed of coal, which being exposed thus to the atmospheric air, is in a gradual state of decomposition. This process is so slow that, in the long period mentioned, the whole of the ten inches thickness of the roof is in no other place gone. It flakes off by oxigenation and falls down, in which situation the oxigenation continues on the dry floor, and swells up in a fine spicular efflorescence to the height of three, four, and sometimes even the whole five feet of the excavation. A greater number than usual of the pits are left open, which occasions a circulation of the air, that much promotes the oxigenation and efflorescence. In one part of these works is found an efflorescence of sulphate of magnesia in spicula, of about a foot in length, covering a space of about 50 yards square. A bed of lime-stone lies over the schistus, about three feet thick. Among the decomposed schistus beautiful effloresced pyrites are found, and are worked with the other pyrites for copperas. The schistus, in its first stage of decomposition, is of a dirty light brown colour, and gradually becomes whiter as it advances to the last stage, in which it is a light white, or very pale greenish white mass, with much silky or fine fibrous effloresced salt interspersed. This alum work is the largest in Great Britain, and probably in the world; it is the property of Messrs. Mackintosh, Knox, & Co. The alum is equal in quality to that of Italy, and large quantities of it are now exported.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FALLS OF
NIAGARA.

*Extracted from the Journal of a
Gentleman who visited them a few
years since.*

THE falls are formed by a general descent of the country between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, of about 300 feet, the slope of which is generally very steep, and in many places almost perpendicular. This general descent of the country is observable for 100 miles to the east, and above 200 miles to the west, or rather north-west of the falls.

The slope is formed by horizontal strata of stone, great part of which is lime-stone. At fort Erie, which is twenty miles above the cataract, the current is sometimes so strong, that it is impossible to cross the river in the ferry-boat. Proceeding downwards, the rapidity of the stream increases. It may, however, generally be crossed by hard rowing in a boat, opposite to the mouth of Chippewa creek. As we rode along the St. Lawrence (viz., from fort Erie, on the Canada side), we heard the sound of the falls, at the distance of ten miles. The wind was north-east, and the air clear: had it been north-west, we should have heard it at a much greater distance. In heavy weather, and with a fair wind, the sound is sometimes heard forty or fifty miles.

The rapids, or first falls, begin about half a mile above the great cataract. In one instance has a man been saved, who had been carried down to them. His canoe was overturned: he retained fast hold of it, and it very providentially fastened itself to the uppermost rock. Some people on shore, seeing this, ventured to his assistance, and saved his life, at the risk of their own.

As we approached the falls the first time, the sun was low in the west, which gave us an opportunity of viewing the beautiful rainbow, which is occasioned by the refraction of his rays on the cloud or fog

that is perpetually arising from them. We afterwards found that the whole phenomenon is never viewed to so much advantage, from the Canada side, as in a clear evening. The vast fog ascending from the grand cataract, being in constant agitation, appears like the steam of an immense boiling cauldron. In summer it moistens the neighbouring meadows, and in winter, falling upon the trees, it congeals, and produces a most beautiful crystalline appearance. The view of this fog at a distance, which, when the cause of it is known, is in itself a singular phenomenon, fills the mind with awful expectation, which, on a nearer approach, can never end in disappointment.

The first sight of the falls arrests the senses in silent admiration. Their various hues, arising from the depth, the descent, and the agitation of the water, and the reflection of the sun-beams upon them; their great height; their position between lofty rocks, and their roaring noise, altogether render them an unparalleled display of nature's grandeur. But what chiefly distinguishes them, and gives them a majesty incomparably superior to any thing of the kind in the known world, is the vast body of water which they precipitate into an immense abyss.

The St. Lawrence is one of the greatest rivers of America. It is very deep, and about 742 yards wide at the falls. The perpendicular descent there is about 140 feet, down to the level of the water below. How far the water rushes downwards, still further within the chasm underneath, is uncertain. It falls fifty-eight feet within the last half mile above the falls, which adds to the force and velocity of the cataract. The sound occasioned by the great and precipitate fall of such a vast body of water has the most grand effect that can be conceived. It far exceeds in solemnity any other sound produced by the operations of nature. It is only at the Niagara falls that the force of that figure made use of in the book of *Revela-*

tions can be fully felt: "I heard a voice as the voice of many waters." And what did that voice say? It proclaimed aloud, as if all Heaven spoke, "Hallelujah; for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." This is the language that has been thundered, for ages, from the falls of Niagara.

Every hour of the day, and every change of the weather, varies the scenery of this romantic, this magnificent display of the wonders of nature, compared with which, every attempt of art to produce the sublime sinks into utter insignificance. The first day we spent there, the weather was clear. The next day it became cloudy, and rained a little. As we were desirous to enjoy the prospect before us from every possible point of view, we went down the high bank, below the cataract, into the immense chasm below, and from thence walked, or rather climbed, along the rocks so near the cataract till it appeared ready to overwhelm us.

The descent, though steep, is not dangerous. General Simcoe, the late governor of the province, caused a ladder to be fixed in the most perpendicular part of it, which is so safe, that his lady ventured to go down it. Below, the air is, in some places, strongly tainted with the smell of dead fish, which lie in great numbers on the beach. Every creature that swims down the rapids is instantly hurried to destruction. We had seen a loon a little above them, which was, unknowingly, approaching swiftly to its ruin. Even birds, which fly above them, are frequently impelled downwards by the strong current of the air, as their shattered fragments among the rocks do attest*.

When the river is low, it is easy to walk up to the foot of the falls: but, when high, one has to climb over rocks and piles of large loose stones, for near half a mile. This

last was the case when we were there. In many places, the impending masses of stone seemed ready to fall upon us.

It is known that the falls are divided into the great and lesser falls, by means of a lofty island between them. At the place of descent, we were nearly opposite to the lesser falls, the waters of which rush down in a direction nearly parallel with the beach we walked along. They are again divided into two very unequal falls, the least of which probably discharges more water than the great fall of the Rhine in Switzerland, which is the most famous water-fall in Europe.

We now approached the great fall, which discharges at least four times as much water as the two lesser ones together. It is nearly in the form of a horse-shoe. We observed below what is imperceptible above, that this fall has not throughout the same pitch. In the hollow of it, where the greatest body of water descends, the rocks seem to be considerably worn away. We cannot, however, subscribe to the opinion, that the cataract was formerly at the northern side of the slope; near the landing; and that from the great length of time, the quantity of water, and the distance which it falls, the solid stone is worn away, for about nine miles up the river, towards lake Erie.

This notion seems extravagant. The island which separates the falls is a solid rock, and so high, that the river can never have run over it. Its bank towards the falls runs in the same direction with them, and at the same time does not project beyond them, which would surely be the case, if the whole body of rocks, from which the water descends, was fast wearing away. The situation and appearance of the falls is exactly the same as described and delineated by the French artists, 160 years ago. Besides, according to the laws of motion, the principal pressure of the water here must be in the direction in which it moves, and consequently not against the

* Perhaps these were the fragments of water fowl, in which case the above remark is incorrect.

rocks it merely flows over, and where it meets with no opposition. There is less probability of the bottom wearing away here than in any other river of equal depth, where there are no such falls: for where the current is so very strong, the pressure downwards must thereby be very considerably diminished. And, for the same reason, the water being ejected far beyond the precipice, acts with little force against its edge. How then can it wear or bear it away for miles, even in the greatest length of time? If the solid stone at the falls had been carried away at so monstrous a rate as is supposed by some, it might be expected that the rapids would, in length of time, become smooth, or vary their appearance, which has not been observed to be the case.

That the perpendicular descent of such a vast body of water has produced an immense chasm below is more than probable; and that, where the greatest quantity of it falls, the surface of the rocks may, in great length of time, have become more hollow, is very credible. But it appears difficult for us to conceive, that, in any known period, an immense bed of rocks should have been so completely worn away, for nine miles, that no vestige should be left of them, and the falls exhibit, at length, their present appearance. An old Indian told us, that many years since, a grey-headed Chipewa had said to him, "the white people believe that the falls were once down at the landing. It is not true. They were always where they are now. So we have heard from our forefathers." We are led, therefore, to conclude, that the Niagara falls received their present singular position at * * * * *

It is generally supposed, because the assertion has frequently appeared in print, that it is possible to go behind the descending column of water at the falls, and to remain there in perfect safety. Conversation, it has been said, may be held there, without interruption from the noise, which is less there than at a

considerable distance. People who live near the spot have daily to contradict these fables. They have themselves been repeatedly as far as possible under the falls, and are in the habit of conducting strangers there. Their information is, therefore, to be relied on.

Under the Table-Rock (as it is called), from a part of which the water descends, there is, it is true, space sufficient to contain a great number of people, in perfect safety. But how should they get there? Were they to attempt to enter the cavity, behind the fall, the very current of the air (as the guides say), even were the stream of water not to touch them, would deprive them of life. The truth is, it is possible to go under, that is, below the falls, as we did, but not to go behind them.

The motion of the water below the cataract is, as may be supposed, extremely wild and irregular; and it remains so down to the landing. As far as the fog extends, it is impossible to judge of the state of the atmosphere with respect to heat and cold: in summer it cools it, and in winter renders it milder. The surrounding country, on the Canada side, is very delightful, affording charming stations for pleasure-grounds, from whence the falls might be viewed to advantage. On this account, as well as for the sake of trade, the land here will probably, at some future period, sell for a very high price. It is at present (1798) valued at £10 an acre.

The banks around the falls are lined with white pine (*pinus strobus*) and cedar (*thuya occidentalis*).

For the Literary Magazine.

THE HONEST WOMAN.

From the French.

A MARRIED man, who had a lucrative place under government, kept a mistress. His wife, who was

young and beautiful, with concern perceived him withdraw himself from home, and treat his children with indifference ; but having found out the cause, she resolved to have a private interview with her rival.

"Madam (said she to her, amongst other remarks), I am the wife of M***, your lover : seeing you possessed of so many attractions, I am almost inclined to forgive him his infidelity ; but as it is impossible for me to live happy without him, I am come to obtain your succour against yourself. All my husband's fortune proceeds from his place, which he may soon be deprived of. He has no other property to leave his children, excepting a good education ; and if the little he has amassed by a prudent economy is spent from home, his children can hope for nothing from him ; and they must, sooner or later, find themselves in indigent circumstances. With the beauty you possess, you may easily find a richer man than M***. Let me then owe to you the return of a husband I dearly love : an honest family will owe their happiness to you, and will be ever grateful for it." What answer, think you, did the financier's mistress make to his wife ? She addressed her in a jesting tone, and said, "Madam, you have charms enough to fix the heart of your husband ; but since fate will have you and I to be rivals, it is not for me to constrain your husband's inclinations." The lady retired, grievously concerned for acting as she had done, and would not mention the circumstance to her husband, for fear of incurring his anger, and making the breach wider between them : but he was told of it by his mistress with an air of insult ; and this indecent raillery failed not to open the eyes of the husband, and made him renounce from that day so imperious and insensible a mistress ; attach himself to his wife, whose conduct he admired, as well as the first sentiments with which she had inspired him ; and bestowed on his children those caresses which were their due.

For the Literary Magazine.

JULIA OF GAZUOLO.

A Tale from Bandello.

NEAR the castle of Gazuolo, in Lombardy, on the bank of the Oglio, there dwelt a young maid named Julia, daughter of a poor labouring man, who, with his wife and family, inhabited a little thatched cottage. Julia was brought up to labour in the fields, or to assist her mother in spinning and domestic employments at home ; but, notwithstanding this rude and laborious way of life, nature had bestowed upon her all the elegance of form and grace of demeanour that distinguish the most cultivated ranks in society. Her face, shaded by her little hat, received from the sun the high tinge of health, without losing the delicacy of a fair complexion. Her hands, though never idle, were soft and white. She expressed herself with a natural politeness that surprised from a peasant ; and all her actions bespoke her superior to the state in which fortune had placed her. On holidays she led the dance on the green with her rural companions, with a sprightly ease and gracefulness that fixed the eyes of all beholders ; and happy was the youth who could obtain her hand as a partner. It chanced that the chamberlain of the bishop of Mantua, the lord of the castle, was present at one of these festival balls, and was so struck with the figure of Julia dancing, that he became entirely captivated with her charms. He offered himself for her partner, and took her out again and again, scarcely being able to resign her hand for a single dance. Presently he began to talk of love to her, which discourse she received with modest humility, saying that such fine speeches were not fit for the daughter of a poor peasant. He took every occasion to repeat his addresses, and made her abundance of flattering offers and impassioned declarations, but all in vain. The

maid, perceiving his dishonest intentions, would not listen to him, but earnestly desired him to cease his importunities. The young man, more and more inflamed with desire, employed an old procuress to carry her some presents, and endeavour to mollify her heart. Julia threw the presents into the street, and threatened to inform the bishop of the old woman's conduct, if ever she should return. The chamberlain, reduced to despair, but still resolving at all hazards to gratify his ardent passion, made a confidant of a footman of the bishop's, and laid a plot to obtain with his assistance by force, what he could not gain by consent. It was the end of May, and the corn was high. Julia often went by herself to the field, and it was determined to way-lay her at a distance from home. The chamberlain first approached her alone, and seeing her alarmed, began in a gentle tone to repeat his suit. She prayed him not to molest her, and with hasty steps turned homewards. He took her by the hand, under pretence of conducting her; and as soon as they had got into the path through the corn-field, he threw his arms round her neck, and offered to kiss her. She, struggling to escape, and calling for help, was stopt by the footman who had lain concealed, and thrown down on the ground. They put a gag into her mouth to prevent her from calling out; and, in that situation, while the footman held her hands, the chamberlain brutally forced her. The tears and moans of the poor victim were so far from exciting his pity, that he repeated his abuse. He then raised her, and took the gag from her mouth, and with the most amorous expressions and promises endeavoured to pacify her. She made no other reply than to beg he would let her go home. He renewed his entreaties and soothing speeches, while she all the while wept inconsolably. At length, to put an end to his importunity, she said, "Youth, you have had your will of me, and have satisfied your

dishonest desires; let me go, I beg of you; be contented with the cruel injury you have already done me." The lover, upon this, suffered her to depart. After bitterly weeping some time longer, she put her hair and clothes in order, wiped her eyes, and went home.

When she came to her father's house, she found no one there but a little sister, about ten years of age. She went to a small trunk in which she kept her little finery, and, stripping off the cloaths she wore, dressed herself entirely in her cleanest and best apparel. She put on a white jacket and petticoat, a worked handkerchief round her neck, white silk stockings, and red shoes. She drest her hair in the most elegant manner, and put on an amber necklace. All her other things she gave to her little sister. Thus decorated as if she was going to a dance, she went out with her sister in her hand, and called at the house of an aged woman, her friend, who lay in bed sick and infirm. To this good woman she told every thing that had happened to her, concluding the sad story with saying, that after she had thus lost her honour, which was the only thing for which she wished to live, she could not think of enduring life; that never should any one point her out, and say, there is the girl that has become a wanton, and dishonoured her family; that no friend of hers should be reproached with the tale that she had consented to her ravisher's will, but that she would give a manifest proof, that although her body had been violated by force, her mind was unstained. She begged her to inform her parents of the whole transaction, and bidding her a last farewell, she went forth towards the river. The little girl followed weeping, though she knew not why. As soon as Julia arrived at the bank, she threw herself headlong into the depth of the stream. Her sister's piercing shrieks drew together a number of people, but too late. Resolved upon death, she had instantly sunk to the bottom, and never rose more.

The body was found after a long search, and was brought home amid the tears and lamentations of all the women, and even the men, of the surrounding country. The chamberlain and footman, hearing of the catastrophe, made their escape. The bishop, desirous of showing every honour to her remains, as she could not be buried in consecrated ground, had a sepulchre of bronze made for her near the place, on which a marble pillar was raised, inscribed with the fatal story.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

MR. JENNINGS, who is mentioned in the correspondence of Warton as an extraordinary character, was living three years ago, and made good his claim to the title. He might have been properly numbered in the first class of British curiosities. He resided in the parish of Chelsea, and by the singularity of his dress and the oddity of his deportment attracted considerable attention. His house was an elegant retreat, with all the materials in itself of opulent embellishment, in rare and striking abundance; but the incongruity of their combination rather excited wonder than admiration; the novelty of the exhibition was nevertheless exquisitely entertaining for half an hour.

The tables, the chairs, and the greater portion of the floor of his beloved apartment were scattered over with books, manuscripts, pictures, china, together with an accumulation of gold and silver coin, and dirt, which extended itself without interruption to every part of his arm-chair. His manners were disengaged and courteous, but he seldom conversed in the ordinary mode of dialogue. His sentences were usually brief, and rather too weighty for ordinary use; but, on happier occasions, his style became easy, copious, unaffected, and

familiar. His anecdotes of the old court, his observations in the course of his travels, and his critical remarks on the writers of the present day, were all in the highest degree interesting; but the favourite topic of Mr. Jennings was his own authorship. "As our best conceptions (he said) are ever fortuitous, and never to be depended upon if not instantly seized," he had been in the habit of writing down, for near forty years past, every idea that fancy supplied, and which memory might only imperfectly and capriciously at subsequent periods renew. On subjects of taste and the belles lettres he expatiated with great delicacy and correctness; and in pointing out the latent merits of his paintings, collected at immense expence, he discovered the nicest perception of beauty, and all the sensibility of a man of genius. Mr. Jennings seemed no less anxious to be distinguished as a philosopher; he had touched on a variety of topics with great perspicuity, freedom, and spirit; but many of his theories were whimsical and visionary, yet his morality was sound, and his conduct did honour to his morality. Several fragments of great poetical beauty and exquisite research were occasionally shown to his more intimate friends; and also a few argumentative tracts, which, though all evidently written to illustrate *his own* thoughts, were eminent proofs of intellectual vigour and ability.

Mr. Jennings' metaphysical productions were very elaborate; many of them have already appeared in print, but were never intended for general circulation. Their subjects were too abstruse to afford to the writer of this account any very luminous or distinct ideas, but they appeared to be valuable proofs of superior intelligence, and of great depth of reflection. When he spoke of the present vividness of certain mental impressions independent of foreign agency, as during sleep, he expressed his thorough and animated belief that the faculty of consciousness and recollection under

certain modifications would be extended to spirit, and perpetuated by the wisdom and goodness of God through every progressive stage of future existence. Several essays on painting, sculpture, and music, bore the marks of a masterly hand.

Mr. Jennings had rendered the *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso*, of Dante into very elegant, spirited, and classical English. His account of the stage, as it existed in his youth, was extremely amusing. The comparative merits of rival candidates for dramatic fame were treated with great critical skill, but produced no very splendid eulogium in favour of the theatrical performers of the present day. Mrs. Siddons he complimented judiciously, but by no means enthusiastically. He complained of the fashionable *whine* of all the modern tragedians, and the contagious shake of the head, that was utterly destructive of true dignity and grace. Of lord Orford, as an antiquarian, he spoke contemptuously. His pictures of Dr. Johnson were executed with infinite spirit; they differed materially from those already in our possession, but of their truth of colouring we could not doubt. All that remains to be said of this extraordinary personage is, that it was his express desire that his body after his decease should be burned.

For the Literary Magazine.

BOMBARDMENT OF COPENHAGEN.

THE following letter from a respectable merchant in Copenhagen exhibits a melancholy picture of the consequences of the late bombardment of that city by the British, which will be read with a lively interest by every feeling mind. The peculiar situation of this unfortunate country renders this statement doubly interesting to Americans, and has induced us to preserve it in this miscellany.

Copenhagen, Sept. 9, 1807;

GENTLEMEN,

Circumstanced as at present, without books or papers to refer to, I must claim your indulgence for waving the subject of business, and confining the views of my present respects solely to the communication of myself and family being in existence, unhurt, and yet in health; likewise the cursory detail of those incidents that succeeded the date of my last address. If my memory be not affected, I think I advised you of the appearance of the fleet, army, &c., in our roads. I shall not now follow the occurrences in succession, but observe, that for ten days they continued to experience the most friendly hospitality from the inhabitants, as well as aid in victualling and providing of their shipping, &c., both at Elsinour and here, without the smallest jealousy or suspicion of intended hostility.

At the expiration of that time, Mr. Jackson suddenly appeared in this city with the modest demand of our navy as a deposit against French intrigue and influence, to be restored at the period of a general peace. The demand was peremptorily refused by the junior Bernstoff, deputed to sit here in the absence of the prince royal, and the older minister, Bernstoff. The audience and discussion at the end of this demand lasted but an hour, when Mr. Jackson took leave and refuge on board the fleet. The second morning after, the town was in a convulsed state, from the well authenticated report of twenty thousand troops having landed, at about the distance of six English miles. Such was the confidence of this government, in the characteristic honour of yours, that the necessity for preparatory opposition was wholly overlooked until this latter event was fully proved and established. In this state of affairs, and being without any regular troops, the defence of the city was left to about six thousand militia, the burghers, students, &c., all of whom exerted themselves

day and night in fortifying the ramparts round the city, and making every necessary preparation for defending the honour of their king and country.

In this occupation they were employed, I believe, twelve days incessantly, when a flag of truce appeared for the governor, Peyman, with a demand similar to Mr. Jackson's, that met the same fate. This brought forward, the day following, a proclamation from Gambier and Cathcart, explaining the circumstances that impelled the king, their master, to adopt the measures which menaced the refusal of their demand through Mr. Jackson, and wishing to impress the ideas of *friendly intention* towards the government, in case it would yield to the object of their expedition. This proclamation brought forward frequent interchanges of flags and estafetts, that eventually terminated in the surrender of the town being demanded, with this addition, that, if refused, the bombardment would on the following day commence.

For many nights previous to this, several skirmishes took place between the enemy and a corps of volunteers, composed of youths from the different respectable families of the city, whose active ardour and spirit merited a better fate than eventually awaited them, as upwards of 80, besides double the number desperately wounded, fell in the detached conflicts.

Intended hostilities being now announced, it was time to provide lastly for the women and children. Having of this description 16 in number under my protection, I was constrained to appoint a cellar 16 feet square, as the only place of refuge or seeming safety. In this we remained from Wednesday the 2d of September until the Sunday following (God be praised), unhurt, notwithstanding the front of my house, the offices, with every window-frame and glass being hurt and destroyed by the showers of shot that struck and burst around me.

The operations of the first night

having ended, a flag was sent in, but indignantly dismissed.

On Friday, after Thursday night's hostilities, a second appeared but was refused; the consequence was observed in the determined resolution of the enemy to exert their every power on Friday night, in reducing the city to ashes. About ten o'clock of that night, two of the principal churches were assailed by shells and rockets; these took fire, and, notwithstanding the continued exertions and persevering activity of the firemen and engines, communicated to, and totally destroyed, upwards of 430 large and commodious newly erected houses, two churches, rendered more than 800 houses unfit for winter-dwelling, and left, after cursory examination, scarcely 160 houses without more or less injury. The loss of inhabitants cannot be yet ascertained, but from the many missing whom I have individually known, I fear it is great indeed.

The governor, burghers, &c., now saw the impossibility of further resistance, and capitulated on Saturday, with the delivery of the citadel, the two arsenals, and the whole of the fleet; further as to particulars I am not able to go, therefore will cease with hostilities, and endeavour to impress you with the idea of effects.

Besides the houses consumed and damaged in the city, the governor ordered those of the leading avenues and suburbs to be burnt; of these it is supposed 380 were levelled, so that, on the whole, at the present moment, it is supposed that nearly 10,000 people of various descriptions are and will be exposed to every inclemency of weather, present and approaching, without the possibility of being provided for at this late season, having lost every chance of repairs by the loss of the various deposits of public and private timber, that would otherwise assist in affording temporary shelter.

Take this, my dear friends into consideration: were you but half an hour witnesses of what I have yesterday and this day beheld, I am

satisfied you would be more affected than if I were days employed in detailing the existing miseries and distresses, and; here without the prospect of even temporary alleviation, so generally are they felt and distributed. Let me conjure you therefore as friends, as men divested of those principles that now appear to be adopted by your government, to come forward, arrest the attentions and considerations of the humane and charitable publicly and privately, in behalf of thousands who have fallen victims to the most wanton instance of unprovoked aggression at this day on record. Where is the boasted national character? Henceforth lie still anti-jacobins, Mallet du Pan, flowery preachers, orators, and pamphleteers, for now your labours are in vain, and become vague and futile. The drum beats for a war of extermination; piracy and plunder are now the order of the day.

Forgive me, gentlemen, if any personal feelings urge me thus harshly to anticipate the future result of late operations here; but, in the mean time, pardon my once more calling your attention to the numerous crowds of widows, aged, and orphans, that now look up to the benevolent and charitable, and imploring your individual exertions in behalf of their wretchedness and sufferings. Were it possible for only ten gentlemen who daily meet at Lloyd's to take a moment's glance into my house, offices, and cellars, alone, I am confident the object of my solicitations would be accomplished. Yours, &c.

N. B. I have scrawled this over in a state of mind not the most enviable, and at a hazard when or how it is to be conveyed.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

MR. THOMAS DOBSON, of this city, has issued proposals for pub-

lishing, by subscription, a New Translation of the Sacred Scriptures. The Old Testament from the Greek of the Septuagint; and the New Testament from the most correct Greek Text; with occasional notes. By Charles Thomson, Esq., late secretary to the congress of the United States.

Kimber, Conrad, & Co. intend shortly to publish, from the second London edition, enlarged and improved, Accum's Chemistry, in 2 vols., 8vo., with plates; price, neatly bound and lettered, five dollars.

C. & A. Conrad & Co. have lately published the first volume of the American Register, or General Repository of History, Politics, and Science, for 1806—7.

By a report of adjutant-general Hunt, lately laid before the assembly of New Jersey, it appears that the militia of that state amounts to 33,360 men.

Mr. Kellogg, of New Marlborough, has invented a shearing machine, which promises to be very useful, not only to clothiers, but in promoting the woollen manufacture in this country. The machine is worked either by water or hand, and is said to shear cloth, by a moderate movement, at a rate of two yards per minute.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts has received an important aid in the loan of sixteen pictures for the term of one year; those works, the property of Robert Fulton, are in the most exquisite style of painting, and are now exhibited at the academy, where public curiosity and a fine taste may be gratified.

The first picture, thirteen feet long by ten high the figures as large

as the life, is painted by our immortal countryman, West. It represents King Lear in the storm, and at the entrance of the hovel. This work is in the most heroic and poetic style of composition: the grandeur which is displayed in the figure of the grey-headed old man; his distress, approaching to madness, contrasted with the calmness and kind attentions of his friends, Gloucester and Kent; the silly indifference of the fool, and the sullen melancholy of mad Tom, are admirably conceived; the drawing and drapery of this picture has never been surpassed by any artist; the colouring is very fine; the *clair obscure* well observed; the burst of lightning and glare of torch light through the storm of rain and gloom of night produce an *effect*, a *tout ensemble*, which cannot be described, and must be seen to be sensibly felt and understood.

The companion to this picture is of the same size, and is also painted by Mr. West. It is taken from a scene in Hamlet, representing Ophelia before the king and queen, who, seated on the throne, appear struck with conscious guilt; the beautiful Ophelia is one of the most elegant figures we have ever seen: she is robed in white; her flaxen locks hang in loose disorder over her forehead, and down to her waist; with her left hand extended, she carelessly strews around her the *rose* and *thyme*, while her eyes exhibit a wandering of mind and a delirious indecision. Yet she is mild and gentle; rage makes no part of her character: in her we contemplate the most beautiful and interesting of her sex, whose sensibility has bereaved an elegant mind of reason; and we feel inclined to sympathize in all her sorrows.

In these works, the Lear possesses the boldness, grandeur, and dignity of a mind accustomed to command, &c. The Ophelia has all the softness and delicacy of execution which is necessary to the female character.

These two paintings are in the

true style of classic composition, and, while they excite the highest respect for the talents of the artist, they reflect great honour on the genius of our country: they are of themselves a basis for forming a good taste in our new school of art.

The third picture is painted by Mr. West's eldest son, Raphael, and is the only one which he ever executed of the size. It is from the play *As You Like it*, representing Orlando and Oliver in the forest. This picture has something very original: it approaches to the style of Salvator Rosa, is well imagined, finely drawn, and boldly executed. On examining it we have to lament that the world is not in possession of more of the works of this gentleman, for his genius is certainly of the highest order.

The next are the Columbiad paintings, eleven in number, taken from different scenes in that elegant and patriotic poem of Joel Barlow, lately published in this city. They are each thirteen and a half inches long by ten and a half inches wide, painted by Smirke, and in a style of delicacy and high finish which has not been seen in this country: the compositions are sublime and poetic, the colouring rich, the tonings warm and harmonious. These works, relating chiefly to the history of our country, are extremely interesting, and may be considered as gems in the art.

Added to these is a portrait of Mr. and Mrs. West in one picture, painted by Mr. West. Also, a portrait of Mr. Fulton, painted by Mr. West. They are executed in a masterly style.

The Angel appearing to the Shepherds, by Pynaker, is a most charming work for effect and transparency.

The Troubadour playing on the violin, by Skalkin, is good.

The Slaughtered Bullock, by Ostade, a very curious piece of still life.

The Flemish Boors, by Brower.

Portrait of an Old Man, by Ravintine, curious for its high finish.

Adam and Eve, and the Death of Abel, is by an Italian artist, whose name we cannot announce at present.

The Earl of Stanhope, and a portrait of Joel Barlow, Esq., by Robert Fulton, Esq.

In addition to the above, are a number of fine paintings, belonging to Mr. Lichleightner, and on sale.

It is with pleasure we announce, that the monument to be erected to the memory of the officers of the navy, who fell during the different attacks made by our squadron on the city of Tripoli, in 1804, has arrived at Boston, in the United States frigate Constitution, and that it will shortly be landed at the navy yard at Washington.

The expense of this beautiful piece of sculpture, which, for grandeur of design, elegance of execution and size, far excels any thing of the kind ever seen on this side of the Atlantic, has been defrayed out of the slender means of the officers of the navy.

We understand that the manager, captain David Porter, intends, in behalf of his brother officers to present it to the city of Washington, only reserving to himself the privilege of choosing the spot where it is to stand, and that Mr. Latrobe has generously offered his services in putting it up.

To convey some idea of this monument, we subjoin a short though imperfect description.

Its base is 16 feet square, and its height 23 feet. It is composed of the purest white marble of Carrara, with ornaments and inscriptions of gilt bronze. The pedestal is highly ornamented with inscriptions, representative of the actions, trophies of war, &c., in bas relief, and supports a rostral column, surmounted by the arms of the United States. Fame, standing on one side of the pedestal, with the palm and laurel, crowns an urn, which bears this inscription :

*Hic Decoræ Functorum in bello
Firorum Cineres.*

History, seated at the base, looking back, recording these events. Mercury, the genius of commerce, lamenting the death of his protectors. A female Indian representing America with two children bearing the fasces explaining to them the events, and four large bronze lamps representing the flame of immortality.

On the pedestal appears the following inscription in letters of gilt bronze :

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY
of captain Richard Somers, Lieutenants James Caldwell, James Decatur, Henry Wadsworth, Joseph Israel, and midshipmen John H. Dorsey,
Who fell in the different attacks that were made on the city of Tripoli, in the year of our Lord, 1804, and in the XXVIII year of the independence of the United States.

A flame of glory inspired them,
And Fame has crowned their deeds.

History records the events; the children of Columbia admire, and Commerce laments their fall.

As a small tribute of respect to their memory, and admiration of their valour, so worthy of imitation, their brother officers have erected this monument.

The monument has been imported in fifty-one large cases, and weighs above fifteen tons. The figures are as large as life, and the whole will cost above 3000 dollars, which is to be raised at the following rates of subscription: commanders \$20, wards room officers \$10, and officers of the rank of midshipmen, &c., \$5. The subscription, we understand, is nearly completed; and, from the known spirit and generosity of our officers, we are confident it will soon be closed.

The culture of carrots in this country has been but little in practice; but by those who have made the experiment, they are found to contain more nutriment than either

potatoes or turnips, and may be cultivated in far greater abundance, upon the same space of ground. It is said, and by good authority, that *nine hundred and sixty bushels** have been raised upon one acre.

They make a good table sauce; but the greatest object in cultivating them is for the use of feeding and fattening swine, horses, and cattle. They are so easily cultivated, and so hardy, that they may be raised in fields to great advantage. They will grow well in a soil that is but moderately rich, if it be ploughed deep and made mellow. Owing to the form of the root of this plant, and their penetrating so deep into the earth, it is but rarely injured by droughts, that cause other vegetation to droop, and many kinds to die.

The ground should be ploughed in the fall preceding, and ploughed very deep: it must be well harrowed before sowing, first with a heavy harrow, and afterwards with a lighter one. After the seed is sown, the ground should be raked, otherwise, the seed being so light, and of a forked form, if it be harrowed, it will be too much collected.

The last week in April is the proper time for sowing, but later will answer. I have known good crops raised, that were sown as late as the middle of June. The earlier they are sown, the larger they will grow; but they are not so good for table use as those which are sown later. There will be no danger in thinning them early, as they are a plant that are seldom diminished by insects.

The European farmers make a practice of harrowing them after they have grown to some bigness. It is said that not one in fifty will be destroyed by the operation; it will loosen the soil, and greatly forward their growth. But it will be advisable to go among them after harrowing, and uncover those which

are buried under heaps of mould.

It will be found, by those who will try the experiment of raising carrots, to be a great improvement in our present system of agriculture.

A new method of curing convulsions has been practised in the hospitals of Germany, with great success. It was first resorted to by the late M. Stutz, a physician of eminence in Suabia, and he was led to this important discovery from the analogy of a simple fact. M. Humboldt had announced in his work upon the nerves, that on treating the nervous fibre alternately with opium and carbonate of pot-ash, he made it pass five or six times from the highest degree of inactivity, to a state of perfect asthenia.

The method of M. Stutz, who has been employed with the greatest success in the German hospitals, consisted in one alternate internal application of opium and carbonate of pot-ash. It has been seen that when thirty-six grains of opium, administered within the space of twenty-four hours, produced no effect, the patient was considerably relieved by ten grains more of opium, employed after giving the alkaline solution. This new treatment of tetanus is worthy of attention.

Some time ago, a piece of ground at Allonby, in Cumberland, was sold, by public auction, at the rate of 4641*l.* per acre, and the situation possesses no superior advantages whatever.

The Russian sloop of war *Diana*, captain Golivin, arrived at Spithead, on the 29th of September, from St. Petersburg, fitted for a voyage of discoveries in the Northern Pacific Ocean. She is to touch at the Brazils, from whence she will proceed, round Cape Horn, to the sea of Kamschatka. The

* This, however, is a very extraordinary produce, and not such as is often to be expected.

object is to explore that coast and sea more to the southward than the great Cook went: where the Russians have lately established several ports.

Mr. Robertson, in a late communication made to the London Royal Society, has related a remarkable circumstance in the history of the variation of the compass. Since 1660, the compass has not varied at Jamaica. It is now what it was in the time of Halley, $6\frac{1}{2}$ degrees east. Of the grants, a map was given upon a magnetic meridian, and the direction of the magnetic meridian remains the same. Since the original grants, new maps upon new scales have been constructed, and all of them are found to agree with the first maps in the direction of the magnetic meridian. The districts were formerly by the cardinal points, and, examined by compass, the lines are found the same. Such well attested facts discover to us how little is truly known of the science of magnetism. And as very much depends upon a full knowledge of the variation, the variation is recommended to every friend of useful discovery.

Dr. Waterhouse, of Cambridge, has lately communicated, from a Madrid gazette, an account of the return of Dr. Balmis to Spain, after a voyage to communicate the vaccination to the Spanish territories. He sailed from Corunna the 30th of November, 1803, and was with his Spanish majesty on the 7th of September last. He passed to the Canary islands, and then the company divided, part going to the Spanish continent of America, and part to the American islands. From America the discovery was made in Asia. From Acapulco, Dr. Balmis passed to the Philippine islands, and from the Asiatic islands to Canton. He has now returned to Spain, with every testimony that in this work of humanity he has disco-

vered just zeal, and has been crowned with uncommon success. We are happy to find also, that the emperor of Russia has assisted the vaccination over his vast dominions, and that it has been widely diffused in Siberia.

Garnerin has made a new and beautiful use of the balloon at Paris. He mounted from the gardens of Tivoli, at night, in a balloon illuminated with 120 lamps. He mounted from the gardens at 11 o'clock on a very dark night, under Russian colours, as a sign of peace. When floating high in the air, above the multitude of admiring spectators, a flight of sky-rockets was discharged at him, which, he says, broke into sparks, hardly rising to his vision from the earth; and Paris, with all its blaze of reflecting lamps, appeared to him but like a spot: like the Pleiades, for instance, to the naked eye. He gained an elevation, he says, of 3000 toises, and speaks with enthusiasm of his seeing the sun rise at that height. After a flight of seven hours and a half, he descended near Rheims, 45 leagues from Paris.

On the 13th of March last, in the afternoon, the inhabitants of St. Petersburg were alarmed by an uncommonly loud clap of thunder. At the moment of this explosion, two peasants belonging to the village of Peremeschajew, in the canton of Wereja, being out in the fields, perceived, at the distance of forty paces, a black stone of considerable magnitude falling to the earth, which it penetrated to a considerable depth beneath the snow. It was dug up, and found to be of an oblong square figure, of a black colour, resembling cast iron, very smooth throughout, resembling a coffin on one side, and weighing about 160 pounds. This meteoric stone was sent by the governor of the province to the minister of the interior, count Kouchobei, by whom it

has been transmitted, for examination, to the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

obtained a royal patent, that entitles him to the sole fabrication of that article for three years.

A German author, who has lately published some statistical observations respecting the state of Europe, says, that Europe contains 171,396 square German miles, of which France either governs directly or protects 38,893; that it contains 182,599,000 inhabitants, of which 37,050,000 obey France, or enter into its federal system; that there are in Europe 2,549,836 soldiers, of which France can put 854,800 in movement. The total revenues of Europe he estimates at 1,173,750,000 florins, of which France receives about 700,000,000 of livres.

The supreme court of justice at Copenhagen lately laid before the king an account of all criminals in the Danish dominions (including Iceland and the Indian colonies), on whom sentence has been passed in the year 1806: in which it is stated that 205 criminals, 18 of whom were foreigners, were in that year sentenced to corporal punishment, 5 for murder, 8 for other capital crimes, 7 for forgery, the rest for inferior offences, and that the number of criminals bears a proportion to the whole population of the kingdom and colonies as one to ten thousand.

Huntingdon, Penn., November 12.

Thursday last was the most remarkable dark day that has ever been witnessed by the citizens of this place. The darkness occasioned by the eclipse of the sun in June, 1806, was nothing in comparison to that of Thursday. The court, which was then sitting, tavern-keepers, and many private families, were obliged to light candles at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and keep them burning for nearly two hours; the fowls went to roost, and every thing had the complete appearance of night. Indeed, it was the opinion of some, that the court ought to have suspended "the business of the country;" as there was every appearance of a sudden termination of earthly affairs, and that they, as well as all others, would soon have to appear before a higher tribunal. The morning had been foggy, and the atmosphere extremely cloudy, but whether that could have occasioned the total darkness at noon, we cannot pretend to say.

Dr. Thornton, says an English print, has laid before the public two new cases, in which the oxygen gas has performed striking cures in asthma: the subject of one of these was a Mr. Williams, who had been afflicted in the most alarming manner for several years, but who, by inhaling the oxygen gas, aided with tonic medicines, was perfectly cured in two weeks. Mr. Williams has been free from asthma upwards of two years since the experiment, which he ascribes entirely to the pneumatic medicine.

A Swedish naturalist has discovered the smallest animal of the order of mammalia that has yet been seen; he calls this animal *sorex cimiculus*: it is a kind of earth mouse.

At a Mr. Anderson's, Causeway-side near Edinburgh, a hen has hatched 12 birds. What is extraordinary, one of them has *four legs*, and is doing very well.

A furrier of Copenhagen has invented a method of making black hats of seal-skin, for which he has

About eleven years ago, a large vessel called the Earl of Derby, of

Liverpool, was wrecked near Fraserburgh. The wreck was purchased by a gentleman soon after, but before he could remove any considerable part of her cargo, which was bar iron, the vessel was buried under such an extraordinary depth of sand, as to have been effectually shut up ever since. By a strange revolution in nature, the sand has within these few weeks disappeared, and left the vessel in such a situation that she has been buoyed up, floated off, and taken ashore.

A curious experiment has been tried, and succeeded in old Aberdeen. Some time ago a gentleman removed the nest of a bullfinch, with four eggs in it, from a hedge, and placed it in a cage in his room, where he kept a cock and hen canary. The hen immediately placed herself on the eggs, and continued to sit until she had brought out the birds. The cock supplied his mate with food during the incubation, and

is now equally attentive in feeding the young.

Parpoutier, a celebrated chemist, has discovered a new species of utility, besides the nutritive powers, in the potatoe, and his discovery has been proved in England by stucco plasterers. From the starch of potatoes, quite fresh, and washed but once, a fine size, by mixture with chalk, has been made, and in a variety of instances successfully used, particularly for ceilings. This species of size has no smell; while animal size, putrifying so readily, uniformly exhales a most disagreeable and unwholesome odour; the size of potatoes being very little subject to putrefaction, appears from experience to prove more durable in tenacity and whiteness, and for white-washing should always be preferred to animal size, the decomposition of which always exhibits proofs of the infectious effluvia.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

HERBERT AND LUCY; A PATHETIC STORY.

Founded on fact.

YOUNG Herbert lov'd, with heart sincere,

A beauteous Cornish lass he woo'd;
He gain'd the heart of Lucy dear,
A heart with kindest love endued.

In wedlock join'd, this happy pair
Spent some short months of peaceful joy;

Unhurt by strife, unknown to care,
Their lives pass'd on without alloy.

Down in a mine's recesses damp,
Young Herbert's interests often led;

Their light alone a torch or lamp,
A tread of horror and of dread.

But Lucy cheered his noon's repast,
At eve she met him with a smile;
Each day seem'd happier than the last,
Their hearts were light and free
from guile.

Oh, that my tale might finish here!
Oh, that my pen might fail to trace
The gloomy woe that hovered near,
And snatched them both from Joy's
embrace!

By fate marked out, one hapless day,
His peaceful home young Herbert
left;

His heart was happy, easy, gay,
Alas! 'twas soon of life bereft.

He came no more to meet his bride!
 A widow now she's doom'd to pine!
 By suffocation Herbert died,
 Within the damp pestif'rous mine.

At eve poor Lucy fondly thought
 To welcome home her Herbert
 dear;
 Alas! his corse alone was brought,
 Stretched out in death upon the bier!

Now Lucy, wild with heart-felt pain,
 In shrieks and screams soon spent
 her breath;
 She clasp'd her Herbert's form in vain;
 In vain she pray'd to heav'n for
 death!

She sadly mourn'd, and wept aloud,
 Day after day, his corse beside;
 To Heaven's high will she humbly
 bow'd,
 Yet wish'd with Herbert she had
 died.

"But since, Omniscent Power!" she
 pray'd,
 "Thy mercy spares me from the
 grave,
 Oh, grant me fortitude!" she said,
 "That I the storm of life may
 brave."

The day of burial quickly came,
 The neighbours join'd the mournful
 throng;
 For Herbert bore a virtuous name;
 They lov'd him well; they lov'd him
 long.

The sable train mov'd slowly on,
 Their eyes were dim, were wet
 with tears;
 And Lucy, all her comfort gone,
 Past lingering on, o'erwhelm'd with
 fears.

Full soon they reach'd the hallow'd
 fane:
 The priest poor Herbert's body
 blest.

He pray'd, and sure 'twas not in vain,
 His soul might find eternal rest.

"Ashes to ashes" now he said;
 The earth on Herbert's coffin fell:
 Fond Lucy saw; she shriek'd for aid,
 And fainting heard his passing
 knell!

The friends of Herbert bore her home;
 For days and weeks her senses fled.
 Return'd once more, at Herbert's
 tomb

She wept, and mourn'd her husband
 dead.

A mournful year had pass'd away,
 Her widow'd form with grief was
 worn;

She rued the dire unhappy day
 When Herbert from her arms was
 torn.

The sorrow keen she felt at first
 Had gently sunk to deep regret;
 She hop'd she now had seen the worst;
 She hop'd she might be happy yet.

Her heart at ease, her mind at rest,
 She felt a peace before unknown;
 Her form once more with health was
 blest;
 Her charms with tenfold lustre
 shone.

Alas! ye flattering visions vain!
 Alas! how weak are health and
 charms!
 Too oft ye prove a female's bane,
 And lure some wretch within her
 arms!

This fate poor Lucy's doom'd to prove:
 A wretch address'd her widow'd
 heart;
 He swore eternal faithful love;
 He swore from her he ne'er could
 part.

He press'd his suit; her heart he won;
 He prais'd the holy marriage state.
 "A month, my love, shall make us one;
 Together join'd, we'll smile at fate."

Alas, that man will thus deceive!
 No Herbert this who now address'd,
 But one who, smiling, would not
 grieve
 To plunge a dagger in her breast.

In truth, he did far worse than this;
 A moment's weakness Lucy knew;
 She lost her virtue, lost her bliss,
 Then from her arms the villain flew.

Seduction was his only aim:
 Alas! two well he aim'd the dart!
 He plunder'd virtue's dearest name;
 He prob'd a gentle, tender heart.

Unfeeling, callous, harden'd man !
 Thus to pursue thy hated end ;
 Thus to complete thy horrid plan,
 And leave her lost, without a friend.

No mother, sister, sure thou hast,
 Or else a pang you must have known,
 More keen than if the lightning's blast
 Had dash'd you lifeless on yon stone.

Poor Lucy now for ever lost
 The peace which blest her happier
 state ;

A rose-bud nipp'd by cruel frost
 Will emblem well her hapless fate.

But still each neighbour strove to lend
 Their warmest aid to ease her pain ;
 But keenest woe her spirits rénd,
 And all their efforts prov'd in vain.

In vain they search'd, the wretch to
 find,
 Whose breast soft pity never knew ;
 Whose heart ne'er felt a joy refin'd,
 But still from guilt its pleasure drew.

Yet sure, when sickness racks his
 frame,
 Or wintry age steals o'er his head ;
 With deepest sorrow, foulest shame,
 He'll think on Lucy's fate with
 dread.

Three tedious months she spent in
 grief,
 Her lone companion dumb Despair,
 Her mind was torn beyond relief,
 For Fate had fix'd his empire there.

This time elaps'd ere Lucy found
 That pregnancy increas'd her woes ;
 Alas ! this truth her senses bound,
 And Reason's power for ever froze.

She rav'd on Herbert's hapless fate ;
 And oft she rambled, wan and pale,
 Till midnight's hour proclaim'd it late,
 With hair unbound that met the
 gale.

And still, as Luna chang'd her form,
 Her dire disorder rag'd more fierce ;
 With bosom bare she'd face the storm,
 When angry winds intensely pierce.

One fatal morn, ere Sol uprose,
 Her home she left with ghastly
 stare :
 This time of stillness she had chose,
 To end her life, to end her care.

Impell'd by madness and despair,
 She onward rush'd, with wild af-
 fright ;
 And fled where, nodding high in air,
 Hangs dire Marazion's rocky height.

Beneath this rock tremendous lay,
 In wide expanse, the glitt'ring sea ;
 Sparkling with Sol's majestic ray,
 A sight, poor Lucy, lost on thee.

To you all nature cheerless seems :
 The morning sun imparts no joy ;
 At eve his glorious setting beams
 Doth ne'er thy wilder'd thoughts
 employ.

Profoundest silence reign'd around !
 No noise was heard, save Ocean's
 roar ;
 Where the loud murm'ring surges'
 sound
 Incessant lash'd the pebbly shore.

Now Lucy, madd'ning with her woe,
 In frantic rage her garments tore !
 She wildly view'd the sea below,
 Then headlong plung'd to rise no
 more.

Her beauteous form the waves re-
 ceiv'd ;
 With murmurs soft they gently rose,
 And seem'd as though for her they
 griev'd,
 Who now had ended all her woes !

The morn advanc'd, the day was come,
 The neighbours miss'd their maniac
 friend ;
 Some search'd her gloomy, vacant
 home,
 Some tow'ards the shore their foot-
 steps bend.

Along the wave-worn beach they past,
 Some time their wand'ring search
 was vain ;
 Poor Lucy's corse they saw at last,
 Where loose it floated on the main.

Each wave, as rose the swelling tide,
 Heav'd the fair form towards the
 shore ;
 " Alas ! unhappy friend ! " they cried,
 " Alas ! our Lucy is no more ! "

Their hearts were mov'd at this sad
 sight,
 They wept for her who thus was lost ;

For her whose charms, so gay and
bright,
Were dimm'd by Death's untimely
frost.

Her corse with pious care was borne,
And plac'd within the lonely cot,
Where Herbert's faithful love was
sworn;

'Twas then a peaceful, happy spot.

With Retrospection's pleasing glance
We there beheld content and bliss;
In joy then flew Life's early dance,
An alter'd scene, alas, was this.

"The dismal bell toll'd out for death,"
In solemn tones it call'd her hence;
A black'ning train mov'd o'er the
heath,
Where rose the village church-yard
fence.

The grave that held her Herbert dear
Poor Lucy's lifeless form receiv'd;
The friendly throng all dropt a tear;
For Lucy's woes each bosom heav'd,

They mourn'd her miserable fate;
Not hers the sin, not hers the
shame;

But deepest woe must sure await
The fiend whose arts destroy'd her
fame;

Whose base, deceptive, hellish plan,
To madness drove a feeling mind.
Alas! infatuated man!
Why are you thus to virtue blind?

A modest tombstone marks the place
Where rest this fond but wretched
pair;
On which an after-age may trace,
With tearful eyes, a lesson rare.

Alike the young and gay may learn
To shun all error as their bane;
May learn Seduction's wiles to spurn,
To walk in Virtue's hallow'd train.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE YOUNG WIDOW'S PETITION.

Written for and at the request of Mrs. N.

*How Time's revolving wheel wears down
the edge*

*Of sharp affliction! Widows' sable weeds
Soon turn to grey; drop a few tears
upon 'em,
And dusky grey is turn'd to bridal white;
Then comes the sun, shines through the
drizzling shower,
And the gay rainbow glows in all its co-
lours.*

CUMBERLAND.

PITY the sorrows of a pensive mind,
And, while a widow supplicates,
attend,
Ye gentle-minded masculines, supply
A friendless female with a tender
friend.

A friend I had, whose memory still is
dear,
Who lov'd me with Affection's
warmest glow;
'Twas mutual love first led to Hy-
men's shrine,
And form'd for us a paradise be-
low.

But here no Eden boasts unfading
blooms,
Fell serpents lurk near each terres-
trial bower:
To mar my comfort Death, grim Death
approach'd,
And all the sun-gilt scene began to
lour.

To stay a pale consumption's rapid
course,
Vain were my prayers, vain Escu-
lapius aid;
Life's loitering wheel at length for-
bore to turn,
And my lov'd William sunk in
death's cold shade.

Absorpt in grief, I sank upon the
floor
(Sigh answer'd sigh, and groan re-
echo'd groan);
Careless of life, refus'd refreshing
food,
And seem'd like Niobe, transform'd
to stone.

To please my friends, and chase those
clouds of gloom,
I trod with solemn step the painted
vale;
The flowers I often water'd with my
tears,

And loaded with my sighs the bal-
my gale.

Of, when pale Luna rode the blue
serene,
And cheer'd creation with her sil-
very ray,
I've sought the spot where rests the
man I lov'd,
And lav'd the turf that hides his
mouldering clay.

Twelve tedious months I've worn
these dismal weeds,
Memento sad of bliss for ever past :
Ah, human bliss ! sweet transitory
flower,
The prey of every devastating blast !

Swift lenient Time (that proves the
mourner's friend,
And smoothes the ruffled brow of
stormy care)
Sheds his soft balm upon my wounded
mind,
While Hope suggests to-morrow
will be fair.

Gay Pleasures, crown'd with rose-
buds, with their smiles
Invite my steps to amaranthine
bowers,
Where festive Mirth, combin'd with
bright-ey'd Joy,
With Dance and Song lead on the
jocund hour.

Persuasive Nature says, or seems to
say,
"What, will you bid each sprightly
joy adieu,
Quit the fair scenes where Love and
Youth preside,
And turn recluse at blooming twen-
ty-two ?

"The lily that adorns my verdant
vales
Oft bows beneath moist April's
pelting storm ;
But when bright Phœbus opes his
gladsome eye,
The prostrate floweret rears its
silver form.

"Rouse, rouse thee from this lethar-
gy of grief,
Nor drown Life's spring in showers
of deep distress ?
Forbear to sorrow o'er the insensate
dead,
But with thy radiant smiles the liv-
ing bless.

"Doubtless full many a youth with
partial view
Surveys thy charms, and longs to
call thee his ;
Would gladly wipe thy tear-impearled
eyes,
And joy to see them sparkle into
bliss."

Thus Nature sang, or sweetly seem'd
to sing,
In strains propitious to a youthful
ear ;
Excursive Fancy clapp'd her spangled
wing,
And her attendant sylphs rejoic'd
to hear.

O that this verse, unpolish'd tho' it
flows,
Some swain of pleasing manners
may excite
To come, with Love and Honour in his
train,
And turn this dreary black to cheer-
ful white !

With him I'd range, attended by a
groupe
Of rural Graces and of laughing
Loves,
Through all the sylvan mazes, leafy
shades,
And green retreats of Hymen's
happy groves.

Ye gentle youths who read my plain-
tive tale,
Whose hearts can melt at feminine
distress,
Pity my fate ; and may connubial
Love,
With influence bland, your future
moments bless !

J. M. L.

June 6, 1807.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED,

AT PHILADELPHIA, on the 2d of August last, by the Rev. Joseph Turner, James Irvine Rush, son of the late Joseph Rush, to Miss Ann Evans, daughter of Oliver Evans, all of Philadelphia.

On the 3d of October, Mr. Christopher Hunter, of Philadelphia, to Miss Nancy Kelly, of the county of Burlington.

On Tuesday evening, November 3, by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Pilmore, Mr. Robert Murphy, to Miss Abigail Ashburner, all of Philadelphia.

On Saturday evening, November 7, by the Rev. Mr. Zesline, Mr. Christopher J. Burkle, merchant, to Miss Charlotte Lentz, all of Philadelphia.

On the 11th of November, by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, captain Henry Lelar, to Miss Unity Hasson, of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, November 12, by the Rev. Dr. Staughton, Dr. Erasmus Thomas, of Roxborough, Philadelphia county, to Miss Patience Morris, of Buck's county.

Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Latta, Mr. Philip Heyl, of Philadelphia, to Miss Margaret Whann, of Delaware.

On Saturday evening, November 14, by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. Robert W. Ogden, to Miss Julian Comman, both of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday, November 17, at Friends' meeting, John H. Warder, merchant, to Miss Abigail Hoskins, both of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, November 19, by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Dr. Slicer, of Maryland, to Miss Catharine Fromberger, of Philadelphia.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. William Craig, merchant, to Miss Sarah R. Wharton, daughter of Charles Wharton, Esq.

On Sunday evening, November 22, by the Rev. Dr. Mayer, Mr. Davis Wright, to Miss Eliza Kern, daughter of Gabriel Kern, all of Philadelphia.

On Thursday, November 26, by the right Rev. bishop White, Mr. Isaac Weaver, to Miss Frances B. Pearce, both of West Chester, Chester county.

Same evening, by the same, Mr.

Charles Clark, to Miss Martha R. Davis, daughter of captain William Davis, all of Philadelphia.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Aaron Vogdes, to Miss Ann Hayman, both of Williamstown, Chester county, Pennsylvania.

Same evening, by the same, Mr. George Jones, to Miss Zebiah Hewson, daughter of Mr. John Hewson, of Kensington.

On Thursday, November 5, at Friends' meeting, in the city of Burlington, N. J., Mr. Isaac Bonsall, of Chester county, Pennsylvania, to Mrs. Mary Newbold, of the former place.

At BALTIMORE, at the house of Daniel Delozier, Esq., by the Rev. Dr. Bend, James Davidson, jun., Esq., of Washington city, to Miss Mary Higinbotham, of Baltimore.

DIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, after a few days' illness, on the night of the 2d of November, Mr. Samuel Pleasants, an old and respectable merchant of that city, in the 71st year of his age.

On Thursday morning, November 12, between twelve and one o'clock, suddenly, of an apoplexy, Mrs. Anna Maria Legrand, wife of Mr. William Thomas Legrand, and daughter of Mr. Vincent Ducomb.

On Wednesday, November 18, Mr. George Leshner, tavern-keeper, Third street, sign of the harp and eagle.

On Friday evening, November 20, Mr. Matthew Whitehead, clerk of Christ's church, aged 70 years.

On Friday morning, November 27, in the twentieth year of her age, Elizabeth Witz, daughter of James Girvan.

At Greenwich, New York, Mrs. Keene, consort of R. R. Keene, Esq., daughter of Luther Martin Esq., of the city of Baltimore.

On Friday, October 30, in Boston, Mr. Samuel Hall, aged 67, one of the oldest and most correct printers in the state. He edited a truly republican newspaper from the commencement to the termination of the revolutionary war. Uncorruptible integrity and extraordinary equanimity

of mind were prominent traits in his character. He advocated undeviatingly the rights of the colonies, as opposed to the unjust claims of the mother country; and, while he admired, he uniformly supported those patriotic characters who formed our national constitution, and whose administration produced the highest happiness to their constituents, and will render their names immortal.

At same place, on Saturday night, November 14, Dr. Charles Jervis, aged 59.

At Portland, Maine, November 14, Martha Robeson, daughter of Peter Robeson, miller, near Philadelphia.

At Valley Forge, Huntingdon county, Penn., on the 17th of October, Mr. Grenberry Dorsey, for many years a respectable citizen of that county.

At Charleston, on the 20th of October, Benjamin Franklin Timothy, Esq., formerly proprietor of the South Carolina State Gazette, published in that city.

At same place, November 3, after a few days' illness, the venerable Michael Kalteisen, Esq., commandant of Fort Johnson, and captain in the United States regiment of artilleryists. His death was announced by 17 minute guns from Fort Johnson, which were answered by the same number from the gun-boats in the harbour. Captain Kalteisen had passed his seventy-eighth year. The colours of the shipping in the harbour were displayed half-mast, as a testimony of respect to his memory.

Lately, at the Havannah, in the island of Cuba, in the 19th year of his age, Thomas Stoughton, jun., eldest son of Don Thomas Stoughton, consul of his catholic majesty for New York.

On Thursday morning, October 29, very suddenly, of the gout in the stomach, major-general Elias Dayton, in the seventy-first year of his age; and on Saturday the corpse was removed to the Presbyterian church, where a funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. John M'Dowell, from Joshua, xxiii, 14, *And behold this day I am going the way of all the earth.* The assemblage of citizens was more numerous than was ever known on the like occasion in

that town. Military honours were performed.

The whole proceedings were marked with uncommon solemnity, and evinced the unfeigned affliction felt by all classes of citizens.

In this solemn dispensation of Providence we behold the uncertainty of sublunary things, a fellow mortal in health in the evening, and a corpse before the next rising sun.

At the commencement of our revolution, general Dayton, though possessed of a competency of *this world's goods*, and in the fruition of every domestic enjoyment, balanced not between which side he should take, but with a patriotic ardour devoted himself to the service of his country, in the times which tested true patriotism, and never quitted the tented field until the consummation of our independence.

General Dayton was open, generous, and sincere; ardent in his friendship, and scrupulously upright in all the moral duties; in manners easy, unassuming, and pleasant: his charity prompt and diffusive; a warm and zealous supporter of the gospel.

Few excelled him in the relative duties of husband and parent; and as a neighbour he was pre-eminent in that virtue.

This venerable patriot of '76 had been engaged in active life ever since he was 19 years of age, and a great part of it in the service of his country.

Lately, at Upper Makefield, Pennsylvania, Thomas Lungly, aged upwards of seventy years. He was born near London; and, coming to Pennsylvania about fifty years since, with a handsome little fortune for those times, he commenced shop-keeping in the neighbourhood of his final exit, and conducted his business for some years with propriety and reputation, when, without any apparent cause, he fell into a partial derangement of his understanding, in which he continued to the last, supposing himself to be the king of Pennsylvania, but was content not to trouble society with any exercise of his regal authority, and firmly believing in the invisible agency of evil spirits. He then travelled on foot in the employ of an

itinerant cooper, carrying a pair of saddle-bags with his clothes and a few tools, knit his own stockings, and made up and repaired most of his wearing apparel in a substantial and workman-like manner. Some years since he hired at farming business in the summer season, and fulfilled his engagements with industry and punctuality; he sometimes hired for his board, and at intervals journeyed with his staff to visit his numerous acquaintance. He read with laborious attention judge Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, and also Gibson's Treatise on Surveying, and derived therefrom a good degree of valuable improvement in those abstruse sciences.

In the summer of 1803, he visited Charleston, in South Carolina, on foot, carrying his knapsack and travelling rations, consisting of biscuit, cheese, tea, sugar, molasses, &c. He went on some secret business, perhaps with the governor of that state, and spent above a year on the tour.

Since the troubles commenced in France, and his own difficulties increased in finding a suitable and permanent home, he has been much engaged in a mental and sometimes vocal exercise of what he called his devotions, being an odd mixture of unconnected sentences, expressive of no idea, nor object, yet he believed that his constancy in the performance of this duty was the only effectual means of preserving Great Britain from foreign invasion; he therefore frequently retired from company, standing in the open air uncovered, and appeared "rigid in thought and motionless," nor lightly "quit his place or posture" on those occasions, either by day or night. Sometimes politely asking leave, he stood up, and taking off his hat, he repeatedly went over his routine of words with some small variations, in a very solemn manner, and then would sit down and enter into conversation, taking no notice of what had passed.

The history of this man might be unimportant, but for what remains of his real character. He was of a middle stature and comely appearance, neat and clean in his person, and genteel in his dress and deportment, civil and friendly in his respects to-

wards his acquaintance, whom he chose to be of the best rank of people; he was precisely strict and exemplary in his morals, and uniformly avoided using any invidious terms or remarks concerning the conduct or character of any person, sect, or party, but in this respect was the real philanthropist, the polite gentleman, and citizen of the world: his usual address was "My friend," "My worthy friend," or "the honourable gentleman," and this civil disposition equally extended towards the family of the Stuarts, to Oliver Cromwell, and even to Bonaparte; and though he sometimes carried a brace of pistols or a sword, he never offered to use them. Though not possessed by nature of a remarkable docility, yet by dint of industrious application he had acquired some general knowledge of history and geography, and was tolerably acquainted with the improvements that have been made in public institutions, in farming, and mechanics, and appeared interested in most of the common subjects of conversation, in which he was regular, informing, and agreeable, social and respectful, and occasionally lively and facetious; he was mostly correct in his judgment, and never descended to the low or frivolous, but spoke in a good style, giving a plain description of his ideas, and seldom discovered, in his common conversation or behaviour, any symptoms of his strange peculiarities.

He was educated a member of the episcopalian church, but ever since his coming to this country, has attended friend's meetings, and oftentimes yearly meetings in Philadelphia, and always behaved in an orderly and solemn manner on those occasions. He had enjoyed a general good state of health, and finally wasted away by a gradual decline, and perhaps had arrived to the *ne plus ultra* of his human existence.

He died possessed of a personal estate amounting to five hundred pounds. It is supposed he has left no will nor any heirs in this country.

On Wednesday evening last (says the Londonderry Journal of August 25), a sailor, belonging to the American ship Hannah, fell from the foreyard on the deck, and was so severe-

ly hurt, that he lived but a very short time after. About two hours previous to the melancholy accident, a female passenger fell out of the boat into the water, in attempting to go up the ship's side, when the deceased immediately threw off his jacket and shoes, leaped in, and rescued her from a watery grave. This generous and heroic act not only acquired him the esteem and regard of his messmates, but the universal admiration of the passengers on board, who, in order to evince their gratitude, eagerly pressed forward to treat him, by which means, it is said, he got himself intoxicated, which circumstance unfortunately led to the catastrophe. The next day, his remains, accompanied by all the sailors in the harbour, who walked in solemn procession, and many respectable citizens, were decently interred in the church-yard, where an appropriate funeral oration was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Hay. Never, indeed, have we heard a service more apposite to the occasion, or which seemed to make a more deep impression, and we sincerely hope a lasting one, on the minds of those present. What a warning to the unfortunate victims of intemperance, who sacrifice health, substance, *life* itself, and, what is still worse than all, the prospects of hereafter, to the wretched pleasure of drinking a slow but sure poison, prepared by a process to enervate the faculties of soul and body, and pave the way for the commission of every heinous crime.

For the Literary Magazine.

WEEKLY REGISTER OF MORTALITY IN THE CITIES OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND BALTIMORE.

Health-office, Nov. 7, 1807.

Interments, in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, in the week ending the 7th of November.

Diseases.	Ad.	Childr.
Childbed,	1	0
Cholic,	1	0
Consumption of the lungs,	4	0
Convulsions,	0	1

Decay,	1	2
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the chest,	1	0
Drowned,	0	1
Fever, nervous,	0	1
—, typhus,	0	1
Hernia,	1	0
Inflammation of the breast,	0	1
Lethargy,	1	0
Locked jaw,	1	0
Old age,	2	0
Pleurisy,	1	0
Still-born,	0	1
Marasmus,	0	1
Unknown,	1	1
Total,	16	10—26
<i>Of the above there were:</i>		
Under 2 years	6	
From 2 to 5	1	
5 10	3	
10 15	0	
15 20	1	
20 30	2	
30 40	3	
40 50	3	
50 60	3	
60 70	1	
70 80	3	
80 90	0	
Ages unknown	0	
Total,	—	—26

Diseases.	Ad.	Childr.
Casualties,	1	0
Consumption of the lungs,	3	1
Convulsions,	3	1
Decay,	1	1
Diarrhoea,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the brain,	0	1
Drunkenness,	1	0
Fever,	1	0
—, nervous,	0	1
—, typhus,	2	0
Inflammation of the lungs,	1	0
— bowels,	0	1
Insanity,	1	0
Palsy,	1	0
Rheumatism, inflam.	1	0
Suicide,	1	0
Teething,	0	1
Worms,	0	1
Sudden,	2	0
Syphilis,	1	0
Weakness,	1	0
Unknown,	0	1
Total,	23	9—32

Of the above there were :

Under 2 years	7
From 2 to 5	1
5 10	1
10 20	1
20 30	4
30 40	5
40 50	1
50 60	4
60 70	2
70 80	0
80 90	1
Ages unknown,	5
Total,	32

Nov. 21.

Diseases.	Ad.	Childr.
Apoplexy,	1	0
Atrophy,	0	1
Consumption of the lungs,	4	0
Convulsions,	0	3
Decay,	3	3
Dropsy,	2	0
Drowned,	1	0
Drunkenness,	1	0
Fever,	1	0
—, typhus,	1	0
Hives,	0	1
Mortification,	1	0
Old age,	6	0
Pleurisy,	1	0
Small-pox, natural,	1	0
Still-born,	0	1
Worms,	0	2
Diseases unknown,	2	1
Sudden,	1	0
Total,	26	12—38

Of the above there were :

Under 2 years	11
From 2 to 5	1
5 10	0
10 20	1
20 30	1
30 40	5
40 50	3
50 60	2
60 70	2
70 80	4
80 90	2
102	1
Ages unknown,	5
Total,	38

Nov. 28.

Diseases.	Ad.	Childr.
Abscess of the lungs,	1	0
Atrophy,	1	0
Casualties,	0	1
Consumption of the lungs,	6	0
Concussion of the brain,	1	0

Convulsions,	0	2
Decay,	4	0
Dropsy of the brain,	0	1
Dropsy of the chest,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0
Erysipelas,	1	0
Fever,	1	1
—, remittent,	1	0
—, nervous,	1	0
Hives,	0	5
Hæmorrhage,	1	0
Inflammation of the lungs,	1	0
— bowels,	0	1
Lethargy,	1	0
Mortification,	0	1
Old age,	1	0
Pleurisy,	2	0
Scrofula,	0	1
Still-born,	0	4
Worms,	0	1
Sudden,	0	1
Dyspepsia,	1	0
Unknown,	0	1
Total,	26	20—46

Of the above there were :

Under 2 years	15
From 2 to 5	1
5 10	3
10 20	3
20 30	4
30 40	5
40 50	3
50 60	2
60 70	2
70 80	1
80 90	1
Ages unknown	6
Total	46

Report of deaths, in the city of New-York, from the 24th to the 31st of October, 1807.

Adults 17—Children 26—Total 43.

Diseases.

Asthma,	1
Casualty*,	1
Childbed,	1
Cholera morbus,	1
Consumption,	8
Convulsions,	4
Debility,	1
Decay,	1
Dropsy,	3

* A gentleman who died in consequence of being thrown out of his chair in Hudson-street.

Dropsy in the head,	1
Hectic fever,	1
Typhus fever,	3
Infantile flux,	2
Hives,	3
Inflammation of the lungs,	1
Insanity,	1
Mortification of the bowels,	1
Nervous headache,	1
Small-pox,	1
Still-born,	3
Teething,	2
Hooping-cough,	1
Worms,	1
<i>From the 31st of October to the 7th of November.</i>	

Adults 25—Children 17—Total 42.

Casualties,	2
Childbed,	1
Consumption,	9
Convulsions,	8
Decay,	1
Dropsy,	3
Drowned,	1
Dysentery,	2
Typhus fever,	3
Hives,	2
Inflammation of the lungs,	2
Inflammation of the brain,	1
Insanity,	1
Old age,	1
Pleurisy,	1
Sprue,	1
Sudden death,	1
Teething,	1
Worms,	1

From the 7th to the 14th of November.

Adults 23—Children 17—Total 40.

Consumption,	10
Casualties*,	2
Convulsions,	4
Debility,	1
Decay,	3
Dropsy,	4
Dysentery,	2
Nervous fever,	1
Remittent fever,	1
Hives,	2
Inflammation of the stomach,	2
Insanity,	1
Old age,	1
Pleurisy,	1

* Of the cases of casualty, one was a child, aged one year, accidentally burnt; the other was a man named Thomas Edwards, a native of England, aged 35 years, found dead on the wharf at Beckman-slip.

Suicide, by strangling,	1
Thrush,	1
Worms,	3
<i>From the 14th to the 21st of November.</i>	

Adults 27—Children 16—Total 43.

Diseases.

Apoplexy,	3
Asthma,	1
Casualty*,	1
Bilious cholic,	1
Consumption,	9
Convulsions,	4
Debility,	2
Diabetes,	1
Diarrhœa,	2
Dropsy,	2
Dropsy in the head,	1
Fever, hectic,	1
Fever, inflammatory,	1
Hives,	3
Inflammation of the stomach,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	1
Inflammation of the bowels,	2
Influenza,	1
Liver disease,	1
Old age,	1
Suicide by laudanum,	1
Teething,	1
Hooping-cough,	1
Worms,	1

* Charles Hart, a native of Ireland, aged 24 years, who died in consequence of a fall.

Interments, in the burying grounds of the city and precincts of Baltimore, during the week ending November 2, at sunrise.

Diseases.

Consumption,	3
Mortification,	1
Teething,	1
Influenza,	1
Infantile,	3
Diarrhœa,	1
Apoplexy,	1
Unknown,	2

Adults 7—Children 6—Total 13.

Diseases.

Nov. 9.

Consumption,	4
Influenza,	1
Pleurisy,	1
Fits,	3
Jaundice,	1
Worms,	4
Hooping cough,	1

Adults 8—Children 7—Total 15.

<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Nov. 16.</i>	<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Nov. 23.</i>
Sudden,	1	Drowned,	1
Still-born,	1	Pleurisy,	3
Unknown,	2	Unknown,	3
Croup,	1	Infantile,	3
Dropsy,	2	Fits,	2
Pleurisy,	1	Croup,	2
Infantile,	2	Consumption,	1
Adults 7—Children 3—Total 10.		Cholera,	1
		Adults 9—Children 7—Total 16.	

PRICE OF STOCKS.

Philadelphia, December 1, 1807.

Eight per cent.	-	-	102½ per cent.
Six per cent.	-	-	98½
Three per cent.	-	-	64
Bank United States	-	-	122
— Pennsylvania	-	-	132
— North America	-	-	145
— Philadelphia	-	-	123
— Farmers' and Mechanics'	-	-	106
Insurance Company Pennsylvania	-	-	160
— North America	-	-	90
— Philadelphia	-	-	160
— Union	-	-	45 dollars for 60 paid.
— Delaware	-	-	44 do. do.
— Phoenix	-	-	84 do. 80 paid.
— Marine and Fire	-	-	40 do. 60 paid.
— United States	-	-	20 do. 30 paid.
Water Loan	-	-	103 per cent.
City Loan	-	-	104
Schuylkill Bridge Shares	-	-	70
Delaware Bridge Shares	-	-	uncertain
Lancaster Turnpike Shares	-	-	93 per cent.
Germantown Turnpike Shares	-	-	75 to 76 per cent.
Cheltenham and Willow Grove Turnpike Shares	-	-	82½
Frankford Turnpike Shares	-	-	74 to 75
Chesnuthill and Springhouse Tavern Turnpike Shares	-	-	uncertain
Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Shares	-	-	do..

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

Bills on London at 60 days

par.

THE
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AND
AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 31.

DECEMBER, 1807.

VOL. VIII.

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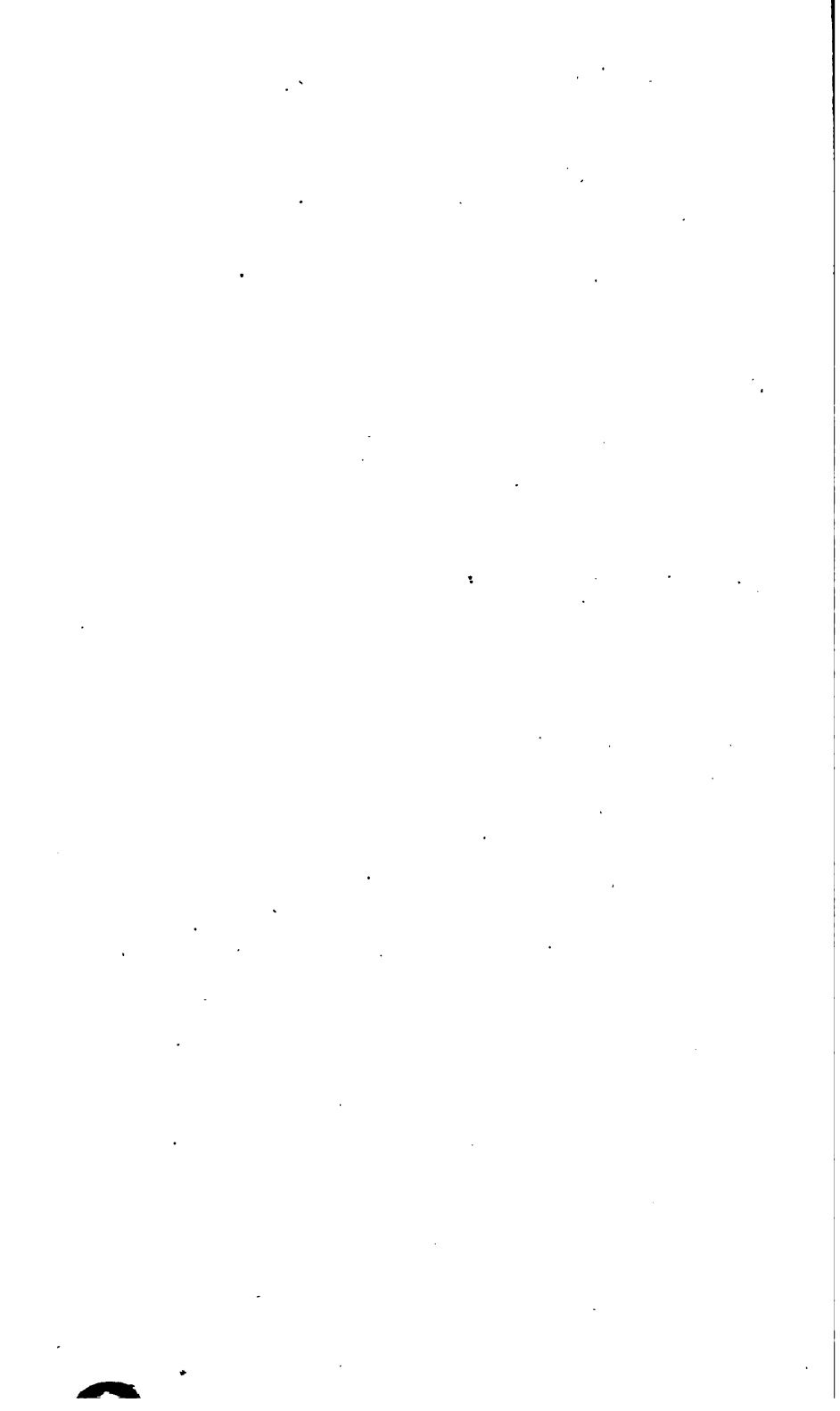
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VOL. VIII.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE IRON WORKS OF SWALWELL.

From Notes taken at Swalwell, near Newcastle on Tyne, in September, 1793.

AT Swalwell, and at the adjacent villages of Winlaton, and Winlaton Mills, is carried on an iron manufactory, conducted in a very singular manner. These places form a kind of independent republic, that, without violating the laws, exists almost without their assistance—a species of imperium in imperio, of which Ambrose Crowley, about the beginning of this century, was, at once, the founder and the legislator. From the profession of a common smith, he raised himself to the importance I have mentioned. The works which he established have descended with increasing prosperity to his heirs, and his laws still continue to regulate their operations, under the auspices of Crowley, Millington, and Co. These gentlemen principally reside in London, where their great warehouse in Thames-street still exhibits for its sign the leathern doublet of Ambrose Crowley.

This and the rest of our information we collected from one who had

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served the company for forty years, being the oldest master workman in the place. The business, he informed us, was conducted by agents or clerks, who were the repositories and administrators of the laws of Crowley. To transact the business of the company, they hold a general council every Thursday, and a select committee every Monday; and, for the double purpose of issuing general orders to the artificers, and of deciding the differences which arise between the workmen, they are erected into a court, which is held at Winlaton once in every period of ten weeks.

The bench is composed of the principal clerks, assisted by the clergyman of Winlaton, which is a chapel of ease to the neighbouring parish of Whickham, and where duty is performed at the expence of the company. To these are added four governors, or popular magistrates; two of whom are elected by the workmen of Winlaton, and the other two respectively

by those of Swalwell and Winlaton Mills.

It is by virtue of a summons from one of these officers that a defendant appears with his witnesses to answer the attested allegations of a plaintiff. But whether the testimony is received upon oath, we could not learn; nor, what is much more extraordinary, could our host inform us if causes were heard and determined immediately by the bench, or by the intervention of a jury; for, by that species of negligence, which is the ruin of political constitutions, this man had wrought for forty years under the company, and had never once had the curiosity to attend a court before which he was every day liable to be called. In this space of time, however, if there had been a jury, he would have found the information which he did not seek; for it is very improbable that he should never have been summoned to perform that duty, or that he should never have heard of those who were, especially as he was a man of considerable property, and could even boast of having been offered a governorship, a place not only of honour and emolument, but perpetual, for which the candidate, according to his expression, canvassed like a parliament-man.

But however this be, the sentence of the court, pronounced by the president or chief clerk, is decisive in cases of debt, assault, peculation, abusive language, &c., and probably in all cases where the unlawful interference of the laws of the realm does not supersede the jurisdiction of this bench; for Crowley, aware of the ruinous expences and fraudulent prolongation of suits at law, punished with an absolute discharge those litigious spirits who would not acquiesce in the equity of their own courts.

Thus careful to protect his men against extortion from without, he was no less vigilant in securing them from the arts of each other. A publican, therefore, in the court of Crowley, could have no remedy for debt, because he might be sus-

pected of having lent the money, not through any impulse of benevolence, but of having offered it in the moment of indiscretion, and in the hope of seeing it employed in the purchase of his commodities; and if he prosecuted the suit at common law, he was immediately discharged.

Other debts, and the amercements awarded by the court, are levied by a tax upon the wages. By the trifling contribution, too, of a farthing upon every shilling earned by the workmen, the old and the disabled, the widow and the orphan, are preserved from want; and this is one of the few manufactories in Britain that is not regarded by its parish with an eye of malignancy. Economy, however, is well observed in the administration of this eleemosinary fund; for when those who were wont to be exercised in laborious employment are disabled by accident, or rendered incapable by age, they are appointed by the agents to the performance of less arduous functions, where they enjoy repose, without the reflection of dependance; nor is age rendered only comfortable in itself, but happy in the prospect of its instructed offspring, who are taught reading, writing, and accounts, at the expence of the company.

Here, however, I cannot help remarking an error in the conduct of the proprietors, who suffer their pedagogue to make terms with the parents of children that belong not to the works; and thus, at the time we visited the factory, his attention was divided among more than a hundred pupils. This number no longer appeared extraordinary when we were informed that not less than a thousand men were employed in this manufactory; of this number, excepting those who were employed at the founderies, the forges, and the warehouses, each pursued his own avocation at his own home; for here every separate article of manufacture is sufficient to afford exclusive employment to one, and often to many

men. By this means they acquire a celerity and adroitness far surpassing the dexterity of those whose attention is divided by a multiplicity of objects; and, as the workmen are paid by the piece, this power of execution is always preserved in activity. A boy, whom we saw fabricating a chain, made a link from a bar of iron, and added it to the rest, in less than one minute; for even boys here are urged to sedulity by an equitable recompence for their labours.

Corporation tyranny has not yet taught the successors of Crowley to exact from a man the labour of his youth, for teaching him an art that may be learnt in his infancy. Here boys work for some time before they are bound to an apprenticeship; but when engaged, either to the company or an individual, they receive a regular stipend, and at the end of their term either commence business themselves, or engage as journeymen with others. Indeed, what they call apprentices, seem to be only journeymen, engaged for a particular term: thus our informant had a man about 25 years of age, whom he had instructed in his business of hammer-making, and had afterwards engaged, under the name of an apprentice, to serve him for seven years, at a salary of 10s. 6d. per week. He employed several others at the same salary, he discharging to the company their poors'-farthings, and the company paying him for their work by the piece.

Our informant, like many other mastermen, frequently suffered his account with the company to remain unsettled for some months, only depositing his work in a general warehouse, where a regular account is kept, and an order on the pay-office is given according to the claims of each. But this order is not the only certificate which is requisite to the passing an account at that office. A shop is kept by the company, where workmen may be supplied with common necessities on the credit of their labour and the

surety of their friends. Though the commodities here are as good in their kind and as cheap as at other places of sale, the resort of the dependants is entirely a matter of choice. The institution seems to have been calculated to preserve those who were destitute of ready money from the fraud of the pawnbroker and the extortion of the shopkeeper. It is, probably, the knowledge of this circumstance, which induces the more substantial artificers to buy in other markets, and which made our host solicitous to inform us that he never frequented the shop. As no one, however, is excluded from the advantage, no account can be passed at the pay-office till signed by the agent at the shop.

We were enabled to form some idea of the importance of this extensive manufacture, when we were informed that not less than five and sometimes 600*l.* are issued from this office every week. Within the limits of our informant's recollection, which comprised a period of at least forty years, the price of articles to the workmen had neither increased nor diminished, except in a very few particulars. The number of manufacturers too was not supposed to have altered, though the demand for the goods of the factory had increased. That the demand for labour should increase, whilst the number of hands remained the same, and the prices unaugmented, was a paradox that appeared to subvert every principle of economics, till we reflected, that the equilibrium might have been preserved by the increase of improvement of machinery, and the skill acquired by subdivisions of labour. A tilt hammer, in particular, we were told, had been lately erected at Winlaton Mills, of which the strokes were 520 in one minute.

The machinery at this place, as well as at the forging hammers and slitting mill at Swalwell, are amply supplied with water by the river Derwent; nor are they but very rarely impeded by the tide,

which conducts to the doors of the factory the materials of their work. This navigation, however, extends not beyond Swatwell: where, therefore, is the foundery, the anchor manufactory, and others of a heavy kind, whilst the lighter articles are fabricated at Winlaton and Winlaton Mills. They have no furnaces here to separate the iron from the ore, and they cannot even forge sufficient from what is called pig-iron to supply the artificers, but import very large quantities in bars from the Baltic. The very sand employed to form the moulds at the foundery is brought from no less a distance than Highgate.

From viewing the works we went to visit the warehouse, where was quantity sufficient to astonish, and variety to amuse and inform. Here we were shown many instruments, of which we before knew not the existence; and, among the rest, one which suggested to our minds a striking contrast with the benevolence we had just witnessed in the institutions of Crowley. This was the head of a hoe, weighing four pounds, and intended for the use of the negroes in the sultry climate of the West Indies; and this, too, we were told, was not the largest of its kind.

It is not very probable that they who thus impose on their fellow-creatures the yoke of real wretchedness, should show themselves indulgent to their imaginary scruples; or that they, who appear to have stifled the voice of conscience in their own bosoms, should attentively listen to its most fanciful dictates in another; yet were we assured, that the lamp-black and hard pitch with which we saw the old men employed, in besmearing the tools of the Europeans, to preserve them from rust, was never applied to those of the negroes, who would work only with polished instruments. Grindstones, we found, accompanied the implements exported to either Indies, for the tools were left unfinished in the edge, that less injury might

be apprehended from the accidents of package and conveyance.

Among these, the singular form of the logwood axes attracted our notice. They were made (except in the aperture for the handle) exactly to resemble a wedge, of which the edge and the back were equally tempered, so that if one stuck in the wood, it was employed as a wedge, and, as they always work with two, a second was applied as a mallet. Cannon does not form an article of their stores or manufacture, except being employed as old metal, to be refluxed and converted into the more harmless implements of agriculture or culinary arts. Old anchors, too, we saw collected in great numbers, but these are more easily renewable into their old form (being entirely made by the hand and the hammer) than converted to any other purpose. The business of an anchor-smith seems to be one of the most important in the factory; we saw one, of which the number was marked 8,241, and the weight 8 cwt. 2 qrs. 20 hd., but learned that some were manufactured to the weight of 70 or 80 cwt., which might be easily credited from the specimens that lay around us.

Great as were the works which we had seen, we were yet surprised that we did not see more; for the quantity of waste iron must be so great, and the expence of its removal so considerable, that the erection of copperas-works seemed a measure of obvious emolument. The company, however, are contented to dispose of the materials, and leave to others the profit of the work.

For the Literary Magazine.

PRESENT STATE OF COMMERCE
IN BOOKS, WITH REMARKS ON
THE LOVE OF READING, IN
THE INTERIOR OF RUSSIA.

From the "Messenger of Europe:" published at Moscow.

TWENTY years ago, there were but two bookseller's shops in Moscow,

whose returns did not amount to ten thousand roubles a year. At present, the number of shops is augmented to twenty, and their yearly return, altogether, is about 200,000 roubles. This striking increase of readers, in Russia, cannot fail of gratifying all who value the progress of human understanding; and, who know that a disposition for literary research is pre-eminently efficacious in facilitating that progress.

Mr. Novikow has been the principal promoter of the trade and circulation of books in Moscow. Having rented the printing-office of the university of that city, he augmented the mechanical means of printing, procured translations of foreign books, established libraries in other towns, and endeavoured, to the utmost of his power, to make reading an object of desire to the public, by studying and anticipating the general, as well as the individual taste. He traded in books, as a rich English or Dutch merchant does in the produce of all countries: with intelligence, speculation, and foresight. Formerly, not above 600 copies of Moscow newspapers were sold: Mr Novikow enriched their contents; to their political information he added several other departments, and, at length, accompanied them, *gratis*, with a work, which he denominated the *Juvenile Seminary* (Dietskoe Uchilishtze): the novelty of subjects, and variety of matters comprized in this appendage, notwithstanding the boyish translation of some pieces, greatly pleased the public. The number of subscribers increased yearly, and, in ten years, amounted to 4000. Since the year 1797, the gazettes became important to Russia, by containing the imperial decrees and political intelligence; at present the sale of Moscow papers amounts to 8000 copies, which, though inconsiderable for so extensive a metropolis, is ample when compared to what it was formerly. In fact there is scarcely any country where the number of the inquisitive has increased with such rapidity. It is true,

that there are still many gentlemen, in good circumstances, who do not take in the news-papers; but then a number of merchants and tradesmen delight in perusing them. The poorest among the people subscribe to a reading; and even those who can neither read nor write are desirous of knowing *how matters go in foreign countries*. An acquaintance of mine, seeing several pastry-cooks assembled together, and listening with great attention to the description of an engagement between the French and the Austrians, found, on enquiry, that five of them joined in subscribing for the paper, and that, four not being able to read, the remaining one made out the intelligence as well as he could, and the rest listened to him.

The Russian trade in books is certainly not equal to that of Germany, France, or England; but what may not time produce, if its progressive increase continues unimpeded? In most provincial towns there are now libraries established; every fair exhibits with other goods the riches of literature; and on these occasions the Russian women generally furnish themselves with a good stock of books. Traders or pedlars formerly travelled from place to place with rings and ribbons; now they take an assortment of *literature*; and, though few of them can read, they relate, by way of recommendation, the contents of their romances and comedies, in a manner peculiar to themselves: simple, eccentric, and amusing. I know several country gentlemen whose incomes may not exceed 500 roubles per annum, who collect their little libraries, as they call them; and, while the luxurious carelessly throw aside, at random, the costly editions of Voltaire or Buffon, they suffer not the least particle of dust to rest on the adventures of Miramond*:

* A romance by Emon, in the Grecian hero style, which, notwithstanding the slight manner in which it is mentioned here, as a romance, does considerable credit to Russian literature.

they peruse their collections with avidity, and re-peruse them with new satisfaction.

The reader may wish to know what sort of books are in the greatest demand? I put this question to many of the booksellers, and they replied, without hesitation, "romances:" this, however, need not excite our wonder. Romance is a species of composition, that is commonly interesting to the greater part of the public; it occupies the mind, and engages the heart, by exhibiting a picture of the world, and of men, like ourselves, in critical and interesting situations, and by describing the most common, but the most powerful passion of love, in its various effects. Not every one can fancy himself the hero of history; but every one has loved, or wishes to love, and, therefore, in the hero of a romance, speaking the language of his own heart, he traces himself. One tale possesses something to direct a reader's hope; another excites pleasing recollection. In this species of literature, we have more translations than original productions; consequently, foreign authors engross all the glory. Kotzebue is in great vogue! and, as the booksellers of Paris demanded, at one time, *Persian letters* from all writers, so the Russians, from every translator, and even authors, demand Kotzebue! nothing but Kotzebue! Romance, fable, tale, good or bad, it matters not, provided the title bears the name of the great Kotzebue.

I do not know what others think, but, as for myself, I am glad, if the people do but read. Romances above mediocrity, or below it, even if destitute of talent, tend, in some measure, to promote civilization. He who is charmed with *Nicanor*, the *Unfortunate Gentleman**, is one degree lower than the author, on the scale of liberal and mental improvement, and, whatever may be the ideas and expressions of such a

work, he will, undoubtedly, learn something from them.

Every pleasing lecture has more or less influence on the understanding, because, without this, the heart could not feel, nor imagination conceive. In the very worst romances, or novels (morals apart), there is a certain degree of logic and rhetoric: he who has read them will be able to speak better, and with more connection, than an illiterate boor who never opened a book in his life. Besides, modern romances abound in various kinds of knowledge. An author, to fill up several volumes, is obliged to have recourse to all methods, and almost all sciences: now he describes some American island, exhausting *Busching*; now he explains the nature of plants and vegetables, consulting *Bomarc*; so that a reader forms some acquaintance, not only with geography, but with natural history. I am persuaded that in certain German novels, the new planet, *Piazzi*, will be more circumstantially described than in the Petersburg newspaper. They do not altogether judge rightly, who think romances have a natural tendency to corrupt morals: many of them lead to some moral result. True, the characters are often vicious, even while attractive; but in what consists that attraction? in some good qualities, with which the author endeavours to colour or abate the blackness of others. What is the kind of romance that pleases most? not excess of guilt, or outrageous violation of moral feeling; but, in general, affecting appeals to sensibility. Tears shed by readers usually flow from sympathy with the good, and tend to nourish that sympathy. The rugged and stubborn soul receives not the gentle impression of affection; nor can it feel interested in the fate of tenderness. Bad men will not read romances. Can an egotist, or the base slave of avarice, fancy himself to be the generous captivating hero of romance? No; he cares not for others. Undoubtedly, romances tend to render the heart and imagi-

* A Russian original romance of no great merit.

nation *romantic*; but what harm ensues? so much the better for the inhabitants of the icy iron-north. The causes of those evils, of which we hear general complaints, certainly, are not *romantic* hearts; but those hardened ones which are directly opposite. A *romantic* heart afflicts itself more than others; doats on its own afflictions, and will not abandon them for all the sottish enjoyments of an egotist. On the whole, it is well that our public reads; although the subjects which it prefers be romances.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE OLIO.

NO. VII.

Gentleness of Manners.

GENTLENESS corrects whatever is offensive in our manners; and, by a constant train of humane attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery. Its office, therefore, is extensive. It is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on particular occasions or emergencies, but is continually in action, when we are engaged in intercourse with men.

It will be well, however, not to confound this gentle wisdom, which is from above, with that artificial courtesy, that studied smoothness of manners, which is taught by the world. Such accomplishments, the most empty and frivolous may possess. That gentleness which is the characteristic of every good man has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart: and, it may be added, nothing except what flows from the heart can render even external manners truly pleasing; for no assumed behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which springs from a gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all

the studied manners of the most finished courtier.

Attacked by great injuries, the man of mild and gentle spirit will feel what human nature feels, and will defend and resent, as his duty allows him. But to slight provocations, and offences from frivolous persons, which are the most common causes of disquiet, he is happily superior. Inspired with higher sentiments; taught to regard with an indulgent eye the frailties of men, the omissions of the careless, the follies of the imprudent, and the levity of the greater number, he retreats into the calmness of his spirit, as into an undisturbed sanctuary; and quietly allows the usual current of life to hold its course.

The Obstructions of Learning.

So many hindrances may obstruct the acquisition of knowledge, that there is little reason for wondering it remains possessed by so few. To the greater part of mankind, the duties of life are inconsistent with much study, and the hours they would give to letters must be stolen from their occupations and families. Yet, it is the great excellence of learning, that it borrows very little from time or place; for it is not confined to season or climate, to cities or the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleasure can be obtained. But this quality, which constitutes much of its value, is one occasion of its neglect; what may be done at all times with equal propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually reconciled to the omission, and the attention is turned to other objects. Thus habitual idleness gains too much power to be conquered; and the mind shrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intenseness of meditation.

Let not the youthful imagine that the time and valuable opportunities lost in youth can be easily recalled at will. The only sure way to make

any proficiency in a useful and virtuous life is to set out early, *nor weary on the way.*

It may be considered as a sure indication of good sense, to be diffident of possessing it. We then, and not till then, are growing wise, when we begin to discern how weak and unwise we are. An absolute perfection of understanding is impossible: *he* makes the nearest approaches to it, who has the sense to discern, and the humility to acknowledge its imperfections. Some are fond of attaining, and apt to value themselves for, any proficiency in the sciences; one science there is, however, of more worth than all the rest: the science of living in such a manner as not to be afraid to die.

Gratitude.

In a letter from a gentleman to a lady. Written in the sixteenth century.

There is a French saying, madam, that courtesies and favours are like flowers, which are sweet only while they are fresh, but afterwards quickly fade and wither. I cannot deny but your favours to me might be compared to some sort of flowers, and surely the posie would be far from a small one; and I will suppose them of the flower called *life everlasting*; or of that pretty vermillion flower which grows at the foot of the mountain Etna, which never loses any thing of its first colour and perfume. For, believe me, madam, those favours you did me thirty years ago are as fresh to the eye of my mind, as if done yesterday. Nor would it be wrong to compare the courtesies done me to other flowers, as I use them: for I distil them in the limbec of my memory, and so turn them to essences.

On Peace.

Peace is the ultimate wish of all

good men; for, however we wish to exercise our faculties in acquiring knowledge, riches, or honour, we all look forward to a state of peace and tranquillity, in which alone, we think, we can enjoy them. In this happy state it is, that the mechanic hopes to rest from his incessant labours, the merchant expects to enjoy his riches, the soldier to be secure from toils and dangers, and the statesman to lay aside his anxious cares. So agreeable to the mind of man is a state of tranquillity, that most of the poets of antiquity have supposed this state existed, originally, when man was first created; and was insensibly changed to a worse, as men grew depraved. Hence the poetical descriptions of the golden age, the silver age, the brazen age, and the iron age; which last is *always* supposed to be the *present age*. Peace gives the human faculties liberty to expand themselves, and has been generally termed the nurse of arts. For when a nation enjoys a state of peace, it generally rises to improvements of every kind.

But, however desirable peace may be, if accompanied by virtue, it is very often productive of almost as many evils as war. The riches acquired in a time of peace are apt to give a taste for luxury and prodigality, and to lead to profligacy. The quiet and ease men enjoy by peace have a tendency to make them careless and indolent; dispositions which put them off their guard, and render them liable to every vice. Nay, peace may be said naturally to generate war. Security is the parent of self-sufficiency, self-sufficiency of insolence, and insolence of litigation; thus peace, the most desirable thing on earth, by the depravity of man, who is not sufficiently virtuous to bear it, becomes, in the end, productive of the most dreadful scourge of human nature, a state of war. Therefore it may be concluded, that without religion and virtue, no state can afford true enjoyment; and that the best things on earth, if not properly enjoyed,

will but too often be productive of the worst of evils.

—
Sonnet to Patience.

A suppliant, lo, of Sorrow's sable train
To thee, O Patience, forms this
humble prayer:

O teach my heart those trials to sustain

Which unrelenting Fate dooms it
to bear.

Teach me to bend submissive to that
power

Who could this sickly, pond'rous
weight remove,

Could chase afar this more than
gloomy hour,

And heal my woes with beatific
love.

Nor let me murmur at his wise de-
crees,

Though griefs accumulating still
should fall;

Though wormwood's cup be poured
from the lees,

Do thou support me, and I'll drink
it all:

Nay, more, I'll smile on the unpledg-
ed glass,

Since it is destined none from me
shall pass.

—
There is but one way of fortifying
the soul against all gloomy presages
and terrors of mind; which is
by securing to ourselves the friend-
ship and protection of that Being
who disposes of events, and governs
futurity.

—
For the Literary Magazine.

QMAR AND FATIMA; OR, THE
APOTHECARY OF ISPAHAN.

A Persian Tale.

(Concluded from page 64.)

WHEN the heart is at ease, a
man is very apt to look out of him-
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self. This was the case of Dr. Na-
dir. He ordered his carriage to
stop first at the house of Abud,
whom he cordially forgave for not
swallowing the emetic, though he
was privately of opinion that he had
never been well since his refusal.
From him he proceeded to pay other
visits of ceremony; was then set
down at the imperial coffee-house
in the Meydan. Here he took a
glass of sherbet, and listened with
great attention to some persons that
were settling the disputes betwixt
the European powers and some of
the Indian princes, which they
seemed to do with great facility,
and much to their own satisfaction.

When he had collected what he
deemed a *quantum sufficit* of poli-
tics, he ordered his carriage home,
entered his house with great good
humour, found his dinner excellent,
sent his lovely patient her medi-
cines, took his coffee, smoked his
pipe with great composure, and re-
tired to rest in that harmony of
spirits which success that we attri-
bute to our superior intelligence of
mind, or superior skill, is sure to
create.

"May balmy sleep hover over
the couch of the benevolent Dr. Na-
dir."

Toward the conclusion of the elab-
orate work from which we have
extracted many particulars, we find
this exclamation of the sage of Zul-
pha; which, as appears in the
next line, was not efficacious; for,
though the daughter of Morpheus
did attend the learned doctor to his
couch, and in reality went to bed
with him, he had scarcely folded
the nymph in his arms, when sev-
eral knocks at his door, loud and vio-
lent as if his mansion had been as-
sailed by the ancient battering ram,
which is now viewed as an object of
curiosity at the gate of the arsenal,
obliged him to rise. He threw on
his clothes as fast as possible, saying
to himself, "Some great omrah,
perhaps the sophy, is suddenly tak-
en ill. My fame has reached his
ears: he will suffer no one to ad-
minister to him except myself. My

rest is certainly broken ; but this is a tax to which exalted genius is, in my profession, liable."

By this time the attendant slaves had reached his chamber. "Who is it that occasions this disturbance?" said Nadir.

"Tamas, the black eunuch with the white beard," returned the slaves.

"Tamas! what, is he at the point of death?"

"At the point of death! no! praise be to Alla! I never was better in my life!" cried Tamas.

"Your lady?"

"I know nothing of her! All that I know is, that the noble Mirza, who seems to vibrate betwixt grief and rage, ordered me and other slaves to fly instantly for you."

"Ah!" said Nadir, "another relapse! Well, I will attend you."

A few minutes conveyed the learned doctor into the presence of the omrah Mirza, who darted at him the moment he entered the apartment, and catching him by the throat with one hand, while he pointed at him a dagger with the other, said, "Wretch! pander! execrable miscreant! prepare to expiate my wounded honour! To redress the wrongs of Mirza is impossible! all that can now be done is for him to revenge them!"

Surprise in many cases has been known to extort confession; but none of those were like this of Mirza and Nadir. The latter being armed with that kind of fortitude which arises from conscious innocence, had nothing to fear: he therefore bore this shock with great equanimity. Quick as lightning he caught the armed hand of the omrah; and, while he considered himself as in some degree master of the dagger, he attempted to reason with him: but reason and the father of Zulima seemed to have separated. He raved like a maniac; loaded the placid physician with the most opprobrious epithets; and, in conclusion, asked him, "If he did not know one Ismael?"

"Perfectly well!" replied Nadir,

with great coolness: "he is the most beautiful youth in Ispahan, and has lodged with me all the time he has been in the city."

"There! there! there!" exclaimed Mirza, in the utmost emotion: "a confession! a confession! you know every thing that concerns him!"

"Not entirely!" continued the provokingly placid doctor: "I only know that his father is a diamond merchant and jeweller at Golconda, and that he is in the possession of immense riches."

"A jeweller?" cried Mirza: "I shall go distracted! What, then, is Zulima! the descendant of the ancient Sophys! the lost, degraded Zulima! in love with a jeweller? and thou, wretch! the pander! go-between! * * * expiate thy crimes with thy life!"

At this instant the omrah extricated his hand, and aimed a blow with the dagger at the physician; which, if he had not had the good fortune to parry, would certainly have put a stop to his future practice.

Nadir now thought that the affair became serious, and called loudly for help. Mirza, in the extremity of rage, once more assailed him. Some slaves, who in the confusion had entered, ranged on the side of their lord; and there is no question but the next blow would have been fatal to the physician, had not Apollo (who had just peeped from his golden chamber, and observing the situation of one of his votaries), sent to his assistance a youth beautiful as Ismael or himself, who rushed betwixt the assailants and the doctor, who now stood like a *patient*, and catching the hand of the omrah, as it was descending toward the heart of Nadir, exclaimed, in the most terrific accents, "Merciful Alla! must I have the misfortune at my return, to behold, as the first object, my noble father, surrounded by his slaves, attempting to murder a man unarmed!"

The dagger was at this instant dashed against the ground.

"Omar!" exclaimed Mirza (the youth was on his knees), "when did you arrive?"

"Past the midnight hour!" said Omar, rising. "The officer who guards the postern, to whom I am well known, offered to admit me, and my eagerness to receive the blessing of my father induced me to avail myself of his friendly indulgence. But what do I see? What is the meaning of these emotions? My sister! is she well? If any one has injured the person or family of Mirza, my scymitar is ready to revenge it!"

"Let all the slaves leave the room!" cried Mirza; which order was instantly obeyed. He then continued: "I have, my son, received an injury which absorbs every other sensation, and hinders me even from feeling as I ought the blessing of your return in safety. Every emotion of joy and thankfulness which this indulgence of our prophet ought to excite, is sunk in my bosom, is repressed by reflection upon the horror of the present moment. Behold that man! that apothecary! that indigent wretch! whom, in opposition to the faculty of Ispahan, I have made a doctor!"

"What of him?" said Omar.

"Every thing that is vile and wicked! Zulima! the lovely Zulima! your sister, was distracted, and he administered to her. I placed the greatest confidence in him, but he abused it. How? you are prepared to ask. Horrid as the accusation is, I will inform you. This caittiff, forgetful of the obligations which he had to me, and in defiance of the decrees of our holy prophet, and the customs of our country, has introduced a man into my haram!"

"Who did this?" exclaimed Nadir, in the utmost astonishment.

"Bold and detestable wretch!" exclaimed Mirza, "thou didst this! Oh, noble Omar! this vile miscreant! (I blush even when I inform my son), this contemner and contaminator of virtue! has introduced to the lovely, but lost and

abandoned, Zulima, a youth of the name of Ismael, the son of a jeweller at Bagnagar, the capital of Golconda, where our army once was stationed!"

"I know the place well," said Omar.

"This," cried Nadir, "is too much."

"Too much, villain!" continued Mirza; "it is, indeed, too much! My heart, oh Omar! was suspended by two chords, yourself and sister. One of these is broken; for know, my son! that this Ismael! (what torture shall he not endure!) this wretch is now with Zulima! he has passed the whole night in her apartment!"

"Can this be possible?" said Omar.

"No!" returned Nadir, "it cannot be possible! it is not true! I reverence and honour the noble Mirza! I have for him the most lively sensations of gratitude! sensations which even his violence this night cannot efface! I feel also for my own honour—for the honour of my profession; and I do aver and proclaim, that all he has said of me is false! I have never but once, and then in the ebullition of grief and passion, mentioned to Ismael the name of Zulima. Nay, more, except to him, upon that one interesting occasion, I have never suffered the name of my lovely patient to escape my lips at home; nor have I ever, till this moment, acquainted you, her father, with my suspicions of the source of her disorder, which, from the transactions of this night, I should judge to be a family malady. However, I have, oh Mirza! but one course to pursue. The idea of Ismael being with Zulima is too absurd and extravagant to deserve an answer. But I must acquaint you, and I am glad that Omar is present to hear me, that although neither so high-born nor rich, I am as tenacious of my honour as any omrah or prince in Persia; as proud, if exquisite sensibility be pride, as yourself. To-morrow I shall, as far as it is in my power, re-

turn the favours I have received from you, and descend into that humble station of life from which I have emerged, and for which, perhaps, my talents only are calculated."

"What is the name of the father of Ismael?" said Omar.

"I have never been informed," returned Nadir.

"Lives he in the kingdom of Golconda?"

"At Bagnagar, the capital."

"And is this youth now with Zulima?"

"Yes!" said Mirza, "he is!"

"No!" cried Nadir, "he is not!"

"I affirm the charge!" cried the former.

"And I, more jealous of the honour of Zulima than her parent, totally deny the accusation," said the latter.

"These contradictions," observed Omar, "are only to be reconciled by our having an interview with Zulima. Her father, brother, and physician, are privileged persons, and may enter the haram."

"Let us go instantly!" cried Mirza.

"By no means!" said Nadir: "I know the state of my patient's health, and am fearful that the surprise of seeing her brother, and the shock of the accusation her father seems ready to urge against her, should produce a permanent derangement."

"This is all a subterfuge, my dear Omar!" said Mirza. "This wretch knows his guilt, and only wants to amuse us until the youth escapes!"

"As little accustomed to subterfuge as yourself, oh Mirza!" said Nadir, "while I despise, I retort the accusation. My conduct is, I hope, guided by more exalted motives than you have attributed to it; and I conceive, that the mind which could be influenced by such mean suspicions, must be equally warped and contracted."

"My noble father! and you, oh learned doctor!" cried Omar, "as this is a case capable of being proved by ocular demonstration, here

let contention cease. The hour will soon arrive when it will be allowable for us to visit the apartments of Zulima. In the mean time we will sit together; because, as I understand we mutually suspect, we shall be a mutual guard upon each other. I take it for granted, that if this Ismael is in the haram he cannot escape."

"No! that I have taken care of, unless he sinks into the earth," said Mirza.

The apartments of Persian women of the higher class are always approached, even by their nearest relations, with deference and respect.

The triumvirate (whom we stated above as determined to pay a visit to the lovely Zulima) could scarcely agree upon the mode in which it should be conducted. Dr. Nadir wished first to feel the pulse of his patient: to this her father (for reasons before stated) strongly objected. Omar, then, had a desire to have some private conversation with her: but to this the learned physician, who conceived himself injured by Mirza's suspicions, would not consent. The father then desired that he might be announced: but this the son and the doctor, who dreaded the effect of his violence upon the tender frame of the invalid, also strongly objected to. At last it was determined that they should all visit her together; and the venerable Tamas was employed to intimate the same.

"We shall soon see that the blushing culprit will either sink to the ground, or into the arms of her paramour," said Mirza.

At this instant they entered the apartment. Zulima, seated on a sofa of white satin, appeared perfectly composed, until her eyes encountered those of Omar, who had lingered behind. She flew into his arms in an instant, saying, "My dear, dear brother, returned in safety! What a happiness is this! When did you arrive?"

"Since midnight, my lovely Zulima!" replied Omar.

"My father too!" cried Zulima, attempting to take the hand of Mirza. "But why, my lord! do you, for the first time, shrink from my touch, or avert your eyes from me?"

"Because," replied Mirza, "they are too honest to look upon vice and disobedience without emotions of disgust, however it may, with respect to the object, be blended with pity."

"This to me!" cried Zulima, "who never, except in my moments of indisposition, have given occasion for the smallest uneasiness! What does my noble father mean? Oh, Omar! Oh, my more than physician, my friend Nadir! why do you all look so strange upon me? Perfectly innocent, even in thought, I cannot bear suspicion! Inform me, while the little reason which I have remains, in what I have erred, and I will love and venerate the monitor!"

"Lovely, interesting Zulima!" exclaimed Omar, embracing her.

"This must go no further!" cried Nadir: "I will not answer for the sanity of my patient if she is so harassed."

"I value her honour more than her health," said Mirza, sternly: "therefore, Omar, disclose to this vile hypocrite the motive of our visit!"

"One question," added Omar, "will ease all our hearts; Where, my lovely sister! is Ismael? Nay, start not! Where, I repeat, is Ismael?"

"How should she know?" cried Nadir.

"Confederate, or rather principal in her guilt, I command you to be silent!" exclaimed Mirza.

Zulima had in the interim sunk upon the sofa.

"Oh, Alla!" cried Omar, "must I once more to my sister repeat my question?"

"They will drive her distracted!" said Nadir.

"Silence, wretch!" exclaimed Mirza.

"Since," said Zulima, "my venerable father and beloved brother

urge an answer to a question in which, it seems, my honour is implicated, I shall answer it with the same candour and veracity that I have observed through life."

"Ah! it is easily answered!" cried Nadir: "Ismael, I have no doubt, is at my house!"

"You are mistaken!" rejoined Mirza; "for he has not been at home all night!"

"Then," added Nadir, "he has set out for Golconda!"

"You are again mistaken with respect to the person you call Ismael!" continued Zulima, with great animation: "that person, oh brother! is in the next room!"

"I knew that!" cried Mirza: "take away this hardened, this impenetrable wretch! this dog! this doctor! this pander to the vices of a disolute child! this villain! who introduced Ismael into the haram!"

"You are mistaken, oh noble father!" exclaimed Zulima, throwing herself betwixt them: "Nadir is as innocent as he is honourable! he knew nothing of my meeting with Ismael!"

"And passing the whole night with him!" cried Mirza. "Oh, indignant, Alla! What! does all this guilt devolve upon the head of my once darling daughter? But," he continued, catching her by the hair, "I will take instant vengeance!"

"Not of my sister alone!" added Omar, interfering: "let me first drag forth her paramour!"

"There is no occasion to drag him forth!" cried Ismael, advancing: "Zulima is innocent! Good Heaven! what do I see? Omar!"

Omar had drawn his scymitar, and was advancing, when Ismael fainted in the arms of the doctor. The scymitar dropped from his hand, when Nadir, who had opened his bosom to give him air, exclaimed, "A woman!"

"Fatima!" cried Omar—

"Is dead, for what I know to the contrary!" cried the doctor.

"Dead!" cried Omar, "impossible!"

"Dead!" said Zulima, running

to her: "no! my lovely friend will soon recover!"

"She must, then, have more air than you are inclined to afford her!" said Nadir.

"What is all this?" cried Mirza. "Is my daughter innocent?"

"Did I not tell you she was?" continued Nadir: "none but a madman could have thought otherwise. However, I will prescribe to you presently: in the mean time, let the female attendants of Zulima be summoned. How came you here among them, Tamira? Had you heard of Ismael?"

"Certainly! I introduced him into this haram: Tangra assisted.

"How did you dare, Tangra?" said Mirza.

"Because Tamira informed me of her sex!"

"Which," continued Tamira, "I discovered before I visited the faquir at the house of Abud!

"I now," added Nadir, "understand the whole of the scheme."

"This seems to be a good sensible old woman!" said Mirza.

"Yes!" said Nadir; "and I now will allow that, in this case, she has proved a better physician than myself!"

The attention of the learned doctor, and still more that of Omar, soon restored the health of Fatima.

It appears from the work so often referred to, that the son of Mirza had (in consequence of a detachment from the Persian army being ordered to march to the relief of the Indian princes, then pressed on all sides by the European powers) been stationed with his regiment to guard the capital of Golconda. In the mansion of her father, the rajah Gopal, he first saw the beautiful Fatima: for the Indian were then far less secluded than the Persian women. A few interviews inspired these young persons with a mutual passion. Fatima agreed that Omar should endeavour to obtain the consent of her father; but, alas! Gopal, the descendant of Jehan Guier, the heir to the kingdom of Dultabat, the lord of a diamond mine,

and, above all these, one of the proudest men upon the earth, gave the young soldier a peremptory refusal. He had designed his daughter to become the bride of the grand cheik of Mecca; a prince not more than two years older than himself, but at the same time infinitely richer. He therefore considered the Persian youth, who had spoken with modesty of his family, as greatly inferior to this venerable person; and that, as a son-in-law, there was no comparison betwixt them.

Disappointed in this, his ardent hope, Omar endeavoured to obtain a removal, just at the time when, fortunately for him, the army was ordered to march to another post, but unfortunately for Fatima, who thus lost one lover before the other made his appearance. However, he soon after arrived with a retinue which, as it verified the old proverb, that large and heavy bodies move slow, may serve as an excuse for that delay which might otherwise have been imputed, by those who had never seen Fatima, to want of ardour in her intended.

When Cupid borrowed the chariot of Psyche, to pay a few occasional visits, he used to be drawn by her *cattle*, which were butterflies. Venus sometimes had dolphins, and sometimes doves, yoked to her carriage, according to the element upon which she meant to make her excursion. How these animals performed, or with what celerity they either swam or flew, it is not necessary to enquire. We think their vehicles got over the ground, or through the sea, or the air, with more celerity than that of the grand cheik of Mecca, which, we understand, was drawn by dromedaries, while his out-riders were mounted upon elephants. Since the entry into Babylon, no cavalcade had been more brilliant; since the entry into Babylon, no cavalcade has moved slower. However, quick or slow, his eminence arrived at last. The equipage of his intended son-in-law, which realized even all the visionary schemes

and ideas of Gopal respecting importance and grandeur, was the admiration of all Bagnagar, as it had been of the countries through which it had passed. Nor was the person of the grand cheik less so; for he was reckoned one of the most solemn and gravest men in Arabia. He also was supposed to be the happy and distinguished possessor of the longest beard which that country, famous for these excrescences, had ever produced, since the days of their holy prophet.

Fatima, before her passion for Omar had affected her spirits, had been esteemed one of the liveliest virgins in Golconda; and since her intimacy with that youth (whose chin was as smooth as that of the emperor Adrian), had conceived a most unconquerable aversion to beards of every description. How were these contrarieties to be reconciled?

The cheik, who had not deigned to consult her upon the subject of their nuptials, because that was not an Arabian custom, pressed this matter forward with her father. Gopal, always inclined to think, upon account of his learning, his riches, and other contingencies attached to him, of which his beard was not the least, that this was a most desirable match, was perfectly eager for it when his genealogy arrived from Mecca, as in this roll, which loaded a camel, he discovered that his intended son-in-law was of a better family than even himself, being descended from Mahomet by a *line* as straight as the golden chain which depends from the first heaven to drag the souls of faithful mussulmans up to the chrystal steps of Paradise.

This, had stimulatives been wanting, would have been an additional stimulus to the father of Fatima. He, that very evening, mentioned this arrangement to the monarch, and also to Mirgamola, the grand vizier. The consent of the former was obtained; and the latter promised to attend the marriage ceremony, the celebration of which was fixed at the distance of two days.

On the appointed morning, the sun had scarcely begun to gild the tops of the pavilions of the great pagod of Bagnagar, before the cheik of Mecca, with an immense and splendid retinue, was at the gate of Gopal to demand his bride. A flourish of trumpets announced his arrival. The portals were thrown open, and he, with becoming gravity marched through the alabaster hall to apartments which seemed, by their brilliancy, intended to exhibit specimens of the diamond mine of which their owner was lord. Here the well-bearded bridegroom was greeted with a concert of the finest music. Mirgamola, the grand vizier, soon after arrived. The happy Gopal had enough to do to welcome his guests. When they were seated, a superb curtain of green and gold flew up to a flourish of trumpets, and discovered the mufti upon a throne, attended by the mollahs, and surrounded by the relations of both families.

In fact, every thing was prepared for celebration and consummation, except the bride. The lovely Fatima (it was, after much investigation, discovered) was missing; and no search, though it was persevered in with much industry, could recover her.

The confusion which this event created will easily be suggested. The cheik, the mufti, the grand vizier, and the lord of the diamond mine, all agreed that she had eloped, but all differed as to the motives which induced her to do so, the means by which she executed her design, the time when she left the palace, and the place to which she had retreated.

The Arabians (who derive their fondness for logic from the learned Sergius, the associate of the ignorant Mahomet) are prodigious disputants; but the Golcondians (who owe this useful science to the inspiration of Brumma himself) are still greater; consequently the arguments upon this interesting subject were *misconducted* with a warmth which caused the parties concerned to part

with great coolness toward each other, to which some joined a sovereign contempt. This last propensity, which reigned in the mind of Gopal, induced him to think his son-in-law elect, who asserted that he believed Fatima had sought an asylum in Persia (while he was certain that she was concealed in Golconda), the greatest blockhead that he had ever heard in his life.

Men subject to strong passions, very frequently, and with great facility, change the objects of their love and hatred. Gopal, at his next meeting with the grand cheik, endeavoured to convince him of the impossibility of his daughter's escape into the Persian dominions. He argued the matter with him geographically, philosophically, and morally. The cheik, infinitely superior in the art of reasoning, rebutted his arguments, sometimes with logical acuteness, at others with sarcastical keenness. The sages assembled smiled (for the first time, perhaps, in their lives) to see the intended son-in-law triumph over his father. Yet Gopal returned to the charge, and, from the fifty dissertations of Harari, endeavoured to prove, that for a daughter to abandon the country of her parent was immoral and impious; but, that Fatima had always been pious and moral; from which he concluded, that she was still in Bagnagar.

"Then produce her!" cried the grand cheik.

The whole company applauded this laconic answer; and the learned cheik would have gone off in triumph, to the great mortification of Gopal, had not Omar, who had been dispatched by the bassa commanding the Persian forces to the grand vizier, upon business of the utmost importance, at this instant arrived.

Politeness, as well as a tenderer motive, induced him, before he returned to the camp, to pay his respects to Gopal; and he, in consequence, entered the apartment while the rajah was so engaged in demonstrating the impossibility of his

daughter's flight into Persia, that he scarcely noticed him.

It will be supposed, that Omar heard his arguments with equal attention and interest.

He entered at once into the subject; and, hurt at the abrupt and captious manner in which the cheik (most briefly, and therefore unlogically) endeavoured to put an end to the debate, he (while the smile of triumph played upon the countenance of the intended bridegroom and his Arabian friends) ranged himself on the side of Gopal, and consequently took the charge of his defence.

However those that call themselves the immediate descendants of the prophet might have sneered at the youth for his want of beard, among his countrymen and the Golcondians he was esteemed, from that circumstance only, as too beautiful for a man. His understanding, as the mission upon which he was employed showed, was appreciated at the highest rate. He began an oration, the first words of which, combined with his figure, his animation, and the vivid flashes that beamed from his eyes, as he cast them upon his rival, arrested the attention of friends and enemies; of Arabians, Persians, and Indians. As he proceeded, he completely established the position that had been taken by Gopal, and as completely destroyed the hypothesis which his rival had erected. The conclusion, in which the grand cheik had said, "If the lady is in Bagnagar, produce her!" he showed to be the most illogical, unphilosophical, and absurd mode of escaping from an argument with which Gopal had pressed his opponent into the earth, that ever was urged by the most flimsy pretender to learning. "If," said he, "the great Heb had produced at once, which he probably had the power to do, the corpse of the warrior Tytan, what would have become of the four hundred and thirteen volumes, besides fragments, which were written to prove his existence?"

The whole assembly felt the

force of this argument ; which, as the sagacious Omar knew their fondness for controversy, he repeated, divided the proposition, moulded it into such a variety of forms, treated some of them with humour, others with solemnity, that the grand cheik of Mecca fairly confessed it was out of his power to answer the young Persian, whom at the outset he had despised for his want of beard ; and while, with the few of his learned friends that still adhered to him, he retreated from the apartment, the noble Gopal almost stifled the youth in his embrace, saying, at the same time, "Oh, son ! *our* triumph is complete !"

"Yours, my lord !" returned Omar, with great modesty ; "the circumstance of so young a man as myself venturing to speak in so grave an assembly, and upon so important a subject, for a moment astonished the members of it ; but even the most ignorant of them instantly discovered, that I was only re-uttering your sentiments, and enlivening the discourse with a few of the sparks emanating from your genius."

Gopal embraced him more fervently than before ; he praised him to the skies ; and not content with empty praise, he, when he could no longer prevail with him to abandon his military duty (to which the answer of the grand vizier left him at liberty, nay urged him to return), put a paper into his hand, in which he gave him his full and free consent to marry Fatima wheresoever he could find her, either in Golconda, or (though he deemed the thing to be impossible) in the Persian empire ; he also, upon the fruition of this prospective marriage, endowed him with a considerable part of his fortune : which must be esteemed a tolerable provision for a family, when we state, that a share of the diamond mine was included.

"The joy of Omar extended his stature until his head knocked against the clouds," says the sage of Zulpha. "He seemed to grasp the sun with his right and the moon

with his left hand," he continues, and launches above half a chapter of still more extravagant hyperboles : but as we (whatsoever temptation we might have had in the course of this work) have hitherto avoided any deviation from the plain and obvious path of common sense, we shall certainly not, so near the conclusion, transplant any oriental flowers, however blooming, or lengthen it with a train of saws and sayings, which, though deemed wisdom in the east, would perhaps be considered as foolishness in the west.

The young Persian returned to the camp ; and, as his genius whispered him that he should perhaps, when he least expected it, meet with his beloved Fatima, he soothed his mind to composure ; to which, doubtless, the active events of the campaign contributed.

The abrupt termination of the war, and sudden order of the sophy for the return of his troops to the capital, had disconcerted all the plans which he had laid for the recovery of his bride elect. However, he resolved to seek her in every possible place. This excursion was most fortunately prevented ; for he had, during the whole time that we have been relating these events, been seated with his arm around her, in his sister's apartment, listening to her adventures with an eagerness of curiosity and liveliness of interest which we wish we could communicate to our readers.

How the beautiful Fatima came into the mansion of the magnificent Mirza, was a problem that still puzzled, and taxed the sagacity of, some part of the assembly.

Zulima, when applied to for an explanation, said, that she was introduced by Tangra.

"As a man ?" cried the still jealous Mirza.

"No !" replied Tangra ; "I had previously, as has been stated, learned her sex from Tamira."

"How came Tamira to know any thing about these matters ?" said Nadir.

"I have already, most learned doctor!" replied Tamira, "told you, that I discovered the sex of the lovely Fatima the day I first saw her; and, claiming the privileges of an old woman (privileges, by the bye, which the faculty of Ispahan have most strangely intrenched upon), I waited on her at the house of the sagacious Abud. Here the whole plan of her residing in your house, till a relation whom she waited for returned with the Persian army, was arranged and settled. The sabre and belt, on which the name of Fatima is set in diamonds, were intended for him. Black Absalom, the jeweller, was himself astonished at their richness: however, as he was paid, he never troubled his head how these valuable gems were acquired. Although I warned her of the risk she run of being questioned upon this subject, I did not think there was any in placing her as Ismael in the house of a single man; as her disguise, together with my master's age and profession, secured his lovely tenant from danger and even from scandal. She has continued with us until this time, and probably would have remained much longer, had not the approach of the army occasioned her to give the hint of her removal to Nadir, which operated like electricity on the mind of Zulima, and soon after produced the visit from Tangra.

"The venerable Tangra and myself are old friends, and (did I not observe a frown upon her brow) I should add, old women. However, women, young or old, will be talking. In the course of our conversation it came out, that the disorder of Zulima was the consequence of an unfortunate attachment which she had conceived for a youth of the name of Ismael, an inmate of Dr. Nadir's, whom she had seen at the shop of the jeweller I have mentioned, where he was examining a magnificent sabre.

"Struck with this circumstance, I exclaimed, I shall prove a better physician than my master!"

"You did!" said Nadir.

"Yes! therefore I immediately informed her of the sex of our lodger."

"This information I communicated to Zulima," added Tangra; "and it produced the interview from which such happy consequences are likely to ensue to Omar, who, the noble Mirza knows, was, as well as Zulima, my foster-child, and of whom I remember, when he was not above five months old,"****

"Hold, my good nurse!" cried Zulima, "if you would not show us that you merit the epithet which Tamira seemed inclined to bestow upon you! In the name of my brother, and my own, I thank you for your care of our infancy, and your continued affection for us. On this subject no more need be said. At present, a more important task remains. It is, first, to present my acknowledgments to the learned doctor Tamira, upon the important cure she has performed. The visionary passion which for a time inflamed my mind; the idea of Ismael, whom I loved as Hamet loved the hourii, I have given to the winds; and I do exceedingly rejoice, that the zephyrs, which bear every visionary trace of it from my mind, will fan its flames in the bosoms of my beloved brother and the beautiful Fatima. If I have lost the ideal Ismael as a lover, I shall still embrace his real resemblance as a sister.

"Oh, noble Mirza! oh, my father! if I have faltered in my steps; if I have, for a moment, appeared to deviate from the path of duty to you; I know that you will pardon the wanderings of your darling Zulima, when she declares, that you shall have no rival in her heart in future.

"In my more than physician, my dear, my estimable friend, Nadir, I present to your attention, O father and brother! a man whose honour and integrity are such, that, lovesick as I was, I should not, had I, even in the erratic emotions of my imagination, been inclined, have dared to have proposed to him the

smallest deviation from his professional duty. When a man of this description (who joins to scientific acquirements a general knowledge of the world) becomes a friend to such a family as ours, he ought to be cherished, as every part of it may depend, not only on an able medical assistant, but a moralist, and an impartial monitor.

"In conclusion," continued Zulima, my dear brother and sister! (as you, lovely Fatima! soon will be) fortune seems to have combined with your exalted merit to smooth every difficulty which appeared at first to impede the progress of your love. May your lives be as happy as you are deserving of happiness! for although you, O Fatima! are not, perhaps, to be commended for withdrawing from your paternal roof, yet, when we consider that the laws of our several countries do not allow a woman even a dissenting voice in that important arrangement, the acceptance of a partner for life, you will, by every candid mind, be excused.

"The best of sons and brothers cannot fail to prove to you the best of husbands! and, while the virgin Zulima (perhaps at a distance) contemplates your happiness, she will, in the practice of higher duties than those visionary pursuits which were once the ardent wishes of her unsettled imagination, endeavour to secure her own."

For the Literary Magazine.

M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND'S EXCURSION TO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THE following notes were not originally intended for the press, as may easily be inferred from the peculiar nature of the reflections they contain. But a new eruption of Mount Vesuvius having been lately mentioned in the daily papers, that event tends to render them interesting. They were written in pencil

while climbing the summit of the volcano.

An Excursion to Mount Vesuvius, 1804.

This day, January 5, I left Naples, at seven in the morning; I have now reached Portici. The sun is clear of the eastern clouds, but the head of Vesuvius is still covered with a fog. I agree with a *cicerone* to conduct me to the crater of the volcano. He supplies me with two mules; one for himself, one for me; and we start.

I begin to ascend by a pretty wide path, between two vineyards bordered with poplars. I proceed straight on towards the point where the sun rises in winter. Somewhat under the vapours that have descended below the middle region of the air, I perceive the tops of a few trees; they are the elms of the hermitage. Both on the right and left appear sorry habitations of the humble vine-dressers, encircled with the luxuriant grapes of which is made the *lachryma Christi*. Every where else, on all sides, are seen a calcinated soil, withered vines, intermixed with umbrella-shaped pines, a few olives that grow out of the hedges, numberless rolling stones, but not a single bird.

I arrive at the first level of the mountain; an extensive barren land stretches before me; I then descry the two heads of Vesuvius; on the left the *Somma*; on the right the present mouth of the volcano; both of these peaks are partly veiled by pale clouds. I advance; on one side the *Somma* lowers; on the other I begin to distinguish the interior cavities of the volcano, whose cone I am proposing to ascend. The lava of 1766 and 1769 overspread the whole plain which I tread. It is a dreadful smoky wilderness, over which the lava, issuing like melted iron from a forge, exhibits a whitish froth on a sable ground, not altogether unlike dry faded moss.

Proceeding to the left, and leaving

the cone of the volcano on the right, I arrive at the foot of a little hillock, or rather of a wall formed by the lava which covered Herculaneum. This kind of wall is planted with vines on the borders of the plain, and its reverse offers to the view a deep vale overspread with copse. The cold becomes very sharp and cutting.

I ascend the hillock on my way to the hermitage, which is seen from the opposite side. The sky and the clouds lower, the latter rolling along the ground appears like a greyish smoke, or like ashes driven by the winds. I now begin to hear the rattling of the elms in front of the hermitage.

The hermit is come out to welcome me. He has already seized the bridle of my mule, and I have dismounted. This recluse is a tall, good-looking man, with an open countenance. He has invited me to enter his cell, has prepared the table himself, and has brought out a loaf, a few apples, and some eggs. He has seated himself facing me, leaning with both his elbows on the table, and has begun to converse very freely while I breakfasted. The clouds had now closed all around us; not a single object could we distinguish through the window. Nothing was heard in this vaporous abyss besides the whizzing of the trees, and the distant roaring of the sea on the coast of Herculaneum. Is it not very remarkable, that this peaceful abode of christian hospitality should be situated in a small cell at the foot of a volcano, and amidst the conflict of elements?

The hermit has presented to me the book in which those travellers who visit Mount Vesuvius write some remarks. However I did not meet with a single one deserving of being recollected; some few French alone, with that fine taste which is natural to our countrymen, had been satisfied with inserting the date of their passage, or bestowing some eulogium on the hermit who had welcomed them. Be that as it

might, the volcano had suggested nothing remarkable to the various peregrinators; which corroborated an idea I have long since entertained, that truly great subjects like very great objects are less proper than may be thought to originate sublime ideas: their grandeur being as it were too obvious, whatever might be added to augment the reality, tends only to diminish it. Thus *nascitur ridiculus mus* stands true with regard to all mountains.

I leave the hermitage at half past two; and again direct my course towards the hillock of lava, which I had already mounted: on my left is the valley that separates me from the *Somma*, and on my right, the first level of the cone. I proceed ascending towards the summit of the hillock. The only living creature I could see in this dreary place was a poor emaciated young girl, with a yellow complexion, half naked, and overburdened with the weight of the wood she had been cutting on the mountain.

The clouds now prevent me from seeing any thing; the wind blowing from below upwards, drives them from the darkened level which I survey, over the summit of the causeway on which I am advancing. I can only hear the steps of my mule.

Leaving the hills, I turn to the right, and descend into that plain of lava, which reaches to the cone of the volcano; a lower part of which I had already traversed on my way to the hermitage. Even with these calcined remains before one's eyes, fancy forms with difficulty an idea of those fields of fire and of liquid melted metals, at the period of an eruption of Vesuvius. Dante, perhaps, had seen them, since in his *Inferno* he describes the burning sands on which everlasting flames descend with silent slowness, *come di neve in Alpe sanza vento*:

Arrivammo ad una landa
Che dal suo letto ogni pianta remove.

Lo spazzo er' un' arena arida e spessa

Sovra tutto 'l sabbion d' un cader
lento
Pioven di fuoco di latata, e falde,
Come di neve in Alpe senza vento.

The clouds begin to open a little on some points ; on a sudden, yet by intervals, I discover Portici, Caprea, Ischia, Pausilyppo, white sails of many fishing boats speckling the sea, and the coast of the gulph of Naples, bordered with orange trees: the prospect is that of Paradise beheld from the infernal regions.

Close to the foot of the cone, we dismount ; my guide presents me with a long staff, and we begin to climb the enormous heap of ashes. The clouds close again, the fog grows thick, and the darkness redoubles.

Here I am now on the top of Vesuvius, seated, writing by the mouth of the volcano, and preparing to descend to the bottom of its crater. Every now and then the sun glimmers through the vaporose veil which covers the whole mountain. This unfortunate circumstance, which screens from my view one of the most beautiful landscapes in existence, redoubles the mournful aspect of the place. Vesuvius, thus separated by clouds from the delightful country all around its basis, seems as if situated in the most unfrequented desert, and the particular kind of horror with which it seizes the beholder is not softened by the aspect of the flourishing city at the foot of it.

I propose to my conductor his accompanying me to the bottom of the crater. He does not readily comply, in order to get something more from me ; however, we agree for a certain sum, which he insists upon being paid immediately. I give it to him, he then strips ; and for some time we struggle on the borders of the abyss ; we search a less perpendicular steep, and a more gentle descent. The guide stops and warns me to get ready. We are going to launch into the precipice. We

reach the bottom of the abyss*. I am at a loss how to give an accurate description of this chaos.

Imagine a bason one mile in circumference, and three hundred feet deep, which widens from bottom to top in the shape of a funnel. Its interior walls are furrowed by the fiery fluid which the bason has first contained and then spouted forth. The projecting parts of these furrows resemble those brick piers upon which the Romans supported their massy walls. Large rocks are suspended in some parts of the circumference, and the fragments of them lie mixed with a crust of ashes at the bottom of the abyss.

The bottom of this bason is broken up in different ways. Nearly in the centre are recently opened three large pits, or small mouths, which vomited flames during the stay of the French at Naples, in 1798.

Columns of smoke rise from different parts of the abyss, especially on the side of *la Torre del Greco*. On the opposite flank, towards *Caserta*, I can perceive a blaze. If you thrust your hand into the ashes, you will find them burning at a few inches below the surface.

The general colour of the surface is that of cinders. But Providence, when it pleases, as I have often observed, knows how to render the most dreadful objects agreeable to the eye. The lava in some parts is decorated with azure, ultramarine, yellow, and orange-colour specks or streaks. Large blocks of granite, owing to the vehemence and action of the fire, are seen twisted and curling at their extremities, like the acanthus, or the leaves of the palm-tree. The volcanic matter, chilled on the rocks over which it has flowed, forms here and there vases, chande-

* There is more fatigue than danger to encounter in the attempt of descending into the crater of Vesuvius, except in case of sudden eruption.

liers, ribbons, &c. ; sometimes it assumes the figures of plants or of animals, and imitates the variegated designs which constitute the beauty of an agate. I have observed on a bluish-coloured rock a swan of white lava, so well modeled, that, you would have sworn you saw that beautiful bird asleep, on his smooth watery bed, with his head concealed under his wing, and his long neck extended over his back like a roll of white silk.

*Ad vada Meandri concinit albus
olor.*

Here I observe again the unvarying silence which I have formerly noticed, at noon, in the forests of America, when holding my breath, I could only hear the pulsation of the arteries in my temples, and the beating of my heart. However, sudden gusts of wind, occasionally blowing from the summit of the cone to the bottom of the crater, roar within my garments, or keep whistling along my stick : I likewise hear some stones rolling, which my guide displaces with his feet while climbing amidst the ashes. A confused reverberation of the sound, not unlike that produced by the vibrations of metal or of glass, prolongs the noise occasioned by the fall, and suddenly ceases. Now, compare this deadly silence to the dreadful detonations which shake these very same parts when the volcano vomits forth fire from within its entrails, and overspreads the land with darkness.

What a favourable opportunity for making reflections, truly philosophical, and, if inclined so to do, to lament over the vicissitudes of human institutions ! But what are the so famous revolutions of empires, in comparison to these convulsions of the natural system, which change the face of the earth and ocean ! Happy indeed were it if men were not employed in tormenting one another the few moments they are allowed to spend together ! But Vesuvius has never laid open its abysses, not once to devour

cities, without its fury having surprised the divers nations weltering in one another's blood, or flowing in tears. Which were the first signs of civilization, the first proofs of men having formerly inhabited those parts, that were discovered, so late as our time, under the extinguished ashes of the volcano ? Instruments of torture, and skeletons loaded with chains* !

Times vary, and the destinies of men display the same inconstancy. "Life," says the Greek poet, "glides away like the wheels of a chariot."

Pliny lost his life for indulging the curiosity of viewing from a distance the volcano, in the crater of which I am now seated very quietly ! I behold the abyss smoking all around me. Moreover, I am aware that at a few fathoms lower down, there is an abyss of fire under my feet ; I reflect that the volcano might open on a sudden, and blow me up into the air with those mutilated huge blocks of marble.

What Providence has brought me here ? By what unforeseen event have the tempests of the American ocean driven me to the Lavinian fields ? *Lavinaque venit littora*. I cannot forbear casting a retrograde look on the troubles of this life, in which, according to St. Augustin, "things are replete with misery, and hope is void of happiness." *Rem plenam miserie, spem beatitudinis inanem*. Born on the rocks of Armorica†, the first sound that struck my infant ear was that of the bellowing waves ; and on how many shores have I seen those same waves break, which I here meet again ! Who would have told me, some years ago, that I should hear the roaring of those same waves at the tombs of Scipio and of Virgil, which flowed at my feet on the coast of England, or on the shore of Canada ! My name was already known in the hut of the Indian of Florida. The hermit of

* At Pompeia.

† Brittany.

Vesuvius has it now in his book. When shall I lay down my staff and travelling cloak at the gate of our family hall?

O patria! O divum domus Ilium!

How do I envy the fate of those who have never left their country, and have no adventures to relate to any one!

CHATEAUBRIAND.

This writer may well say

*Felix qui patriis ævum transegit
in agris;*

Illum non vario traxit fortuna tumultu.

He is one of those who describe nothing but what they have seen. Previously to composing his *Attila*, he resided two years among the savages of America, that he might accurately represent their manners; and now, when he meditates a work on the subject of ancient Greece, he is visiting the sites of those cities and places immortalized by events of which they have been the scenes. In the mean time, he continues his correspondence with his friends; and we may expect from him letters dated at Athens, Thebes, Constantinople, the plains of Troy, &c.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ANGLING PARTY.

From Mrs. Le Noir's Village Anecdotes, lately published.

MRS. PETERSON fears I shall be dull in the absence of her daughters. She often proposes schemes of amusement, which I usually decline: however, a fishing party being planned this morning, and the weather proving favourable, I readily agreed to accompany my friend, who seemed eager to partake of it. Mr. Thomas Peterson, and a servant with casting nets and baskets, led the way: we followed along the meadows till Mrs. Peterson, finding

the grass wet, quitted the party: Harriet and I were shod against such trifling inconveniences; and she would by no means consent to let us accompany her home. While the sportsmen followed the course of the river through a narrow path, rather too difficult for us, we seated ourselves on some stumps of trees, whence we could see them at once, and admire the winding of it, which just on this spot is extremely beautiful. The opposite bank has a narrow margin of meadow; it then rises in a gentle slope, the top of which is covered with woods, now richly clad in all the varied tints of autumn, and forming a beautiful contrast to the vivid green below. Some sheep, with fleeces of a snowy whiteness, were feeding on the slanting side of the hill; and the sound of a flute, brought near by a gentle breeze, and the water, rendered the scene completely Arcadian.

"Where is the shepherd?" said Harriet, who, I believe, expected to have seen one in all the elegance of pastoral simplicity, with a crook ornamented with ribbons and flowers. "He is yonder, my dear," said I, pointing to a little ragged boy lying on the ground; who was certainly what she enquired for, though such a blot in the picture had escaped her notice. "That the shepherd, Mrs. Villars!" said she; "that is a *Shropshire* shepherd indeed. Oh, how you break the spell! But I still hear the flute; there is another not far off."

Mr. Thomas now reminded us of him, whom we had almost forgotten, with a loud holla, that he had got a perch of two pounds; and impatiently calling to us to come and see his sport. I took my companion's arm, and led her reluctant from this enchanting spot. We traversed the long grass through an unbeaten disagreeable path, to join the fisherman, for they were going another way home; and Mr. Thomas would not stir a step to meet us. I should have left him and his fish to have sunk or swam together,

and have returned by the way we came, had not another consideration led me to prefer that which he took, as it led from the sound of the music, and of course from the musician, whom I could not but guess at, and feared to expose my young friend to meet, her heart thus softened, and her imagination thus warmed, and thus prepared for the most dangerous impressions. We followed our leaders, whose baskets were well filled with fish; and saw them throw their net several times unsuccessfully. Mr. Thomas now grew tired, and proposed returning, to which we readily agreed.

On our return, passing a turnip field after we had left the river, on the side of a coppice, Sailor, who is always of our walking parties, started a fine cock pheasant. Mr. Thomas and his man made a point, as their dogs might have done. The former cursed his stupid head for going a fishing the first day of pheasant shooting; and ordering his man to mark the bird, set down his basket; and, without the least apology, ran off in pursuit of a gun. In the mean time the bird rose again, and directed its flight to the wood. The servant, loaded as he was with the net, took to his heels, to watch its direction; and we were left with the basket of fish, and Sailor, to shift as we could.

We stood looking at each other, in a sort of ridiculous distress, which ended, however, in a fit of laughter. "To be sure they will come back, and seek for their fish, ma'am," said Harriet. "For their fish, perhaps, they may, my dear," said I; "for we seem to be quite out of the question." We then seated ourselves on the grass, and waited patiently a full half hour, expecting their return; unwilling to leave the produce of our morning's sport to the mercy of the first passenger that was able to carry it. We were in a sort of dell, between two rising grounds, and could see nothing beyond. Harriet went on all sides to *reconnoître*, but could discover no creature of

whom to inquire our way, or solicit assistance. In this dilemma, we agreed that any thing was better than sitting still to take cold: we, therefore, took the basket between us, and made towards the river, in order to regain the path we knew. Our load warmed as well as wearied us; and we were often obliged to stop and rest. In one of these pauses, just as we were within knowledge, Sailor, who was jumping and caressing us, as suddenly sprang away, as if he had started some other game. The faithful creature ran to greet an acquaintance who always takes notice of him: it was Mr. Ewer, who soon joined us; and, after the first compliments, he expressed his surprise to see us so incumbered. "Who has loaded two fair ladies so unconscionably?" said he. "Have you discovered some poacher's hoard? for, to be sure, you never caught all this fish yourselves?" We were obliged to explain how we came in charge of it, and to accept of his assistance to convey it home, which he absolutely insisted upon: he hoisted his pack, and we set forward once more. "My scheme, on leaving home, was to have fished too, ladies," said he; "but I was beguiled by my flute, and have been sauntering on the banks of the river, and playing old tunes to beguile old sorrows the whole morning through. I was, however, on the point of adjusting my tackle to begin, when my good genius directed me to this meadow, as a more convenient spot, where so much happiness awaited me."

Mr. Ewer is certainly not handsome; yet, at this moment, I almost thought him so. Pleasure flushed his pale cheeks, and sparkled in his expressive eye: he tripped lightly before us; and absolutely carried his load with a grace. His countenance was not the only one that brightened at this unexpected and opportune rencontre; indeed all were pleased, to the very dog; and who could blame us? As for Mr. Ewer, his harmony of spirits broke

out in an extempore song, which he struck up with infinite humour, as follows :

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Thomas ?
In the path, hard by the grove,
He has wandered from us.

We with him our home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain ;
Here's the fish the shepherd took
At the river's fountain.

Never shall he see them more,
Until his returning ;
Should he find the dinner o'er,
Joy will turn to mourning.

Thus entertained, our walk did not seem long : we reached home without seeing any thing of our company, or meeting any further adventure ; and Mr. Ewer, having deposited his load, took his leave.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF POMPEY'S PILLAR AND CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, IN EGYPT.

By an Officer of the British Army.

SOUTH of the city of Alexandria, and nearly in a line with the pharos, stands that great piece of antiquity, Pompey's pillar. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this fine monument of ancient architecture : it is in the highest state of preservation, except on the north-west quarter, which I imagine has suffered from the constant and violent winds blowing from that point the greater part of the year.

The remains of a Greek inscription are plainly visible on the western face of the pedestal.

The French have repaired the foundation supporting the pedestal, which had formerly been destroyed in part by the brutal rapacity of an Arab, who, imagining some treasure lay concealed under it, attempted, but happily in vain, to blow up

this beautiful column. A cap of liberty was erected upon a pole on the top, having been placed there by the French, a short time after their arrival in the country.

Close to the sea, S. by E. of the pharos, is Cleopatra's needle. Near it lies its fellow obelisk, which had always been supposed to be broken, part of it being buried in the sand ; but the French cleared away the ground all around it, and found it to be perfectly whole. It is exactly the same as the one now standing, both as to size and the hieroglyphics with which it is covered. Those on the north and on the west faces of the obelisk standing are in a very good state of preservation ; those on the other sides are nearly obliterated.

These two obelisks are supposed to have stood at the entrance of some temple. Each is of one entire piece of granite, sixty-five feet high. Round the summit of that which is erect we perceived the remains of a rope, most probably put there for the purpose of pulling it to the ground, preparatory to the transporting of both of them to France.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE PIEDMONTESE SHARPER.

IN the year 1695, a Piedmontese, who stiled himself count Carassa, came to Vienna, and privately waited on the prime minister, pretending he was sent by the duke of Savoy on a very important affair, which they two were to negotiate without the privity of the French court. At the same time he produced his credentials, in which the duke's seal and signature were very exactly imitated. He met with a very favourable reception, and, without affecting any privacy, took upon him the title of envoy extraordinary from the court of Savoy. He had several conferences with the imperial council, and made so great a figure in the most distinguished assemblies, that once at a private concert at

court, the captain of the guard denying him admittance, he demanded satisfaction in his master's name, and the officer was obliged to ask his pardon. His first care was to ingratiate himself with the jesuits, who at that time bore a great sway at court; and in order to this, he went to visit their church, which remained unfinished, as they pretended, from the low circumstances of the society. He asked them how much money would complete it. An estimate to the amount of two thousand louis-d'ors being laid before him, Carassa assured them of his constant attachment to their order; that he had gladly embraced such a public opportunity of showing his esteem for them, and that they might immediately proceed to finishing their church. In consequence of his promise, he sent that very day the two thousand louis-d'ors, at which sum the charge had been computed.

He was very sensible that this was a part he could not act long without being detected; and, that this piece of generosity might not be at his own expence, he invited a great number of ladies of the first rank to supper and a ball. Every one of the guests had promised to be there; but he complained to them all of the ill returns made to his civilities, adding, that he had been often disappointed, as the ladies made no scruple of breaking their word on such occasions, and, in a jocular way, insisted on a pledge from every lady for their appearance at the time appointed. One gave him a ring, another a pearl necklace, a third a pair of ear-rings, a fourth a gold watch, and several such trinkets, to the amount of twelve thousand dollars. On the evening appointed not one of the guests were missing; but it may easily be conceived, what a damp it struck upon the whole assembly, when it was at last found that the gay Piedmontese was a sharper, and had disappeared. Nor had the jesuits any great reason to applaud themselves on the success of their dissimulation; for a

few days before his departure, the pretended count, putting on an air of deep concern, placed himself in the way of the emperor's confessor, who inquiring into the cause of his apparent melancholy, he intrusted him with the important secret, that he was short of money, at a juncture when eight thousand louis-d'ors were immediately wanted for his master's affairs, to be distributed at the imperial court. The jesuits to whom he had given a recent instance of his liberality by so large a donation, immediately furnished him with the sum he wanted; and with this acquisition, and the ladies' pledges, he thought he had carried his jests far enough, and very prudently withdrew from Vienna.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MELANGE.

NO. XI.

Advice.

THERE is no greater instance of good sense, than to be capable of *receiving advice*; for we may easily find that the greatest part of mankind are unanimously resolved to play the hypocrite with one another. The person who asks advice seldom means any thing more by it, than to let you know either what he has already done, or resolved to do: the giver of advice, therefore, knowing that this is a common mode of proceeding, repays the fraud of his friend with another of his own, and, instead of considering the thing proposed, considers only what the intention of his friend is, and immediately advises him to that.

There are some who ask advice, but proclaim their own resolution before they can receive any answer. *Shall I do this?—Yes, I will do it,*—is the constant practice of an old physician of my acquaintance; whilst my friend Mr.

Wilful takes a contrary method, and with his—*I will do this—Shall I?*—makes his asking advice an equal absurdity. Mrs. Rentroll is of the same turn of mind with my friend Wilful. She never does any thing without consulting her husband; but wisely lets him know her intention first, and asks his advice after. The other day Bob Spavin, the jockey, brought an elegant saddle-horse to show her, of about eighty pounds value. She immediately asked her husband's advice, whether she should have it or no. He attempted seriously to persuade her against it; but found at last, that her asking whether she *should* have it, was only her manner of telling him she *would*.

Tom Sparebones has a far happier way of managing his wife, who will not take the least step without his approbation. If she would take a jaunt in the summer, if she would invite to a dance, or make one at a tea-party, she never fails to ask his advice first. Tom puts on a grave face, and violently persuades her to what he knows she is resolved upon. She cries, *Well, since you advise me to it, my dear, I will*—and thus certainly obeys him: by this means, he is the most absolute husband in the world.

There is another set of people, who ask advice only to court our flattery; and it is easy to observe, notwithstanding all their grimace, that it is rather praise than counsel they consult us for. A young author showed a poetical translation to a man of excellent judgment, and solicited him as the oracle who was to pronounce its fate: the gentleman, with the utmost tenderness and good-nature, yet with a sincerity above the common mode, pointed out its numerous errors, and advised him against committing it to press. The bard was incapable of receiving advice, and thought it was nothing but an endeavour of envy to suppress his *merit*. He ran immediately to some wiser counsellors, who complaisantly applauded his piece; he printed it,

and thus proved himself a block-head.

Some men ask advice, likewise, merely to collect opinions; and though they would be glad that the world agreed with them, they have no intention of altering their conduct, if the case should be otherwise. M-Brawn took a mistress into keeping, and asked the sentiments of his friends upon the occasion, in hopes they would think that this step was at least preferable to the indiscriminate pursuit of low pleasures. They candidly expressed their disapprobation.—M-Brawn has quarrelled with his counsellors, it is true, but he still keeps his mistress.

Thus, sincerity in giving advice is constantly received ill, by all but those persons who have good sense enough to bear with it; and the sincere counsellor comes off well, if he is not recompensed with some blunt remonstrance, or keen reproach.

I love the neighbourhood of man
and beast:
I would not place my stable out of
sight.
No! close behind my dwelling it
should form
A fence, on one side, to my garden
plat.
What beauty equals shelter, in a
clime
Where wintry blasts with summer
breezes blend,
Chilling the day! How pleasant 'tis
to hear
December's winds, amid surrounding
trees,
Raging aloud! how grateful 'tis to
wake,
While raves the midnight storm, and
hear the sound
Of busy grinders at the well-filled
rack;
Or flapping wing, and crow of chan-
ticleer,
Long ere the lingering morn; or
bouncing flails,
That tell the dawn is near! Plea-
sant the path
By sunny garden wall, when all the
fields

Are chill and comfortless ; or barn-
yard snug,
Where flocking birds, of various
plume, and chirp
Discordant, cluster on the leaning
stack,
From whence the thresher draws the
rustling sheaves.

O, Nature ! all thy seasons please
the eye
Of him who sees a Deity in all.
It is His presence that diffuses
charms
Unspeaking, o'er mountain, wood,
and stream.
To think that He, who hears the hea-
venly choirs,
Hearkens complacent to the wood-
land song ;
To think that he who rolls yon solar
sphere,
Uplifts the warbling songster to the
sky ;
To mark His presence in the migh-
ty bow,
That spans the clouds, as in the
tints minute
Of tiniest flower ; to hear his awful
voice
In thunder speak, and whisper in the
gale ;
To know, and feel His care for all
that lives ;
'Tis this that makes the barren waste
appear
A fruitful field, each grove a para-
dise.
Yes ! place me 'mid far stretching
woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard ; the
heath-bell there
Would sooth my weary sight, and
tell of Thee !
There would my gratefully uplifted
eye
Survey the heavenly vault by day, by
night,
When glows the firmament from
pole to pole ;
There would my overflowing heart
exclaim,
*The heavens declare the glory of 'the
Lord,*
*The firmament shows forth his handy
work !*

The duke of Northumberland has
lately printed a household book of an
old earl of that family, who lived in

the time of Henry VII. It contains
many curious particulars, which
mark the manners and way of liv-
ing in that rude, not to say barbar-
ous age ; as well as the prices of
commodities. I have extracted a few
of them from that piece, which
gives a true picture of ancient man-
ners, and is one of the most singu-
lar monuments that English anti-
quity affords us : for we may be
confident, however rude the strokes,
that no baron's family was on a no-
bler or more splendid footing. The
family consists of 166 persons, Mas-
ters and servants : 57 strangers are
reckoned upon every day : on the
whole 223. Two-pence halfpenny
are supposed to be the daily ex-
pence of each for meat, drink, and
firing. This would make a groat
of our present money : supposing
provisions between three and four
times cheaper, it would be equiva-
lent to fourteen-pence : no great
sum for a nobleman's house-keep-
ing ; especially considering that the
chief expence of a family, at that
time, consisted in meat and drink :
for the sum allotted by the earl for
his whole annual expence is 1118
pounds, 17 shillings, and 8 pence ;
meat, drink, and firing cost 796
pounds, 11 shillings, and 2 pence,
more than two thirds of the whole :
in a modern family it is not above
a third, p. 157, 158, 159. The
whole expence of the earl's family
is managed with an exactness that
is very rigid, and, if we make no
allowance for ancient manners,
such as may seem to border on an
extreme ; inasmuch, that the num-
ber of pieces, which must be cut
out of every quarter of beef, mut-
ton, pork, veal, nay stock-fish and
salmon, are determined, and must
be entered and accounted for by the
different clerks appointed for that
purpose. If a servant be absent a
day, his mess is struck off : if he go
on my lord's business, board wages
are allowed him, eight-pence a day
for his journey in winter, five-pence
in summer : when he stays in any
place, two-pence a day are allowed
him, beside the maintenance of his

horse. Somewhat above a quarter of wheat is allowed for every mouth throughout the year; and the wheat is estimated at five shillings and eight-pence a quarter. Two hundred and fifty quarters of malt are allowed, at four shillings a quarter: two hogsheads are to be made of a quarter; which amounts to about a bottle and a third of beer a day to each person, p. 4, and the beer will not be very strong. One hundred and nine fat beeves are to be bought at Allhallow-tide, at thirteen shillings and four-pence a piece: and twenty-four lean beeves to be bought at St. Helen's at eight shillings a piece: these are to be put into the pastures to feed; and are to serve from midsummer to Michaelmas; which is consequently the only time that the family eats fresh beef; during all the rest of the year they live on salted meat, p. 5. One hundred and sixty gallons of mustard are allowed in a year; which seems indeed requisite for the salt beef, p. 18. Six hundred and forty-seven sheep are allowed, at twenty-pence a piece; and these seem also to be all eat salted, except between Lammas and Michaelmas, p. 5. Only twenty-five hogs are allowed, at two shillings a piece; twenty-eight veals at twenty-pence; forty lambs at ten-pence or a shilling, p. 7. These seem to be reserved for my lord's table, or that of the upper servants, called the knights'-table. The other servants, as they eat salted meat, almost through the whole year, and with few or no vegetables, had a very bad and unhealthy diet: so that there cannot be any thing more erroneous, than the magnificent ideas formed of the *roast beef of old England*. We must entertain as mean an idea of its cleanliness: only seventy ells of linen, at eight-pence an ell, are annually allowed for this great family: no sheets were used: this linen was made into eight table-cloths for my lord's table; and one table-cloth for the knights, p. 16. This last, I suppose, was washed only

once a month. Only forty shillings are allowed for washing throughout the whole year; and most of it seems expended on the linen belonging to the chapel. The drinking, however, was tolerable; namely, ten tuns and two hogsheads of Gascogne wine, at the rate of 4 pounds 13 shillings and 4 pence a tun, p. 6. Only ninety-one dozen of candles for the whole year, p. 14. The family rose at six in the morning, dined at ten, and supped at four in the afternoon: the gates were all shut at nine, and no farther ingress or egress permitted, p. 314, 318. My lord and lady have set on their table for breakfast at seven o'clock in the morning a quart of beer; as much wine; two pieces of salt fish, six red-herrings, four white ones, or a dish of sprats. In flesh days half a chine of mutton, or a chine of beef boiled, p. 73, 75. Mass is ordered to be said at six o'clock, in order, says the household-book, that all my lord's servants may rise early, p. 170. Only twenty-four fires are allowed, beside the kitchen and hall, and most of these have only a peck of coals a-day allowed them, p. 99. After Lady-day, no fires permitted in the rooms, except half-fires in my lord's and lady's, and lord Piercy's and the nursery, p. 101. It is to be observed that my lord kept house in Yorkshire, where there is certainly much cold weather after Lady-day. Eighty chalders of coals at four shillings and two-pence a chalders, suffices throughout the whole year; and because coal will not burn without wood, says the household-book, sixty-four loads of great wood are also allowed, at twelve-pence a load, p. 22. This is a proof that grates were not then used. Here is an article. *It is devised that from henceforth no capons to be bought but only for my lord's own mess, and that the said capons shall be bought for two-pence a piece, lean, and fed in the poultry; and master chamberlain and the stewards be fed with capons, if there be strangers sitting with them, p.*

102. Pigs are to be bought at three-pence or a groat a piece: geese at the same price: chickens at a half-penny: hens at two-pence, and only for the above-mentioned tables. Here is another article. *Item, it is thought good that no flow-ers be bought at no season but only in Christmas and principal feasts, and my lord to be served therewith and his board-end, and none other, and to be bought for a penny a piece, or a penny half-penny at most,* p. 103. Woodcocks are to be bought at the same price. Partridges at two-pence, p. 104, 105. Pheasants a shilling; peacocks the same, p. 106. My lord keeps only twenty-seven horses in his stable at his own charge: his upper servants have allowance for maintaining their own horses, p. 126. These horses are, six gentle horses, as they are called, at hay and hard meat throughout the whole year, four palfreys, three hobbies and nags, three sumpter horses, six horses for those servants to whom my lord furnishes a horse, two sumpter horses more, and three mill horses, two for carrying the corn, and one for grinding it; whence we may infer that mills, either water or wind-mills, were then unknown, at least very rare: besides these, there are seven great trotting horses for the chariot or waggon. He allows a peck of oats a day, besides loaves made of beans for his principal horses; the oats at twenty pence, the beans at two shillings a quarter. The load of hay is at two shillings and eight-pence. When my lord is on a journey, he carries thirty-six horsemen along with him; together with bed and other accommodation, p. 157. The inns, it seems, could afford nothing tolerable. My lord passes the year in three country-seats, all in Yorkshire, Wrysel, Leckenfield, and Topcliffe; but he has furniture only for one: he carries every thing along with him, beds, tables, chairs, kitchen utensils, all which, we may conclude, were so coarse, that they could not be spoilt by the carriage:

yet seventeen carts and one waggon suffices for the whole, p. 391. One cart suffices for all his kitchen utensils, cooks' beds, &c., p. 388. One remarkable circumstance is, that he has eleven priests in his house, besides seventeen persons, chanters, musicians, &c., belonging to his chapel: yet he has only two cooks for a family of 223 persons, p. 325*. Their meals were certainly dressed in the slovenly manner of a ship's company. It is amusing to observe the pompous and even royal style assumed by this Tartar chief: he does not give any orders, though only for the right making of mustard, but it is introduced with this preamble, *It seemeth good to us and our council.* If we consider the magnificent and elegant manner in which the Venetian and other Italian noblemen then lived, with the progress made by the Italians in literature and the fine arts, we shall not wonder that they considered the ultramontane nations as barbarous. The Flemish also seem to have much excelled the English, and even the French. Yet the earl is sometimes not deficient in generosity: he pays for instance an annual pension of a groat a year to my lady of Walsingham, for her interest in heaven; the same sum to the holy blood at Hales, p. 337. No mention is any where made of plate; but only of the hiring of pewter vessels. The servants seem all to have bought their own clothes from their wages.

Indolence.

If industry is no more than habit, it is, at least, an excellent one. If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism?

* In another place, mention is made of four cooks, p. 388. But I suppose, that the two servants, called in p. 325 groom of the larder and child of the scullery, are, in p. 388, comprehended in the number of cooks.

No; I shall say, *indolence*. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.

Perseverance.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke with the pick-axe, or of one impression of a spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed with the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties; and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance, that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason, and their spirit, the power of persisting in their purposes; acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter; and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks.

Characters enervated by Prosperity feel the smallest inconvenience as a serious calamity; and, unable to bear the touch of rude and violent hands, require to be treated, like young and tender flowers, with delicacy and attention; while those who have been educated in the rough school of Adversity walk over the thorns of life with a firm and intrepid step, and kick them from the path with indifference and contempt. Superior to the false opinions and prejudices of the world, they bear with patient fortitude the blow of misfortune, disregard all

trifling injuries, and look down with proud contempt on the malice of their enemies, and the infidelity of their friends.

Attention.

It is the power of attention which in a great measure distinguishes the wise and the great from the vulgar and trifling herd of men. The latter are accustomed to think, or rather to dream, without knowing the subject of their thoughts. In their unconnected roving, they pursue no end, they follow no track; every thing floats loose and disjointed on the surface of their minds, like leaves scattered and blown about on the face of the waters.

A late writer, speaking of the inflections of the ancient languages, compared with the use of auxiliaries and particles among the moderns, expresses himself to the following effect:

Our modern languages may, in this respect, be compared to the art of carpentry in its rudest state, when the union of the materials employed by the artisan, could be effected only by the help of these external coarse implements, pins, nails, and cramps. The ancient languages resemble the same art in its most improved state, after the invention of dovetail, joints, grooves, and mortises, when all the principal functions are effected by adapting properly the extremities of the pieces to one another.

For the Literary Magazine.

DRAWING OF THE LOTTERY AT NAPLES.

From the French.

IN a very large hall of the *vicaria*, or justice-court, at Naples, are assembled sundry persons dressed in black, their heads covered with

immense full bottomed perukes; these are gentlemen, very well paid, for coming once a fortnight, and enduring a quarter of an hour's weariness, in a convenient situation. The boy who, as usual in other countries, draws the numbers, is loaded with images of saints: he is blessed and drenched with holy water before he commences his labours. Nearly two thousand persons are squeezed together in this hall; and although every window and door is open, yet the air is so loaded with mephitic vapours, that, I incline to think, no candle would burn in it. The hootings and hisses of the mad-headed populace are yet more intolerable, if possible, than the offensive exhalations. Often might a spectator ask himself, whether he were not in a mad-house? If one of the commissioners comes rather late, he is received with reproaches and hisses enough to turn the head of the most sagacious counsellor. When the wheel goes round, the shout of the spectators is horrible.

The first drawn ticket, being given by the boy who drew it to one of the commissioners, he gave it to a lazzaroni who stood behind him. Instantly the hall resounded with shouts of applause and screams of joy; the second number, on the contrary, was received with expressions of chagrin. I went out at this instant, to escape the crowd. On the stair-case, I met another personage, whose attentions were directed to the purse: it was a pious good soul, who, speculating on the numerous assembly, took this opportunity of soliciting donations on behalf of the souls in purgatory. The idea was a good one, especially was it applicable before the drawing begun to those who were interested in the event, because, at that time, every one would hope his good works might be rewarded by the favours of fortune. The stair-case was moreover filled with lame beggars; and in order to comprize every characteristic of the Neapolitans, superstition, gambling, poverty, and filth were huddled to-

gether. On a second floor every kind of nastiness was permitted and practised. When a number was drawn, it was announced through a window, to an agent placed in the street, for the purpose, who proceeded instantly to inform the administration of the lottery, and, as he went, communicated his intelligence to the curious. Directly as the people perceived from a distance the approach of one of these agents, a general exclamation ensued, and thousands of hands waved in the air, for the Neapolitans do nothing without action. All spoke together, during half a minute, to communicate their deep reflections among their neighbours: after which they waited till another messenger appeared. The fury of lottery gaming is more excessive here than in other places, because here superstition finds most room for its exercise: and the Neapolitans are determined in the choice of their numbers by the most despicable artifices, such as calculation to predict their success, &c. The folly of this infernal game has infected the whole population, and even the beggars commit to chance the very alms they have received.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF LINNÆUS.

From Acerbi's Travels.

A LADY of the province of Upsala, who had never been beyond its boundaries, applied to a friend of Linnæus for a letter of recommendation, that she might have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of this eminent character, and, at the same time, see his collection. The philosopher received her with much politeness, and, as he was showing her the museum, the good lady was so filled with astonishment at the sight of an assemblage of such a number of different objects, upon each of which Linnæus had always

something to remark, that she exclaimed with a sigh, *I no longer wonder that Linnaeus is so well known over the whole province of Upsala!* Linnaeus, who, instead of the province of Upsala, expected to hear the whole universe, was so shocked, that he would show her nothing more of the museum, and sent the lady away quite confounded at the change of his humour, and at the same time firmly believing that her high encomium had wounded the feelings of the great philosopher.

One day, being in a melancholy temper, he gave orders that no person should be admitted to him, and placed himself, in his bed-gown and night-cap, sad and pensive, upon his sofa. An officer in the Swedish service arrived with a party of ladies, who had made a journey for the express purpose of seeing the Linnaean collection. The officer was denied admittance; but, being aware of Linnaeus' caprice, he would not be refused by the servant, but pushed by him, and entered the chamber where Linnaeus was sitting. At first some indignation was shown at this intrusion; but the officer introduced the ladies with a most extravagant panegyric to the illustrious philosopher, who was the sole object of their journey; to the man whom the whole world allowed to be the greatest; to that man who had put Nature herself to the rack, in order to discover her dearest secrets, &c. Linnaeus's surly humour instantly forsook him, and he never appeared more amiable in his manners than to this officer, whom he embraced tenderly, calling him his true friend, &c. He was so singularly enamoured with praise, that his mind was never in that sedate state which would have enabled him to distinguish true commendation from flattery and deception. The clergyman, who at first did not credit such reports, was convinced of their reality by one of his friends, who composed so ridiculous a eulogy for Linnaeus, that the weakest child might have treated it as a farce or satire; it was worded in the bombast of the middle ages,

or in the Asiatic style: he called him the sun of botanists, the Jupiter of the literati, the secretary of Nature, an ocean of science, a moving mountain of erudition, and other appellations to the same effect. Linnaeus, far from feeling displeasure at such excessive and ridiculous compliments, interrupted the panegyrist at each phrase, embracing him, and calling him his dearest friend.

For the Literary Magazine.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ISLANDS
OF JUAN FERNANDEZ AND
MASA FUERO, IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

THE island of Juan Fernandez has frequently been described by the early navigators of the Pacific ocean, who touched there for refreshments, and by the freebooters who made it a place of resort for the rendezvous of their forces or the division of their spoil. At a convenient distance from the coast of Peru, unsettled and unfortified, abounding in almost every requisite for refitting, revictualling, wooding, and watering, it became not only a desirable station, but was long an unsuspected or despised retreat. The dormant vigilance, however, of the Spaniards, was at length aroused, and a settlement was made in 1766 or 1767 upon the island of Juan Fernandez. In the latter year, captain Carteret, on his voyage round the world, upon opening Cumberland bay, was surprized to find the island in possession of the Spaniards, who had built a fort, on which the Spanish colours were flying and some cannon mounted. Many cattle were seen on the hills, and about twenty houses on different parts of the island. Carteret neither anchored nor had any communication with the shore, but sailed immediately for Masa Fuero. Since that time no accounts have been given to the public respecting

it; for, with the characteristic jealousy of the nation, access to its shores was denied to strangers almost without exception. An intelligent and zealous navigator, however, lieutenant John Moss, of the British navy, then commanding the ship *William* on the southern whale and seal fishery, visited both Juan Fernandez and the adjacent island of *Masa Fuero*, in the year 1792. It is from his MSS. that the following account of the modern state of those islands is given, and may be not unacceptable to the public, contrasted with the accounts which have appeared of its former state, when uninhabited and uncultivated.

Juan Fernandez lies in latitude $33^{\circ} 40' S.$ and $80^{\circ} 30' W.$ from Greenwich*. In making this island captain Moss first stood along the west side of it, and at noon came abreast of the north point. He was not aware of its having been settled by the Spaniards, and went in the boat to see if there was a safe anchorage, and to catch fish. In hauling round the north-west point, he was surprized to find the place fortified, and a small village in the valley. He immediately landed, and applied to the governor for leave to anchor and to fish. Neither request, however, was formally granted; but getting into a position where none of the guns could bear on the boat, he caught as many fish as served the whole ship's company.

In making the island from the westward, it appears elevated at the north end, and slopes away towards the south, with a remarkable islet or large rock detached about half a mile off the south point. At a distance the whole island appears like an entire rock; but on a nearer approach the intersecting vallies discover themselves, and display a fine

scene of verdure, being covered with wood. The west side affords no anchorage, nor any landing-place, the cliffs rising almost perpendicularly from the sea. When abreast of the north-west point, the first valley or landing-place opens where there is anchorage in fourteen fathom water, but quite in an open and exposed situation. Here the Spaniards have a guard-house and one gun. About half a mile to the east-north-east is the great bay (*Cumberland bay* of the buccaneers), which is land-locked from east to north-west by west; but there is no anchorage in less than forty fathoms, till within half a cable's length of the shore. The town or village is very pleasantly situated in a fine valley between two high hills. A battery of five guns is placed just round the west point of the harbour, and commands the road, though it is very possible to land without a gun being brought to bear on the boats. This battery is built of loose stones, piled up breast high, and forming embrasures, without mortar or any kind of cement. On the left of the valley, on a little eminence, another battery was then constructing of masonry; it has two faces, with fourteen embrasures in each, one face pointing to the anchorage, and the other flanking the village; there were only five guns mounted on that side which faces the road, and one on the other. By cutting a serpentine path along the side of the western hill, two small guns have been got to the top of it. According to the report of the commandant, however, the whole force on the island, in January, 1792, consisted of six soldiers, and forty of the settlers armed and trained. Captain Moss was not at that time permitted to refresh his crew at Juan Fernandez. He saw great numbers of goats on the sides of every hill, and regretted much that he could not be allowed to stay, on account of the progress of the scurvy on board his ship, which would have been speedily arrested by the fresh venison, fish, and vegetables to be obtained there.

* Dampier assigns its situation in $34^{\circ} 45' S.$ latitude, $84^{\circ} W.$ longitude; but the publisher of Anson's Voyage, as well as captain Sharp, placing it in the latitude of $33^{\circ} 40'$, are confirmed by captain Moss.

On the 15th of November, 1792, however, he touched a second time at Juan Fernandez, and when within three miles of the great bay, went on shore to obtain the governor's permission to cut wood. This time leave was most readily granted by the governor, don Juan Calvo de la Canteza, who supplied all the wants of the English as much as was in his power. He ordered his own people to assist in cutting wood, and his oxen to draw it to the water side. A small present, which captain Moss, from his nearly exhausted stock, made to the governor in return for his civilities, consisted of a dozen of wine, a dozen of plates, two dishes, half a dozen of wine-glasses, a small pot of pickles, and a pair of new boots. In return he presented captain Moss with a loaf of sugar, four fine sheep, a large quantity of vegetables, milk, and as much craw-fish as he wanted. He also allowed him to purchase the flesh of two bullocks jerked, which cost a mere trifle.

There are about forty houses in the town, and several in different parts of the island. Every house has a garden, with arbours of grape vines, forming a delightful shade. Figs, cherries, plumbs, and almonds appeared, all green, and abundance of potatoes, cabbages, onions, thyme, and other vegetables and herbs; but none of them in perfection, as a kind of grub is said in a great measure to destroy the kitchen gardens.

The dress of the women is very singular: they wear a petticoat which reaches only a little below the knee, and which is spread out by a hoop at the bottom to a great distance round them, leaving the legs entirely exposed, and, were it not for the drawers they wear, all below the waist might be seen when they stoop. They wear long hair, plaited into forty or fifty small braids, which hang straight down the back. This dress, the governor stated, was likewise that of the ladies of Peru and Chili. In every house that captain Moss entered, he was presented by the women with *maté*, the infu-

sion of the herb of Paraguay, which they suck up through a pipe or tube, which serves more than one person, and is handed over from one to the other. The women were in general handsome, and every house swarmed with children. In one to which captain Moss paid a visit, there was a young woman only twenty years of age, who had six children, and was again pregnant.

Strangers who fall in with Juan Fernandez and Masa Fuero may mistake the one for the other, as they both lie in the same latitude, though they are very different. The north end of Juan Fernandez is highest, while Masa Fuero is lowest to the north. This circumstance, and the small island which lies off the south end of Juan Fernandez, are distinctive marks to be depended on. The two islands lie eighty miles from each other, but one has been seen from the other in a clear day.

The island of Masa Fuero is uninhabited, except by seals and goats. It lies in latitude $33^{\circ} 41'$ south, and longitude $81^{\circ} 40'$ west. There is no practicable landing-place on the north end of the island, on account of the prodigious surf; and on the east side, where captain Moss landed, it is so bad, that the people were obliged to swim through the surf, after procuring some boat-loads of seal skins. Seals abound here, and the shores are covered with them. There is likewise plenty of wood, but difficult to be got off: in one of the vallies four or five cords of wood were found, which the heavy surf prevented them from getting away, as it probably had done the persons who cut it. The wood is principally a kind of red cedar, and a sort of hard yellow wood like box, capable of taking a fine polish. During the time the William remained at the island, goats enough were caught to afford the crew a constant supply of fresh provisions; and abundance of fish may likewise be taken in a very short time. Captain Moss saw large and small hawks there; the

smallest no bigger than a goldfinch, and something like it. Living wholly undisturbed by man in this distant spot, these birds were quite tame. A wild cabbage was found, but it would not boil soft; the sailors, however, eat it. The island is distant from the main land of South America one hundred and forty leagues, and eighty miles west of Juan Fernandez. The south end is the highest, its cliffs being almost perpendicular from the sea, and in the calmest weather it has a bad surf breaking on it. The north end is also high, but a fine green low point stretches from the bottom of the cliff to the northward, a perfect level of at least a mile and a half. The east side of the island is the most pleasing, being split into valleys which are rich in verdure, covered with trees, and abounding with flowers of the lily and violet kinds. A copious stream of water runs down every valley, and expands in its descent amongst the rocks into several successive reservoirs, which hold large quantities. But the seals play in these waters so far up the valleys, that the water has a bad taste, unless it is taken from above the places which they frequent.

Masa Fuero yields all the refreshments that can reasonably be wished, and if it afforded good anchorage, it would be a very desirable place for ships to touch at; but it does not, though there are places where an anchor may be let go in foul ground. On a temporary visit, however, standing off and on answers every purpose, and nothing but great distress can warrant anchoring here. When under weigh, a vessel is ready to shift as the wind does, thereby always keeping on the lee side of the island, for it is impossible to land on the weather side. All ships that come here for seals should have a strong built boat to anchor behind the surf, where she might be loaded by hauling them off. Captain Moss had his boats staved in one of his attempts to land, the surf running so high, and break-

ing a considerable distance from the shore. On the east side there is a small inlet that has good landing when the wind is from S. W. to N. N. W., but the wind at S. E. blows right in. It is the only place they saw where a boat could be hauled up. They got there 2100 seals in the few days of their stay. Captain Moss called this inlet Enderby's Cove, in compliment to one of his owners.

For the Literary Magazine.

GARNERIN'S NOCTURNAL ASCENSION.

GARNERIN, the celebrated aeronaut, has addressed the following letter to the editors of one of the Paris journals:

Gentlemen, before I undertake the second nocturnal aerial voyage, which will take place at Tivoli on Saturday, the 19th of September, I ought to give some account of that which I performed in the night between the 4th and 5th of August last.

My balloon was lighted by 20 lamps. Many persons felt some alarm from the number of these lights, and their proximity to the balloon, in case a diminution of the pressure in the upper regions should oblige me to let out the hydrogen gas by the lower orifices. They feared lest, in this case, the gas should find its way to the lights, take fire, and communicate the flames to the balloon. I had foreseen this inconvenience. In the first place, the balloon, which was the same in which I ascended at Milan, was only two-thirds filled, that I might defer the emission of the gas as long as possible; in the next, the nearest lamps to the balloon were 14 feet distant from it; and lastly, conductors were placed in such a manner as to convey the gas away in a direction contrary to the lights.

Having made these arrange-

ments, I felt no hesitation to undertake a nocturnal voyage. I ascended from Tivoli, at 11 at night, under the Russian flag, as a token of peace. There was not any decided current in the atmosphere, but only undulations, which tossed me about, I believe a great part of the night. To this it was owing, that I was first carried towards St. Cloud, and afterwards brought back over Vincennes; in a diametrically opposite direction. How favourable this circumstance would have been to the speculations of those who pretend to direct balloons! I was in the full force of my ascension when the fire-works of Tivoli were let off; the rockets scarcely seemed to rise from the earth; Paris, with its lamps, appeared a plain, studded with luminous spots. Forty minutes after my departure I attained an elevation of 2200 fathoms; the thermometer fell 3 degrees below 0. My balloon dilated considerably as it passed through a cloud; in which the lights lost their brilliancy, and seemed ready to be extinguished. It was as urgent to give vent to the hydrogen gas, dilated to such a degree as to threaten to burst the balloon, as it was interesting to collect some of the air of this region. Both these operations I performed at once without difficulty; and the emission of the gas brought me to a milder region.

At 12 o'clock I was only 600 fathoms from the earth, and heard the barking of dogs. A quarter of an hour afterwards I lost sight of all the lights on the earth, grew extremely cold, and could no longer perceive the stars, doubtless on account of the clouds.

At one in the morning, the cold still continuing, I was carried to a higher elevation; the hydrogen gas again expanded. About two, I perceived the stars, and saw several meteors dancing about the balloon, but at such a distance, as not to give me any alarm.

At half after two, the day began to dawn with me, and having again descended, I perceived the earth,

which I had not before seen since my departure.

At a quarter to three, I heard country people speak, and remarking the illumination of my balloon. Having asked them, they informed me that I was over the department of L'Aisne.

The sun gradually approaching, afforded me, at half past three, the magnificent spectacle of his rising above an ocean of clouds. The warmth of his rays acting on the balloon, the hydrogen gas again expanded; the atmospheric air became more rarified, while there was nothing to add to the quantity of the counterbalancing weight. The consequence was a new ascension, during which I was tossed about Rheims and Chalons, and carried at four o'clock to an elevation of more than 8000 fathoms; there, under a magnificent sky and a resplendent sun, I experienced a cold of ten degrees. The balloon dilated much more considerably than it had yet done. The temperature was insupportable; tormented by cold, hunger, and a disposition to sleep, I resolved to descend, in an oblique direction, which brought me to the ground in the commune of Courmelois, near the banks of the Vesle, five leagues from Rheims, not far from Loges, and 45 leagues from Paris, after a voyage of seven hours and a half.

The air collected forty minutes after my departure in a cloud, in which the lights lost their brilliancy, and seemed on the point of going out, presented, on analysis, no remarkable difference from the air taken on the surface of the earth. There was only a very small additional portion of carbonic acid, but not sufficient to produce any change in the state of my lights. It was nothing but the density of the clouds, ready to be converted into rain, that diminished their brilliancy. Though I was carried, at four o'clock, to the height of more than three thousand fathoms, my head was not so swollen but that I could put on my hat; on the contrary, I

felt such a pressure upon the temples and jaws, as to produce pain. The sun, at that elevation, lost none of his resplendence; I never beheld that luminary so brilliant; and the loadstone lost none of its magnetic virtues. Thus falls the system invented by M. Robertson, a few years since, and already discredited by reason; thus the story of swollen heads; of air without oxygen, collected by a living being; of the sun without resplendence; of the loadstone without virtue; of matter without gravity; of the moon the colour of blood; and of all the wonderful things invented by the same aeronaut, can, in future, find a place only in the wretched rhapsodies of the celebrated Kotzebue.

GARNERIN.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE PROBABLE PERIOD WHEN
THE POTATOE PLANT WAS
FIRST INTRODUCED INTO THE
BRITISH ISLES.

THE potatoe now in use (the *solanum tuberosum*) was brought into England by the colonists sent out by sir Walter Raleigh, under queen Elizabeth's patent. Mr. Thomas Herriot, a mathematician, was aboard the first fleet, which returned to England on the 27th July, 1586, when the potatoe was probably first brought over: for Mr. Herriot, in an account which he published of the nature and properties of the soil of the country examined, which is printed in De Bry's collection of voyages, vol. I, under the article roots, describes potatoe by the name openawk (by which they were called in Virginia), "as round roots, some as large as walnuts, and others much larger, which grew in damp soil, many hanging together as if fixed ropes; which are good food either boiled or roasted."

Gerard, in his Herbal, published 1597, gives a figure of the patatoe,

under the name of potatoe of Virginia.

In the manuscript minutes of the Royal Society, Dec. 13, 1693, sir Robert Southwell, then president, informed the fellows, that his grandfather brought potatoes into Ireland, who first had them from sir Walter Raleigh. From which it appears that this root, shortly after its arrival in England, must have been sent to Ireland by sir Robert Southwell's ancestor, where it was cultivated as food, long before its value was known in England; for Gerard, in 1597, recommends the roots as a delicate dish, not as a common food.

The potatoe, however, came into Europe at an earlier period by another channel; Clusius, who resided at Vienna at that time, received this root in 1598 from the governor of Mons, in Hainault, who had it the year before from one of the attendants of the pope's legate, under the name of Taratouffi, and learned from him, that in Italy, where it was then in use, no one certainly knew whether it came from Spain, or from America.

Peter Ceica, in his Chronicle, printed in 1553, mentions, in the tenth chapter, that the inhabitants of Quito used for food, besides mays, a tuberous root which they called papas; and this Clusius supposes to be the plant he received from Flanders, which conjecture is confirmed by the accounts of other travellers. From these details it appears probable, that potatoes were first brought into Europe from the mountainous parts of Quito; and as the Spaniards were sole possessors of that country, there can be little doubt that they were first brought to Spain; but as it would take some time to bring them into use in that country, and afterwards to make the Italians so well acquainted with them as to give them a name, there is every reason to believe, they had been several years in Europe before they were sent to Clusius.

In South America the root is called papas, and, in Virginia, ope-

nawk. The name of potatoe was therefore evidently applied to it here from its similarity to the battata, or sweet potatoe, and was distinguished by the appellation of Virginia potatoes till the year 1640, if not longer.

Some authors have asserted that sir Francis Drake first discovered potatoes in the South Seas, and others that they were introduced into England by sir John Hawkins: but, in both instances, the plant alluded to is evidently the sweet potatoe, which was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of our potatoes: the sweet potatoe was imported in considerable quantities from Spain and the Canaries, and was supposed to possess the power of restoring decayed vigour. The kissing comfits which Shakspeare mentions in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and other confections of similar imaginary qualities, with which our ancestors were duped, were principally made of these and eringo roots.

The sweet potatoes themselves were sold by itinerant dealers, chiefly in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, to those who had faith in their alleged properties. The allusions to this opinion are very frequent in the plays of that age, of which there is a remarkable instance in Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*. To this we shall add, that as there was an early and frequent intercourse between Spain and Galway, in Ireland, there is some reason to conjecture that the potatoe might have been introduced into Ireland, directly from Spain, at a very early period.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF MADRAS, OR
FORT ST. GEORGE, AND ITS
ENVIRONS.

From Hodges' Travels in 1780—3.

THE whole extent of the coast of Coromandel is an even, low, san-

dy country; and about Madras the country rises so little and so gradually from the sea, that the spectator is scarcely able to mark the distinction, till he is assisted by the appearance of the different objects which present themselves upon the shore.

The English town, rising from within Fort St. George, has from the sea a rich and beautiful appearance; the houses being covered with a stucco called chunam, which in itself is nearly as compact as the finest marble, and, as it bears as high a polish, is equally splendid with that elegant material. The style of the buildings is in general handsome. They consist of long colonades, with open porticoes, and flat roofs, and offer to the eye an appearance similar to what we may conceive of a Grecian city in the age of Alexander. The clear, blue, cloudless sky, the polished white buildings, the bright sandy beach, and the dark green sea, present a combination totally new to the eye of an Englishman, just arrived from London, who, accustomed to the sight of rolling masses of clouds floating in a damp atmosphere, cannot but contemplate the difference with delight: and the eye being thus gratified, the mind soon assumes a gay and tranquil habit, analogous to the pleasing objects with which it is surrounded.

Some time before the ship arrives at her anchoring ground, she is hailed by the boats of the country, filled with people of business, who come in crowds on board. This is the moment in which a European feels the great distinction between Asia and his own country. The rustling of fine linen, and the general hum of unusual conversation, presents to his mind for a moment the idea of an assembly of females. When he ascends upon the deck, he is struck with the long muslin dresses and black faces adorned with very large gold ear-rings and white turbans. The first salutation he receives from these strangers is by bending their bodies very low, touching the deck

with the back of the hand, and the forehead three times.

The natives first seen in India by a European voyager, are Hindoos, the original inhabitants of the peninsula. In this part of India they are delicately framed; their hands, in particular, are more like those of tender females; and do not appear to be what is considered a proper proportion to the rest of the person, which is usually above the middle size. Correspondent to this delicacy of appearance are their manners, mild, tranquil, and sedulously attentive: in this last respect they are indeed remarkable, as they never interrupt any person who is speaking, but wait patiently till he has concluded; and then answer with the most perfect respect and composure.

From the ship a stranger is conveyed on shore in a boat of the country, called a massoolah boat: a work of curious construction, and well calculated to elude the violent shocks of the surf, that breaks here with great violence: they are formed without a keel, flat-bottomed, with the sides raised high, and sowed together with the fibres of the coconut tree, and caulked with the same material: they are remarkably light, and are managed with great dexterity by the natives; they are usually attended by two kattamarans (rafts), paddled by one man each, the intention of which is, that, should the boat be overset by the violence of the surf, the persons in it may be preserved. The boat is driven, as the sailors say, high and dry; and the passengers are landed on a fine, sandy beach, and immediately enter the fort of Madras.

The appearance of the natives is exceedingly varied: some are wholly naked, and others so clothed, that nothing but the face and neck is to be discovered; beside this, the European is struck at first with many other objects, such as women carried on men's shoulders on palanquins, and men riding on horseback clothed in linen dresses like women: which, united with the very different face of the country from all he had ever

seen or conceived of, excite the strongest emotions of surprise.

It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which I felt myself actuated on this occasion; all that I saw filled my mind with expectations of what was yet unseen. I prepared therefore eagerly for a tour through the country; but my route was scarcely fixed, when I was interrupted by the great scourge of human nature, the great enemy of the arts, war, which, with horrors perhaps unknown to the civilized regions of Europe, descended like a torrent over the whole face of the country, driving the peaceful husbandman from his plough, and the manufacturer from his loom. On the 18th of July, 1780, I was a melancholy witness to its effects, the multitude coming in from all quarters to Madras as a place of refuge, bearing on their shoulders the small remains of their little property, mothers with infants at their breasts; fathers leading their horses burthened with their young families, others sitting on the miserable remains of their fortunes on a hackery, and dragged through the dust by weary bullocks: every object was marked by confusion and dismay, from the 18th to the 21st, the numbers daily increasing; and it was supposed that within the space of three days not less than two hundred thousand of the country people were received within the black town of Madras. The government behaved on this melancholy occasion with their usual humanity and liberality; and not only public but private relief was afforded them to a considerable amount.

Those poor people were soon afterwards distributed to the northward, and into the sircars; which are lands that lie to the northward of Madras, and but of late years ceded to the English government.

Mr. Smith was at this period at the head of the government of Madras: and the solicitous attention of his lady, to relieve the private inconvenience of many English families, who were also obliged to take

shelter within the walls of the fort, must ever be remembered with respect.

Every object that now presented itself to the imagination bore the same threatening and calamitous aspect: the country houses of the English, within one mile of the fort, were stripped of their furniture, by the owners, even to the doors and window-blinds; this, indeed, was no more than necessary, as the enemy extended their depredations even to the walls of Madras; and no security could be found without the fort, until the camp was formed at the Mount, a place about ten English miles west of Madras. Every one now possessing a house within the fort, was happy in accommodating the family of his friend, who before had resided on Choultry plain.

The troops being collected from different quarters, with provisions and a proper train of artillery, the vanquished spirits of the people appeared to revive; and the reytot was again seen cultivating his rice fields, or collecting the fruits. Nothing less was expected when the army took the field, but that Hyder Ally would very soon be escorted by a party of our troops into Fort St. George, and there make a public atonement for the miseries he had occasioned. This vision soon vanished, in the unhappy fate of colonel Baillie's detachment, and the return of the army from a three weeks' campaign, reduced in its numbers and dispirited by its losses. These circumstances are too strongly marked in the page of history to make it necessary to recount their particulars in a descriptive work like this. The arrival of sir Eyre Coote from Bengal, with money and other supplies, in September, and the active measures pursued by that gallant officer, restored confidence to the troops; and the most sanguine hopes of the inhabitants from his exertions were not disappointed.

The opportunities that offer to a painter are few, in a country which

is over-run by an active enemy. I made, however, among others, a drawing of Marmalong bridge, which is a very modern work, built, as I am informed, at the private expence of an Armenian merchant. It is over a small river that runs near the mount, and falls into the sea at a little distance before the village of St. Thomas, four miles to the southward of Madras. The Portuguese had formerly a considerable settlement at this village. The church and the dwelling-houses of a few Portuguese families yet remain here. The legendary tale of the Roman catholic church is, that St. Thomas the apostle, in the course of his mission to India, suffered martyrdom on the spot where the church is built.

The settlement of Madras was formed by the English at or about the middle of the last century, and was a place of no real consequence, but for its trade, until the war so ably carried on by general Stringer Lawrence, from the years 1748 to 1752; and which originated from the claims of Chunda Saib, in opposition to our ally, Mahomed Ally Cawn, the present nabob of Arcot; from which period the English may be considered as sovereigns. In the school of this able officer the lord Clive received his military education.

Fort St. George, or Madras, rises, as has been already intimated, from the margin of the sea, and is allowed by the ablest engineers to be a place of considerable strength. It was planned by the ingenious Mr. Robins, author of lord Anson's voyages, who was eminent for his general and philosophical, as well as for his mathematical knowledge. Since his time, many works have been added.

In Fort St. George are many handsome and spacious streets. The houses may be considered as elegant, and particularly so from the beautiful material with which they are finished, the chunam. The inner apartments are not highly decorated, presenting to the eye only white

walls; which, however, from the marble-like appearance of the stucco, give a freshness grateful in so hot a country. Ceilings are very uncommon in the rooms. Indeed, it is impossible to find any which will resist the ravages of that destructive insect, the white ant. These animals are chiefly formidable from the immensity of their numbers, which are such as to destroy, in one night's time, a ceiling of any dimensions. I saw an instance in the ceiling to a portico of the admiralty, or governor's house, which fell in flakes of twenty feet square. It is the wood-work, which serves for the basis of the ceilings, such as the laths, beams, &c., that these insects attack; and this will serve to explain the circumstance I have just mentioned.

The houses on Choultry plain are many of them beautiful pieces of architecture, the apartments spacious and magnificent. I know not that I ever felt more delight than in going on a visit to a family on Choultry plain, soon after my arrival at Madras, in the cool of the evening, after a very hot day. The moon shone in its fullest lustre, not a cloud overcast the sky, and every house on the plain was illuminated. Each family, with their friends, were in the open porticoes, enjoying the breeze. Such a scene appears more like a tale of enchantment than a reality, to the imagination of a stranger just arrived.

There are few objects to be met with here, which serve to illustrate the history or characters of the original inhabitants of India. One, however, is too curious to be omitted, and that is a beautiful Hindoo temple, or pagoda, at Tripplecane, two miles south of Madras. It is of considerable magnitude; and the top of the building rising considerably above the trees, it is seen all over the country. Adjoining to the temple is a large tank, with steps descending to the bottom, filled with water. The whole is of stone, and the masonry excellent. On the surface of the temple are many basso relievos, which I suppose to relate

to the religion of the Hindoos; but whether they are connected with the rites and worship of Bramah or not, I am not able to say; for some of them are of the most indecent kind. I made an accurate drawing of this building, which was sent to England, and lost on board the General Barker, East Indiaman, when that ship was wrecked on the coast of Holland, in 1781; but as I have made drawings of other Hindoo temples, I less lament the loss.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

BY a recent census, it appears that, on the 1st December, 1807, there were contained in the city and county of New York,

Males	39,991
Females	41,763
Male slaves	658
Female do.	1,118

Total	83,530
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The following table exhibits the population, as taken at different periods:

In 1697	4,302
1756	15,000
1771	21,863
1786	23,614
1791	33,131
1801	60,489
1805	75,770
1807	83,530

By which it appears that the population has more than tripled from 1786 to 1805, a period of twenty years.

The whole debt of the United States, on the 1st of January, 1807, was 67,727,756 dollars.

By appealing to official documents we find:

That in a period of twenty years

the population of this country has increased nearly 3,000,000.

That the dwelling-houses have in the same period increased from 640,000 to 1,225,000.

That the improved lands have risen from 1,120,000 to 2,390,400 acres.

That the average price per acre has risen from two to six dollars.

That the number of horses has increased from 600,000 to 1,200,000, and the horned cattle from 1,200,000 to 2,950,000.

That the merchant vessels have increased from 250,000 to 1,207,000.

That the imports have risen from 11 to 80 millions of dollars.

That the exports of domestic produce have increased from 9 to 42 millions.

And the exports of foreign goods from 1 to 36 millions.

That the national revenues have increased, in a period of twelve years, from 8 to nearly 17 millions of dollars, while the expenditures, making an allowance for the extinguishment of the principal of the debt, have been nearly stationary.

That the specie in circulation has risen in the period of twenty years from ten to seventeen millions.

The secretary of war has received from New Orleans two grisly bears. They are, as their names indicate, of a grey colour, and in their native woods grow to an immense size, it is said so as to weigh 7 or 800 wt., and are then extremely fierce. The animals sent to Gen. Dearborn were caught when very young, and are now perfectly tame. Grisly bears are so fierce and formidable that the Indians never attack them, except in large companies; in which case generally one or more of them become a sacrifice to their temerity. Governor Lewis, when in the Missouri country, was pursued by a grisly bear, and to save himself dashed into the river, where he remained up to his neck in water; while the bear, unable to pursue him (for one of the peculiarities

of this species is an incapability of taking the water), remained growling for some time on the bank; at last it retired to the woods, and left our distinguished traveller rejoicing at his ability to rejoin his companions. These bears are considered as great curiosities, and are to be sent to Peale's museum in Philadelphia, for the inspection of the curious.

We learn that an immensely valuable white marble quarry has been discovered at Sing-Sing (Mount Pleasant) on the North River, about 85 miles from New York. It is allowed by judges to be equal to that imported from Philadelphia or from Stockbridge quarry.

The Prince of Peace has just caused to be published, in the Gazette of Madrid, a notice, of which the following is an extract:

The ship *La Plata*, belonging to the Philippine company, and commanded by D. J. B. Montervede, going from Manilla to Lima, discovered, on the 18th February, 1806, a group of islands, the most southern of which is situated about 3 degrees 27 minutes of north latitude, 162 degrees 5 minutes of longitude to the eastward of Cadiz. These islands, 29 in number, occupy a space of ten leagues from N. E. to S. E., and are separated by channels, one or two leagues wide; they are low, and intersected by forests and rivulets. Their inhabitants are of the most pacific disposition. They are tall and well made, robust and agile; their complexion is of an olive colour; their noses flat, and hair black and curled, but rather long.

The following notice respecting the comet has been given in the *Moniteur* of the 8th of October. Mr. Pons, belonging to the observatory at Marseilles, was the first astronomer who discovered the comet in France, on the 20th of last

month; and M. Thuis, of the said establishment, noticed it on the 21st and 22d. From the observations which they communicated to the astronomers at Paris, M. Burckhardt determined the following orbit, which he presented to the class of mathematical and philosophical sciences of the National Institute, on the 5th of this month: Passage to the perihelion, 25th September, three, A. M.; distance of the perihelion 0.6158; perihelion $291^{\circ} 4'$; nucleus $267^{\circ} 47'$; inclination $48^{\circ} 4'$; movement direct. These hints, says M. Burckhardt, will be sufficient to calculate the route of the comet, but it may be discovered without any trouble, as it is distinguishable by the naked eye as soon as night has closed. It is now (September 25th) to the left of Arc-turus, between the stars of the boreal crown and those of Libra to the west. Its motion is one degree per day towards the north, and rather more than a degree towards the east. This comet was also seen on the 28th at Vezoul, and M. Flaugergues perceived it on the 26th at Viviers. It seemed to him like a white nebulous spot, very brilliant, and similar to a star of the second magnitude. It was surrounded by a nebulosity of about six minutes in diameter, and had a tail about a degree and a half in length. It is the opinion of the Institute that this comet is different from any with which we are acquainted.

A letter from Munich, dated October 8, says:

"On the 1st inst. a comet was observed in the north-west of the horizon; it is large, and rather pale. Its tail appearing direct towards the earth, prevents a correct judgment being formed of its length. Yesterday, at 7 o'clock in the evening, that phenomenon again appeared. In the last century three comets were seen, one in 1709, one in 1740, and the other in 1768.

On the evening of the 11th September, was felt at Nieuwied, and

its environs, a strong shock of an earthquake, accompanied with some very remarkable circumstances. The noise, which was heard at the moment of the commotion, resembled the rattling of carriages proceeding with great velocity. The fishermen on the Rhine saw numbers of fish thrown out of the water. The wind suddenly ceased, the sky became suddenly thick with clouds, and towards midnight a shock again occurred, which was followed by a third, about three in the morning. On the preceding day there was a sharp frost, which in many places congealed the water. No lives were lost by the event.

Launch of earl Stanhope's new invented vessel.—Yesterday the launch of this curious constructed vessel, invented by earl Stanhope, took place in the pond in Kensington gardens, opposite the palace, where it was brought in an unfinished state last week from Mr. Keating's, carpenter, in Castle-street, Oxford-street. The workmen were ever since busy in completing it, and had not entirely finished it before three o'clock yesterday afternoon. It is thirty feet long by seven wide: it has a round bottom, both ends being sharp something like a weaver's shuttle. The sides were painted yellow, with the port holes on the sides; and windows at each end; painted to imitate real. On each side, towards each end (as it was made to sail either way without putting about), were three gills, which opened out, or closed, by means of pulling an iron rod on the deck, which was cased with copper in such a manner as to render it water-proof: instead of the bottom being pitched outside, it was covered with a composition, an invention of the noble earl's, which, as soon as spread on quite hot, became so hard that a chisel could not cut it, and it had the quality of resisting any force by its being elastic, so as

to answer the purpose of copper covering. His lordship's country seat is covered with the same composition instead of lead. The launch, and the experiments to be tried, were expected to take place between eleven and twelve o'clock, at which hour there were between three and four hundred persons present, among whom were several ladies of distinction, and many naval officers; but being informed that she would not be ready to be launched before three o'clock, most of the company dispersed; some returned to town, others strolled through the delightful and romantic walks in the gardens; and others went to take some refreshment in the town of Kensington. At the hour of three o'clock, the crowd began to re-assemble in great numbers. About a quarter past three it was launched into the water, by means of rollers placed on deal planks. Previous to being launched, there was a temporary ladder fixed to one end, in order to ascertain which answered best, that or the gills. As soon as it was launched there was one ton and a half of ballast taken on board; his lordship and a lieutenant of the navy, and some sailors, &c., went on board; having no sails, they rowed up and down the pond, then twice round; the men at the oars kept pulling regularly; when it was found that the gills beat the rudder in velocity, and turned coastways with greater ease, having the advantage of returning back without pulling about ship. After the first trial there was another ton of ballast taken on board. After being an hour on the water the second time, during which his lordship marked down his remarks, about 5 o'clock the masts were put on board, the canvas spread, with the union jack at the mainmast head: she then sailed most majestically with a light wind, and nothing could possibly make a grander appearance. She returned with the other head foremost, without putting about. The spectators were

highly gratified at the sight, which made amends for the disappointment in the morning on account of the delay. His lordship, after trying several experiments in rounding, tacking, and keeping to a certain point, landed about six o'clock, and expressed his perfect satisfaction, and confidence in having succeeded in his design; the benefits and advantages of which are numerous, and are as follows:—that there is one-third of the expence saved in the construction of a seventy-four; that on account of being rather flat-bottomed, it will carry more tonnage; it will navigate in very shallow water, and over breakers or sunken rocks, without the risk that a ship without a keel runs; on approaching any rock or coast, it can immediately retire, without loss of time in putting about; does not require half the sails, all of which can be worked by the men on the deck, without going aloft; the composition which covers it is infinitely cheaper than copper, and answers the same purpose; it can sail nearly against the wind, by working the gills; with many other advantages with which we are as yet unacquainted. Several experienced officers expressed themselves very warmly in favour of it. The next trial will be in the presence of some of the lords of the admiralty, &c.

On Monday, December the 14th, between break of day and sunrise, a terrestrial meteor was seen from Poughkeepsie, in the state of New York, flaming across the heavens in a direction from N. W. to S. E. Apparently it was as large as the moon at full, inconceivably light, and travelled with amazing velocity, leaving a luminous train behind. The light occasioned thereby, when it crossed the zenith, was nearly equal to mid-day. A ridge of heavy, dark clouds lay along the south and east, behind which it passed when it had arrived within about 30 degrees of the horizon, illuminating the cloud, for a moment, in all its

parts. Within about four or five minutes, a heavy explosion was heard, from the region of the heavens where it disappeared, resembling the discharge of cannon.

On the 17th of October, 1788, about six or seven o'clock in the evening, a meteor of similar description passed over this and the New England states, first appearing in the S. E., and exploding in the W., about 30 degrees above the horizon.

On Monday, December 14, about break of day or a little after, the weather being moderate, calm, and the atmosphere somewhat cloudy and foggy, a meteor or fire-ball, passing from a northern point, disintegrated over the western part of Connecticut, with a tremendous report. At the same time several pieces of stony substance fell to the earth in Fairfield county. One mass was driven against a rock and dashed into small pieces, a peck of which remained on the spot. About three miles distant, in the town of Weston, another large piece fell upon the earth, of which

a mass of about thirty pounds weight remains entire, and was exhibited the same day at town meeting. A small mass has been sent to Yale college, and examined by a number of gentlemen. It was immediately perceived by professor Silliman to contain a metal; and on presenting it to a magnet, a powerful attraction proved it to be iron.

This is, we believe, the first instance in the United States, in which the substance of this species of meteor has been found on the earth, though it has been often in Europe. Fortunately the facts respecting this wonderful phenomenon are capable of being ascertained and verified with precision, and an investigation will, we understand, be immediately commenced for the purpose.

Gentlemen who may have observed it in distant parts of the state are requested to favour the public with their observations. It is desirable to ascertain the course or direction of the meteor; the point of compass in which it appeared at different places; its general appearance and velocity; the manner of its explosion, and the time between the explosion and the report.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

STANZAS,

Written on finding a June flower blooming in November.

SAY, beauteous, simple little flower,
Why so late in Autumn bloom?
From evening's chill, unfeeling power
Thou'lt meet with an ungentle
doom.

Thy crimson'd robe of various shade
Must perish by the gelid dew;
Thy slender form, alas! will fade,
Be lost to the admiring view.

Though fair and mild the present eve,
Th' ensuing one may prove severe;
And O I feel my heart would grieve
To find thy beauties blasted here.

A happy thought! a milder fate
Awaits thee; no, thou shalt not die;
Though simply thou hast bloom'd so
late,
And dar'd to meet November's sky.

In morn, with care I'll thee remove,
Convey thee to Louisa, where
Thou all her tenderness mayst prove,
And bloom beneath her fost'ring
care.

Should she caress thee, and a tear
Glide down her cheek and gild thy
crest,

'Twill prove how long remembrance
dear
Is cherish'd in her faithful breast.

For once a flower resembling thee
She kiss'd and to her heart convey'd,

'Twas Henry's parting gift to me:
True emblem of his mind, she said.

"It droops, but O it shall not die,
My heart shall warm, my tears be-
dew;

It bloom'd beneath too cold a sky,
Like him immur'd in shade it
grew.

"These drooping petals shall revive,
His pensive heart a change shall
prove,

The happy moment will arrive,
When he will live to peace and
love.

"Though wand'ring victim now of
woe,

By parent's cruel, stern command;
His truth, his worth, ere long they'll
know,

And give him their Louisa's hand."

But O! it in her bosom died:
An emblem of the youth too true;
No more he for Louisa sigh'd,

For o'er his grave the green sod
grew.

Then go, be all thy tints display'd;

Yet stay, while I the truth impart:
Thou too wilt droop, thou too wilt
fade,

Sweet, gentle flower, if near her
heart.

Oh yes too sure 'twill thee consume,
It will too warm a region prove,
And be as fatal to thy bloom,

As the bleak wind that bares the
grove.

SABINA.

Written on the ensuing morning.

Behold, alas, my sad delay!

And is this, say, my promis'd
care?

Yet who'd have thought an eve like
May
Had in its train so keen an air?

This cherub flower that charm'd the
view,

Attir'd with graces all its own,
Has perish'd by the gelid dew,
Its every charm, alas, has flown!

Ah, simple flower, to bloom so late,
Why didst thou, say, in smiles con-
fide?

Such prov'd the dear Maria's fate,
Like thee she droop'd, like thee she
died!

Like thee, sweet flower, she fell a
prey

To one who wore a mask of smiles,
Fair as the eve of yesterday,
Adorn'd with all November's wiles.

He saw, admir'd—ah, who could
view

Her beauteous form and not adore?
A lily of the vale she grew,
And all its modest graces wore.

Love revell'd in Orlando's eyes,
And round Maria wrapt his snare;
Her gentle heart became his prize,
A gem it was, a jewel rare.

And, artless, little did she deem
The heart would change she
thought her own,

But soon she prov'd it all a dream,
Orlando, hope, and peace had
flown.

His sordid sire, who, wrapt in gold,
Forbade the banns, and he comply'd;
He saw Maria pale and cold,
And sought the rich and chosen
bride.

She knew him false, nor did she stay,
T' upbraid him with a cheek of
snow;

But chose, alas! a surer way
To wound, if he could feel the
blow!

"Is this his truth, his love?" she said;

"Is this the way he lives for me?"
Then droop'd like thee, by smiles be-
tray'd,

And died as pure, sweet flower, as
thee.

And may the feeling heart beware,
And learn from both your hapless
fates,
Beneath the smile there lurks a
snare,
Which the unwary mind awaits.

SABINA.

November 5, 1807.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE WIDOW.

By Mrs. Opie.

HENCE! cruel life! nor more per-
sist
To warm this sad, this broken
heart!
When Henry's clay-cold lips I kiss'd,
How welcome, Death! had been
thy dart!

Speechless, they say, benumb'd I
seem'd,
While his last precious breath I
caught;
No tears to sooth my sorrow stream'd,
And agony suspended thought.

They tell me thunders rent the air,
That vivid lightnings flash'd around;
But I beheld no lightning's glare,
Nor heard the pealing thunder
sound.

They tell me that my helpless child
I from my arms with fury toss'd;
It might be so—for I was wild—
The mother in the wife was lost.

They tell me, on th' unconscious
corse,
At length, bereft of sense, I fell:
Ah! blessed state! of balm the
source!
It clos'd my ears to Henry's knell.

But, happy state, resembling death!
Why is your balmy stupor flown?
Ah! why restore a wretch's breath?
For I can only live to moan.

E'en Reason says I justly weep,
And ah! she says I weep in vain:
My midnight couch with tears I steep,
Then rise at morn—to weep again.

When to my heart my child I fold,
She only deepens every sigh:
I think, while I her charms behold,
How she'd have pleas'd her fa-
ther's eye.

And while I from her lisping tongue
Soft childhood's artless accents
hear,
I think, with vain remembrance
wrung,
How she'd have charm'd her fa-
ther's ear.

I think—but O forbear, fond heart!
From vain regrets to duties turn;
Yes—I will act a parent's part—
I'll tear myself from Henry's urn.

In life I still one charm can see;
One flower adorns that dreary
wild;
That flower for care depends on me—
O, precious charge! 'Tis HEN-
RY'S CHILD."

For the Literary Magazine.

ON SEEING A LARGE OAK TREE
LED FROM THE WOOD.

ALAS! is this thy fate, once stately
tree!
Why felon-like with chains thus
fetter'd o'er?
Thou seem'st to groan, and move
reluctantly,
As if thou would'st thy past estate
deplore.

For once in youth thy head thou smil-
ing rear'd,
And drank the fresh'ning breeze
that round thee play'd;
And striking deep thy fibres, nothing
fear'd,
Whilst foliage bright thy spreading
arms array'd.

And when its height thy manly vi-
gour gain'd,
And wintry storms around destruc-
tion cast,
Like some proud tower, thy place
thou still maintain'd,
Scorning to skulk beneath the north-
ern blast.

In vain above the rest, with stately
mien,
Like Leb'non's trees, thy head majestic
rose,
Or royal call'd, since Boscobel's did
screen
A royal fugitive when press'd by
foes.

No more the feather'd choir, with carols
sweet,
Shall perch in groups thy rustling
leaves among;
They now in distant lands each other
greet,
Or mourn thy fate in many a plain-
tive song.

For in one hapless moment, sad to tell,
The woodman's axe assail'd thy
honours tall;
Beneath his strokes thou bow'd thine
head, and fell,
And made the ground to tremble
with thy fall.

Then from thy sides thy sturdy arms
were rent,
And from thy native soil thou'rt
dragg'd away;
For purposes of trade to cities sent,
Till time, ere long, shall turn thee
to decay.

Such is thy course; and, oh! an em-
blem just
Of man, whose period's shorter
many a day;
He at death's stroke must bow, then
turn to dust,
And all his honours flee like thine
away.

Yes, tho' in spring he shows his
blushing face,
And hastes to catch each fav'ring
breeze e'er past;
Tho' he in summer glows with manly
grace,
And bids defiance to the wint'ry
blast;

The highest heights of honour,
wealth, or fame,
Will not from death their proud
possessor save;
Their dust shall blend with that of
humbler name,
And high and low shall moulder in
the grave.

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But lo! a striking difference here we
find:
Although the body to corruption
tends,
The soul shall still exist in bliss refin'd,
Or woe unspeakable, that never
ends.

How loudly, man! this calls thee to
beware
Of negligence in one so vast con-
cern;
Lest thou should'st lose thy soul for
want of care,
And when too late thy sad mistake
discern.

O then make haste, nor lose the pre-
cious hour;
The present *now* is all that is thine
own;
Seek thy soul's good, thy future bliss
secure,
Thro' grace implor'd which shall
thy efforts crown.

Salvation's glorious plan—what mer-
cy 'tis!
Is now made known; accept it, and
obtain,
Thro' Christ, a title to 'celestial bliss,
And death to thee shall be eternal
gain.

ALBERT.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER ON HER
BIRTH DAY.

SHOULD not my muse some tribute
pay,
Should not your grandson something
say,
To celebrate your natal day,
My granny?

How oft not hungry I've been fed!
Who then would give me husks of
bread,
With butter or with honey spread?
My granny.

How oft she bought me many a toy,
Which I in glee would soon destroy!
Who call'd me her dear darling boy?
My granny.

Who took my hated book away,
Who from my school would let me stay,
And bid me run about and play?

My granny.

Who let me tease poor Ann and Mary,
Who never chid me when contrary,
Who gave me cream when in the
dairy?

My granny.

Indulgent to my whimsies still,
Who ne'er was angry, well or ill,
Who always let me have my will?

My granny.

Then, dearest granny, never fear,
But that my love will be sincere;
This goodly name long may you bear,

My granny.

M. H. S.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED.

At PHILADELPHIA, on Tuesday evening, November 24, by the Rev. Gideon Ferrall, John R. Evans, Esq., of Cecil county, Maryland, to Miss Mary Watson, of Newcastle county, Delaware state.

On Thursday evening, November 26, by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Mr. Peter Lamerzelle, to Miss Mary Mager.

Same evening, by the same, Mr. George Myers, to Miss Elizabeth Schultz.

On Sunday evening, November 29, by Robert Wharton, Esq., captain James W. Murdoch, to Miss Maria N. Kelly, daughter of captain John Kelly, all of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, December 3, by John Baker, Esq., Mr. Isaac Lippincott, merchant, to Miss Sarah Widdelfield, both of Philadelphia.

Same evening, by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Mr. Joseph S. Colladay, to Miss Sarah Woodward.

On Sunday evening, December 6, by the same, Mr. Abraham Joseph, to Miss Catharine Calder.

On Monday evening, December 7, by the Rev. Mr. Alexander, Mr. John Hamilton, merchant, to Miss Eliza Newell, all of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday evening, December 8, by the Rev. Mr. Mayer, Mr. Jonathan Worth, merchant of Philadelphia, to Miss Susan Rodman, of Burlington.

On Wednesday, December 9, by John H. Worrell, Esq., Mr. Jeremiah Anderson, merchant, of Philadelphia, to Miss Abigail Cooper, of Frankfort.

On Thursday evening, December 10, by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. Ja-

cob Rheem, to Miss Ann Hamilton, daughter of Mr. John Hamilton, all of Philadelphia.

Same evening, by the right Rev. bishop White, Mr. Condy Raguet, merchant, to Miss Catharine S. Simmons, daughter of Mr. James Simmons, all of Philadelphia.

On the 13th of December, by Dr. Smith, Mr. Allen Armstrong, merchant, to Miss M. Fisher, both of Philadelphia.

On the evening of Friday, December 25, by Abraham Shoemaker, Esq., Owen Churchman, of Philadelphia, to Mary Penneld, of Ashton, Delaware county.

On Saturday evening, December 26, by the Rev. Mr. Mayer, Mr. James Worth, of Philadelphia, merchant, to Miss Eliza Knight, daughter of Isaac Knight, Esq., of Montgomery county.

On Thursday evening, December 31, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Joseph Worrilow to Miss Margaret Wilkinson, both of Springfield, Delaware county.

At Germantown, on Friday, December 4, Mr. Jacob Nathans, to Miss Margaret Lucretia Ozeas, both of Philadelphia.

At Friends' meeting-house, Bristol, December 16, Peter Thompson, of Philadelphia, to Elizabeth W. Underhill, daughter of Phineas Buckley, of Bristol.

At Trenton, N. J. on Thursday evening, December 10, by James Ewing, Esq., Mr. Joseph Pleasants, merchant, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Trimble, of Morrisville, Pennsylvania.

At New York, on Thursday eve-

ning, December 3, by the Rev. Mr. Wilkins, Mr. William B. Ludlow, to Miss Julia Sarah Morris, eldest daughter of Robert Morris, Esq., all of New York.

DIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, on Wednesday, November 23, Mr. Robert Bridges, aged 32 years, eldest son of the late Mr. Robert Bridges, of Philadelphia.

On Thursday, November 24, in the seventy-third year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Drinker, the wife of Henry Drinker, Esq.

On Sunday evening, November 29, in the eighty-fourth year of her age, Mrs. Mary Redman, wife of Dr. John Redman, of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday night, December 1, after a long and severe indisposition, which she bore with fortitude and resignation to the Divine will, Mrs. Mary M'Annelley, in the fiftieth year of her age!

On Thursday morning, December 3, in the nineteenth year of his age, Mr. William Buckley Wells, eldest son of Mr. Richard Wells, merchant of Philadelphia.

On Monday, December 7, Mr. Frederic Fraley, jun., in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

On Sunday evening, December 13, after a few hours' illness, at an advanced age, Mrs. Sarah Houston, mother of James Houston, Esq., cashier of the office of discount and deposit in the borough of Lancaster.

On Tuesday, December 15, in the Pennsylvania Hospital, Peter Young, of a palsy. He was admitted above four years ago, and has never been able to stand or speak a word since that time. Independent of the palsy, he appeared to be a strong and healthy man, till within a few months of his death, when he declined in his health, but retained to the last a tranquil and cheerful disposition, far beyond what could be expected for a person in his helpless situation.

On Saturday, December 19, in the twenty-third year of her age, Sarah Longstreth, after a lingering and consumptive illness, which she bore with christian patience and fortitude.

At his seat, Tacconey, near Frankford, December 9, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, Samuel Howell, Esq.,

for many years a merchant of great respectability in Philadelphia.

At York, Pennsylvania, after a lingering illness, in the fifty-third year of his age, the Rev. Mr. Jacob Goering, for many years pastor of the German Lutheran church in that place, and late president of the synod of that church, in the states of Pennsylvania, Maryland; and Virginia.

At Rahway, on Monday, November 23, Mr. Ashier Coddington, and on Wednesday his wife, both of the typhus fever, and both in the prime of life.

In Mansfield township, Burlington county, N. J., James Graff, sen., on the 20th of November, aged ninety-five years and three months.

At Pittsburgh, on the 24th November, after a severe illness of six weeks, Alexander Addison, Esq., in the forty-ninth year of his age.

In this great and good man, pre-eminent powers of mind were happily united with the most precious attainments of science; the variety and extent of his talents and learning are displayed in his numerous writings, which, for cogency of reasoning, perspicuity of method, classical purity of style, felicity of illustration, and uniform tendency to promote the interests of virtue, may be fairly set in competition with any that have been published in our country.

As an advocate he was profoundly skilled in the law, persuasive, liberal, independant, and universally revered for his spotless integrity.

In the character of judge, which he sustained for twelve years, he was a luminous and able expositor of the law; prompt, impartial, and decisive in his opinions; in the dispatch of business, never surpassed, and from none of his judgments was there ever an appeal.

These splendid accomplishments of the mind were accompanied by a heart without guile and without disguise; disinterested, constant, ardent in its friendships, and generous to the full measure of its means; beneficent to the unfortunate, charitable to the poor, and ever ready without reward to defend the oppressed.

A tender husband, a most affectionate indulgent father, he has left a widow and eight children to mourn the untimely death of their beloved

guardian, whose whole soul was devoted to the advancement of their honour and happiness.

At Windsor, Connecticut, on Thursday, November 26, at 12 o'clock, Oliver Ellsworth, aged 62 years.

Lately, at New Orleans, deeply and universally lamented, Mrs. Frances Prevost, daughter of the Rev. Dr. S. S. Smith, of Princeton, and consort of the hon. J. B. Prevost, late recorder of New York.

Same place, on the 16th of November, Mrs. Gertrude Relf, wife of Richard Relf, Esq., merchant, of that city.

In the island of Jamaica, October 27, Mr. Joseph Israel, son of William H. Israel, Esq., of Philadelphia.

At Brick-hill, Bucks, England, October 22, on his way from Liverpool, Mr. Robert Murray, of the house of Murray and Wheaton, of the city of New York.

WEEKLY REGISTER OF MORTALITY IN THE CITIES OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND BALTIMORE.

Health-office, Dec. 5, 1807.

Interments, in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, in the week ending the 5th of December.

Diseases.	Ad.	Childr.
Consumption of the lungs,	6	1
Convulsions,	1	1
Decay,	1	0
Diarrhœa, chronic,	1	0
Dropsy,	2	0
Drowned,	1	0
Fever, intermittent,	1	0
—, typhus,	4	0
Hives,	0	1
Insanity,	1	0
Old age,	2	0
Pleurisy, bilious,	1	0
Sore throat,	0	1
Sudden,	1	0
Worms,	0	3
Unknown,	0	1
Total,	22	8—30

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years	6
From 2 to 5	1
5 10	0

15	20	2
20	30	2
30	40	2
40	50	3
50	60	4
60	70	1
70	80	2
80	90	2
Ages unknown,		5
Total,		30

Dec. 12.

Diseases.	Ad.	Childr.
Apoplexy,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	0	1
Cholic,	1	0
Consumption of the lungs,	5	0
Convulsions,	0	2
Decay,	1	0
Debility,	0	1
Diarrhœa, chronic,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the brain,	0	3
Dysentery,	2	1
Fever,	1	0
—, remittent or bilious,	1	0
—, nervous,	1	0
Hives,	0	1
Inflam. of the stomach,	1	0
Old age,	1	0
Pleurisy,	1	1
Still-born,	0	3
Syphilis,	1	0
Unknown,	1	0

Total, 20 13—33

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years 10

From 2 to 5 none

5 10 1

10 20 1

20 20 3

30 40 4

40 50 7

50 60 2

60 70 1

70 80 2

80 90 none

Ages unknown 2

Total, 23

Dec. 19.

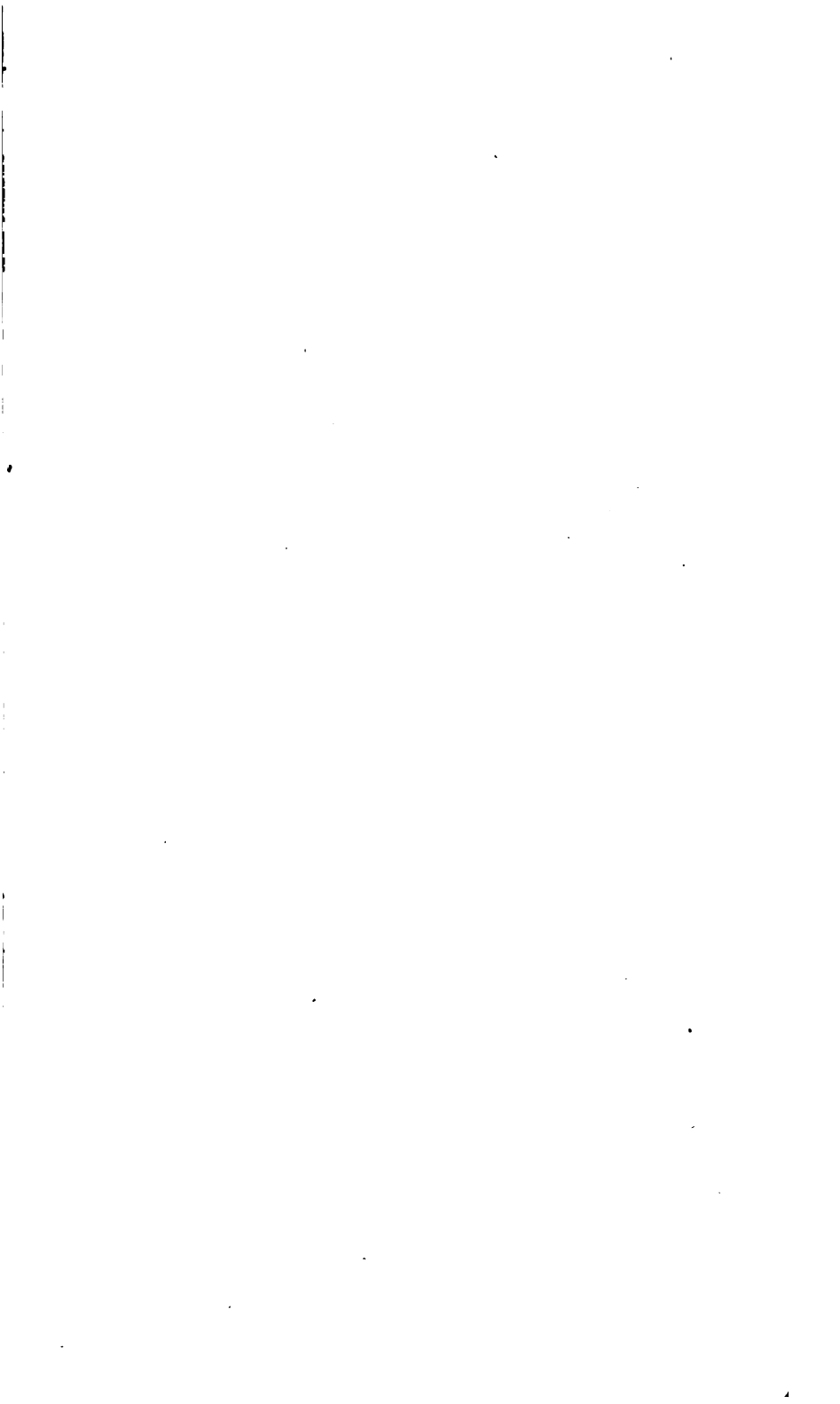
Diseases.	Ad.	Childr.
Abscess of the lungs,	0	1
Consumption of the lungs,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	2
Decay,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	1	1
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy of the brain,	0	1
Dysentery,	0	1
Fever, intermittent,	2	0

Old age,	1	Locked-jaw,	1
Small-pox,	1	Old age,	1
Sprue,	1	Pleurisy,	1
Sudden death,	1	Adults 12—Children 5—Total 17.	
Syphilis,	2	<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Dec. 7.</i>
Whooping-cough,	1	Infantile,	3
Worms,	1	Sudden,	1
From the 12th to the 19th of December.		Consumption,	6
Adults 21—Children 21—Total 42.		Unknown,	3
Bleeding at the lungs,	1	Pleurisy,	1
Consumption,	8	Mortification,	1
Convulsions,	9	Adults 10—Children 5—Total 15.	
Debility,	1	<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Dec. 14.</i>
Decay,	3	Pleurisy,	2
Dropsy,	1	Unknown,	3
Typhus fever,	3	Dropsy,	1
Hives,	4	Infantile,	4
Insanity,	1	Mortification,	1
Inflammation of the stomach,	1	Consumption,	2
Measles,	1	Croup,	1
Pleurisy,	2	Bilious fever,	1
Small-pox,	1	Jaundice,	1
Still-born,	2	Sudden,	1
Suicide, by shooting,	1	Fits,	1
Stone,	1	Adults 11—Children 7—Total 18.	
Ulcer,	2	<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Dec. 21.</i>
From the 19th to the 26th of December.		Pleurisy,	1
Adults 20—Children 16—Total 36.		Dropsy,	1
<i>Diseases.</i>		Worms,	2
Apoplexy,	1	Sudden,	2
Bleeding of the lungs,	1	Infantile,	3
Consumption,	10	Intemperance,	1
Convulsions,	3	Lingering,	1
Dropsy in the head,	3	From the country,	1
Dysentery,	2	Consumption,	1
Infantile flux,	1	Adults 7—Children 6—Total 13.	
Hives,	1	<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Dec. 28.</i>
Jaundice,	1	Consumption,	5
Intemperance,	2	Pleurisy,	2
Inflammation of the lungs,	1	Accidental,	1
Inflammation of the brain,	1	Still-born,	3
Menorrhagia,	1	Infantile,	3
Rheumatism,	1	Adults 8—Children 6—Total 14.	
Small-pox,	1		
Sudden death,	1		
Teething,	1		
Whooping-cough,	1		
Worms,	3		

Interments, in the burying grounds of the city and precincts of Baltimore, during the week ending November 30, at sunrise.

<i>Diseases.</i>	
Consumption,	5
Still-born,	8
Dropsy,	1





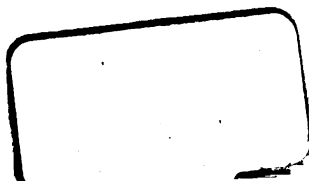


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